Blow That Bugle, Boy
By David M. Lucas

As the sun burns off the mist
The morning yearns to hear this:
Tones that wake sleeping boys,
Let us hear that bugle’s noise!
Hurry now and sound the notes,
Across the meadows the sound floats.
Blow that bugle, Scouting Boy,
Rally all so they can enjoy
The warming fire and waving flag.
Come on boys, you dare not lag!
Sound the notes of reveille,
Charge us up for tasks we see,
Sound the mournful tone of taps
As we grieve our fallen chaps.
Blow that Bugle in your hand,
Roust us out and help us stand.
Put your lips to that brass,
Urge us on with no repast.
Blow the horn! Sound it loud!
Boy Scouts stand out from the crowd.
Scouts of Value, Scouts of Truth.
The Bugle calls to all youth,
Follow deeds with true hearts,
As the Bugle notes your start.
In all of Scouting, it now seems,
The Bugle Boy sounds our dreams.

On the occasion of
The BSA Eagle Ceremony of Zachary Jenkins
Saturday, October 28, 2006