

A Poem of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
The Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1830

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

To Amelia Read, on her Thirteenth Birthday

TO AMELIA READ,

ON HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

OH, yet in the happiest season !
 Oh, yet in thine hour of spring !
 Like a flower in its opening beauty,
 Like a bird on its sunniest wing,
 Still thou art in the gladness of morning,
 In the freshness of earliest May :
 No mockery to thee are our wishes—
 Many happy returns of the day !

Fair child of the East,* may thy future
 Be bright as the land of thy birth,
 Where the sky has the clearest of sunlight,
 And the richest of roses have birth !
 May the storms which sweep there in darkness
 Never roll o'er thy gentler way,
 Nor cause to lament that we wished thee
 Many happy returns of the day ! L. E. L.

* The young lady, to whom these lines were addressed, was born in the East Indies.