

Accompanying a box of flowers

By Luella Knott

Dear heart, these simple flowers
Betoken love for thee;
May they make glad the hours
Thou art away from me.
In each rose-heart abides
A thought for thy reflection,
Each tiny petal hides
An ocean of affection.
Each bud has underneath
What every lover misses,
For under each green leaf
I smuggled lots of kisses
Mixed with their sweet perfume

An incense is ascending,
An odor from the fires
Of love that's never-ending.
The flowers soon will fade,
They'll scarcely live a day;
But oh, the love, inlaid,
Will never pass away.
For 'tis the love my dear,
Hid in among the flowers,
That cheers and stays the heart
In all its lonely hours.
And though the flowers die,
This love, throughout thy life,
Will strengthen and sustain.
As ever, I remain
Your own devoted wife.



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May our meeting prove a blessing,
To us all before we part;
And the merr'y leave a fragrance
In the garden of your heart.
From these brief and hurried moments,
Pluck the blossoms of the hour;
Fragrant with your hosts' best wishes
In the heart of every flower.
May your trail of life lead upward,
In the time which Fate allots;
Bordered with illumined beauty,
Is the wish of all the Knotts.

By Luella Knott

Well Wishes from the Knotts


