

## The Hub Miller Experience, PART I: Nov. 4, 2020 — Texts

Unless otherwise noted, all texts are written by George Hubbard Miller (1934-1982).

### Dandelions (Anonymous)

There surely must be a goldmine  
Somewhere under the grass,  
For dandelions are popping up  
Everywhere I pass.

But if you want to gather some,  
You'd better not delay—  
For the gold will turn to silver,  
And all will blow away.

### Beautiful Music

Sang the dark voice of nevermore,  
"Let there be," and the stars gave forth light.  
Through the long, turning, ever-more  
Came the song and the earth gave forth life.

What by chance, this sweet harmony  
Ringing down through the farthest-off reaches of time  
Came the rock that is piled  
Into mountains that stand ever guard in the cold of the night.  
Came the snow, and the rain, and the lake, and the stream,  
As it flows on the swells of the sea.  
Came the bush and the berry,  
The vine, and the fruit, and the flower, the spring and the fall,  
Came the bird and the bee, the doe and the dove,  
And the fox, and the dog, and the flea.  
Oh my Lord, it is beautiful music to me.

What by chance, this sweet harmony,  
Ringing down through the reaches of time,  
Came the laughter of stars as they whirl in the night,  
Guiding sailors that sail on the sea.  
Came the weeping of rain as it falls on the fields  
Of the farmers that plow on the plains,  
Came the song of the sparrow, the whisper of wind  
And the thundering silence of snow,  
Came the mist, and the moon, and the call of the loon  
On the lake, as he longs for his love.  
Oh my Lord, it is beautiful music to me.

### Spinning Song

Sheep make a lamb, lamb make a skin,  
Skin make a fur, fur make a wool,  
Wool make a yarn, yarn make a cloth,  
Cloth make a present for you!  
See the world Spin.

Field had a tree; tree had a nest,  
Nest had an egg; egg had a bird,  
Bird had to fly, didn't know why,  
bird had to sing a song, too!  
as the bird flew, he sang,  
hear the bird sing, sing, sing.  
See the world spin.

When the time comes, you are alone.  
Dark is the night, cold is the wind,  
Empty the heart, empty the soul,  
Empty the hand, my friend.  
So light up the fire. Put on the tea!  
Let the dark something inside you  
Come out and be free to fly  
Into the night and die.  
Let the fire burn, burn, burn,  
Let the wheel turn, turn, turn,  
Let the world spin.

Bees make a buzz, fleas make a bite,  
Love turns a great many wrongs into right.  
Poets weave words into their songs,  
Weavers string poets along.  
Let the cruel words now fly  
Through the sharp needle's eye,  
Weavers and poets cry  
But, while their fingers fly,  
Like the bright bird they sing,  
Let the world spin, spin, spin... away.

## Two Chinook Songs

### I. Raven

Old, wary Raven,  
You see me watching you.  
How wise you are to trust no man.  
But, little brother, you need not fear of me—  
I have no need of your fine feathers.  
I hunt no more the birds of this world.

*Here, have a fish-head.*

Of Raven stories, what can you sing me  
That tells of our beginnings and our ends?  
Oh flying spirit my people worship,  
Is Raven but a message that he sends?  
You eat my fish-head!  
You hear my question!  
But answer only with a smile.

### II. I Tell You Three Times

I tell you one time, "No!"  
I do not love Tahoma's daughter.  
For fifteen blankets and two horses—Two!  
No squaw is worth that much to any man.  
My other wives will laugh at me!  
"Old Three-Eyes is 'skookum skookum,'  
He thinks he's a young buck once more."

I tell you two times, "No! No!"  
I do not love Tahoma's daughter,  
But it would please him if I bought her...  
And my old bones need warming now  
On winter nights.  
For that price, I could have anything.  
I could have many pleasures.  
I could have eagle feathers!

No! No! I cannot tell you three times.  
Three times I cannot tell you, No!  
For I do love Tahoma's daughter.  
Old raven spoke to me about her.

Well... maybe fifteen blankets.  
But only one horse!

## Rain

Rain, come a fallin', fall where you will  
Weep on the willow, tap, tap, on the pane,  
Paint pretty patterns  
On the surface of the sea.  
Seep into secret places  
That the sun will never see.  
Polish for the mountain faces,  
Promise for the tree.

If you don't love rain, you don't love me.

Love come a callin', call of the wild,  
Smiled at our folly, fed on our needs.  
We shared sweet moments  
in the silly summer sun,  
Testing our many metals,  
but the summer now is done.  
Come, soft October grey skies,  
Tell us what will be.  
If you don't love rain,  
the truth is plain to see.  
It is not me you love.  
My dear, the clever sun  
has had his fun,  
But fun is not for free.  
Only the truth is free.  
And if you don't love rain,  
you don't love me.