



Una and her father, George, in Stockholm, 1953.



**'To a Little Girl on Her Third Birthday' - An ode to his daughter by George Townsend**

"O little one, my Una, April's child, thou breath of the spring wind embodied!

"The bluebells cluster about thy knees; overhead the giant beech trees spread their half-unfolded leaves; across the meadows the cuckoo calls, and from the distant bog comes the curlew's lonely cry.

"How happy art thou, leading the revel of the woods, their native queen, for whom a thousand springs have come and gone to weave thy flower-beauty, and to find their meaning and perfection in these fresh lips and laughing eyes of thine.

"O little one, joys more rare than these await thy wakening heart! A richer spring has cast its bounty at thy feet, a greater glory shines from another Heaven. And never morning breaks nor evening falls but lovers' prayers go forth to beg the early vision of God's Golden Age for thee who playest here thinking all happiness is already thine!"