

## **Roses, Birds And Some Men**

The world is full of roses, blooming red for me I and you,  
They smile a morning welcome and are wet with heavenly dew,  
And every oak and maple, and every apple thorn  
Have a song bird on their branches singing gayly in the morn;  
But you never see a red rose waiting in a cloud of gloom  
For someone who will coax it and persuade it into bloom,  
And you never see a song bird sitting idly in a tree  
In a solemn, sullen manner till one begs for melody.

No, the red rose blooms in sweetness and it gives its charms to all,  
And the bees may sip its honey, and the honey's never gall;  
E'en a little child may pluck it, or a mother old and gray,  
For the rose's special mission is to glad some heart each day.  
And the song bird in the branches just as sweetly trills and sings  
For the ploughboys in the furrows as he would for mighty kings.  
O, there never was a red rose or a song bird up above,  
That you had to beg for favors or you had to know to love.

But with men it's O, so different, there are some who smile and sing  
And scatter love and sunshine, like the song birds on the wing,  
But we find too oft a mortal who could make his brothers glad,  
Sitting solemnly and grimly, with a visage long and sad,  
Waiting someone who will coax him, who will flatter for his smile,  
Ere he'll sing a song of gladness or do anything worthwhile.  
Give me men with gifts who use them, and who let their spirits flow,  
One is worth a dozen mortals whom to like you have to know.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**