

The Dandelions

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.

We were not waked by bugle notes
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans, talking.

They shook their trembling heads and gray,
With pride and noiseless laughter,
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after.

~ *Helen Gray Cone* ~