

# SOMEWHERE...

a bugle softly sounds  
The message of renown,  
And some inside their buildings wait  
Until the flag comes down.

And others run to get their cars  
Quite harrowed or dismayed,  
Afraid they will not reach the gate  
Before retreat is played.  
Not thinking of the flag or those  
Who fought to keep it flying.

How many would be glad to stand,  
Whose bodies now are mute,  
Or have no hand that they might raise  
And stand in proud salute.

So accept it not as duty  
But a privilege even more  
And receive it as an honor  
Instead of just a chore.

