

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.*

