

To Albert Bender, Saint Patrick's Night, 1934 [n.p., 1934].

TO ALBERT BENDER

Saint Patrick's Night — 1934

Dear Albert, you'll be gay to-night, With all the candles set alight, Doors at their widest, while within,
Laughter and song and dance begin In Patrick's honor—honoring too The various saints disguised
as you: Martin who gave his cloak away, Francis who bade musicians play, Saint Brendan that
kept holiday Among the apple-island seas. And, be you cardinal to-night, Or Erin's squire in green
and white, Or king from out the ancient time, We wish you health, in this poor rhyme, Good-luck,
long life, prosperity: And may you seven times better be On every Patrick's night you see, And live
between with hearty zest, Our Albert of the quip and jest, Our Albert of the mart and school, Our
Albert of the golden rule. The candles flare, the garlands swing, Your guests are gathered in a ring,
Wise Buddhas smile serenely down, While poets, rabbis, cap and gown, Drink to your health and
toast with you The bygone age, the age that's new, Saint Patrick in Saint Francis' town.

— Ella Young

Written at Ranchos de Taos

Read aloud Bertha Damon in Albert Bender's home on his Saint Patrick nights festival 1934