

## THE RAILWAY MAIL CLERK'S SONG.

*By Jack Cadden.*

Open the old supply box,  
And lay out the tools of our trade;  
We'll follow the course of the iron horse  
And travel the golden grade.

Well travel the olden grade again  
Whatever the dangers are,  
'Neath a banner black, from a grimy stack  
And a song of the flying car.

So open the old supply box,  
And open it up with a song;  
It's still worth while to wear a smile,  
For the day won't seem so long.

For thousands wait our coming,  
As thousands have done before,  
Along the trail of the Railway Mail  
That winds from shore to shore.

To lonely homes far scattered,  
To those in distant climes,  
To every heart that dwells apart  
We are the tie that binds.

From the edge of the teeming city,  
To the end of the last lone trail,  
Where *one* may yearn for a friend's return  
*A thousand* wait for the mail.

A thousand wait for the welcome mail  
From over the distant seas,  
Where kindred hands in foreign lands  
Awake our memories.

'Twixt world and world in spite of change,  
Unharm'd in peace or war,  
From dawn to dawn the grade goes on  
That makes us what we are.

So open the old supply box,  
Until at the setting Sun,  
Each empty space in the good old case,  
Proclaims the day is done.