



# SONG OF A PIONEER BOY

*By Rebecca Todd Archibald*

The bugle calls,  
The bugle cries.  
I know it's time  
To wake my eyes.

The teams await  
Their breakfast pail.  
All must be fed  
When we start on the trail.

The wheels turn,  
The wheels squeak.  
The blistering sun  
Colors red my cheeks.

The dusty road  
Stretches out to the sky.  
We sing as we walk  
To make time go by.

The wheels turn,  
The wheels squeak.  
I cool my warm toes  
In the icy creek.

The wagons circle  
For the coming night.  
I build a large fire  
For warmth and light.

The bugle calls,  
The bugle cries.  
I kneel in prayer,  
Then rest my eyes.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ROBISON

