

# Porter Wagoner, Bride's Bouquet

My beautiful rose from the bride's bouquet  
I went to a wedding one bright summer day  
The bride was a beauty the people were gay  
Alone in a corner I stood till the end  
For the girl was my sweetheart and the boy my best friend  
The service was over and beside the church door  
I picked up the rose that fell on the floor  
I bathed it with teardrops then threw it away  
My beautiful rose from the bride's bouquet  
It's only a rose from the bride's bouquet  
Once filled with love's perfume now faded away  
Like the love that I gave her she threw it away  
My beautiful rose from the bride's bouquet  
( steel )  
It's only a rose from the bride's bouquet