



“ LETTERS.”

*What is the call,
The Bugle call,
The call that has no betters :
The silver call,
That beats them all ?
The music call for “ Letters.”*

You can take a silver trumpet
And sound the dread “ Alarm.”
T. A. will spring to action
With his rifle 'neath his arm ;
But if you want to see him jump
Or run like a streak of hail,
Just take the same old bugle
And sound the call for “ Mail.”

No one who ain't been there himself
Can tell just what it means
To have a live epistle
From your home tucked in your jeans.
A dripping sweet John Collins
To a thirst you wouldn't sell,
Ain't in it with the starving heart
That gets a word from Nell.

Or if the maiden's name is Kate,
Or Jean, or Marguerite,
A scented word of love-kin makes
A week's dull drudgery sweet.
Why, any mother's soldier son
Who hears that bugle cry
Just stops his heart and holds his breath
For fear he'll be passed by.