

## **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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