

[Page 69 - Joe Neil MacNeil, Gaelic Storyteller](#)ISSUE : [Issue 44](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1987/1/1

something else to take up their mind, more so maybe than I had. But I remember that one so clearly: Upon a showery night, and still, Without a sound of warning, A troop of (men) parade the hill And held it in the morning. We were not waked by bugle notes. Nor cheers 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 spied upon the selfsame spot A crowd of veterans talking. They shook their tawny heads and gray With pride and noiseless laughter. When well-a-day, they blew away. And were never heard of after. The dandelion (poem). Well, that could apply to more than the dandelions. There was so much that we just let go by unnoticed. We maybe take for granted, or it doesn't mean anything to us. But all of a sudden--, the same way as the "veterans talking...." We come to the end... and that's the end of it. We're never going to get any more. Nothing left. The dandelion--all the glitter is gone, everything is gone, the wind blew away the down that was on it.... And that was it. (There's something like that in yourself.) Well, you know, there's something like that in most all of us. We neglect so much, and we lose out on so much. I'm sure that all of us have lost a lot, and especially those of us who were interested. We're the people that miss all that. We're the people that have experienced that great loss. You see, somebody that didn't have much interest, in that line, they don't miss that any more. They never had anything to miss. The same as the dandelion--it's only those people that saw them, they saw the yellow coats on the green slopes. But then many didn't see them, or didn't pay much attention. And then, "We careless folk the deed forgot...." Until it was too late, (it) was gone. That's the way with the storytellers and all, those that had so much on genealogy or so much on folklore or what-have-you. They went away. We didn't catch enough in time, while they were there, while every? thing was available. Whether we took it for granted, or what ever happened. If they don't get ahold of what's left, of the little that is left, here and there, they're going to find that pretty soon they won't have material. Like I said before, they've got lots of room in the zoo for a couple of dinosaurs.... But they have nothing to start (with) in that line. Our thanks to Evelyn Smith, Wreck Cove, for her help with the Gaelic transcription. onme \$rmce Jflora's? (??riU Beverage Room ' . . . • ' u ' 'x Home Cooked Meals Home of Scottish Hospitality Steaks a Specialty REEVES ST. 562-4484 SYDNEY (69)