

A Bugle Calls

Gerald Mallett '44

I hear a bugle calling, calling,
Calling from o'er the sea,
I hear it sounding softly, softly,
Sounding softly for me.

I hear a bugle blowing, blowing,
Blowing to marching feet,
I hear it ever sighing, sighing,
Sighing as low drums beat.

I hear a bugle coming, coming,
Coming from blood's thick pall,
And know that soon I truly, truly,
Truly must answer its call.



It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

—*Disraeli.*

In friendship we find nothing false or insecure; everything
is straight-forward and springs from the heart.

—*Cicero.*

People seldom improve when they have no model but them-
selves to copy after.

—*Goldsmith.*

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good
sense, the third, good humour, the fourth, wit.

—*Sir William Temple.*

Only the heart without a stain knows perfect ease.

—*Goethe*

He who receives a Good Turn should never forget it; he
who does one should never remember it.

—*Pierre Charron.*