

Them Stars

Them Stars! How often I've laid on the prairie
And watched 'em go sweeping around
My bronco a dozin' beside me and nary
A breeze nor a whisper of sound
I've learnt the main bunch of the heavenly ranches
There's Jupiter, Venus and Mars
Religion? He don't know it's primary branches
What ain't been alone with the stars

Some clusters is branded, the Dipper, the Lion,
The Eagle, the Serpent, the Bear
The Horns O' the Bull and the Belt O' Orion,
And Cassia O' Whats Her Name Chair
But lots of 'ems mav'ricks, roamin' the ranges,
Stampeded all over the sky
No part of the big panorama that changes
From winter to summer, and why?

*Well maybe it's gospel and maybe he sold me
But here's the whole story at least
That Big Chief Citola he told to me
The night of the corn-planting feast*

When all of the mountains was set in their stations
An' threaded with canyons and rills
The star worlds, the last of the mighty creations
Was layin' in heaps on the hills
In masses of silver, gold and of copper
Shining and polished and new
Poured out on the granite like corn from the hopper
A-waitin' their place in the blue

First come the Bear o' the Mountain
Who faces the North from his cave afar
He lifted his paws to the heavenly spaces
An' laid out his picture in stars
 Then over the peaks of the Western Dominion
 The Eagle who battles the storm
 Flew up to the heavens with star dusted pinions
 And printed the line of his form
 Next that the tribes and nations should wonder,
 The Buffalo leaped to the sky
 That shag headed bison whose beller is thunder
 Emblazoned his image on high

And then came coyote so crafty and clever,
A scalawag all the way through
That yap throated critical varmint who never
Is pleased with what other folks do
 Sez he "Them stars was intended to brighten
 The outermost reaches of night
 And you go and use 'em in pictures to heighten
 Your glory and that isn't right"

Sez he "I'll show you how stars should be planted"
And he jumped in the glittering piles
He kicked and he gamboled, he danced and he rambled a
And he scattered 'em millions of miles
 So that's why they glimmer at sixes and sevens
 Stampeded all over the vault
 A lastin' disgrace to the orderly heavens
 And it's all that coyote chaps fault

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