

## The Hub Miller Experience, PART II: Nov. 11, 2020 — Texts

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

### Flowers of Summer

In the long, long, lonely winter night,  
When you've done wrong  
and you could have done right,  
When you've been weak,  
And you should have been strong,  
*Kyrie! Kyrie eleison.*

And the rain falls,  
and the flowers of summer grow,  
And the leaves turn,  
and the winter is white with snow,  
And the seas churn, and the winds blow,  
And the stars in the heavens burn—  
*Gloria! Gloria! Et in terra pax.*

When my long, long lonely journey ends,  
When I leave all of my earthly friends,  
When the dark angel his message sends,  
*Miserere! Miserere! Requiem aeternam.*

And the rains fall,  
and the flowers of summer grow,  
And the leaves turn,  
and the winter is white with snow,  
And the seas churn, and the winds blow,  
And the stars in the heavens burn—  
*Dona Nobis pacem.*

And the rains fall...  
And the flowers of summer...

### Half and Half

Half the world is silver, half is blue,  
Half the world is my world, half for you.  
Half a tree grows upward, half grows down...  
Half my heart stops beating when you frown!  
When you frown, oh my dear,  
I don't know what to do.  
Half the world is silver, half is blue.

Half the world is daytime, half is night.  
Half a dog is tail-wag, half is bite!

Half a man is loving, half is fight.  
Half a smile from you makes all things right.  
When you smile from the heart,  
and I know it is true,  
Half the world is silver, half is blue.  
So blue!

Half a foot's six inches, half that's three  
One, two, three.  
Half the world is dry land, half is sea,  
A, B, C!  
Half my fun costs money, half is free...  
So, half a kiss for you now, half for me!  
Oh come on, it won't hurt, it's the least you can do.  
Half the world is silver, half the world is blue.

### Chance

I was sittin' at home, a moping and thinking  
Why bother to try?  
When I heard at the door a scratch  
and a sad, little cry.  
So I went out to see  
what new thing had happened to me,  
I found there a little gold puppy  
As cute as could be!  
He looked up at me with those little brown eyes  
That said, "How do ya do?  
I'm lost, and I'm tired, and I'm hungry,  
And I need a friend!  
If you'll be a good people, I'll be a good doggy,  
So loyal and true."  
I said, "Well there, young fella, come in,  
We'll see what we can do.  
You've been honest with me,  
So now I'll be honest with you.  
And I reckon that maybe I need a friend, too.

So he came right on in,  
and gobbled a plate full of scraps that I found,  
and he went 'round the house,  
And had him a real good explore.

And I smiled to myself,  
'cause it made me feel good to have someone  
around,

But I weren't smiling later,  
When I found he had messed on the floor!  
What's more, I discovered  
that Fido had had a good chew on the chair,  
And the whole place was jumping with fleas,  
And covered with hair!  
And his brave little bark  
Had frightened the mailman, who went away,  
And didn't deliver the letter containing my pay.  
I said, "Come here, young fella,  
I have a few hard words to say.  
You will have to follow the rules  
If you're planning to stay."

Well he learned to behave, to fetch,  
To sit, and to sic, and to stay,  
And I grew to love that old dog  
More and more every day.  
In the good times, I fed upon steak,  
And doggy, he licked off the pan,  
And in bad times, I made do with rice,  
And he robbed garbage cans!  
When he hurt his front paw,  
He let me sew it up, though it hurt bad.  
And when I got pneumonia,  
He laid by my bed and looked sad.  
I was just about gone when that old dog got up,  
And he licked my hand.  
And that lick is the reason  
that I am still here in this land.  
He was tryin' to tell me,  
no matter what heaven had planned,  
That I couldn't go now,  
'Cause that old dog would not understand.

Well, the years rolled on by, and that old dog and I  
Had a whole lot of fun.  
Chasing sticks, playing catch,  
Or going out to the hills for a run.  
But the way of the world is that summer is followed  
By cold winter snow.  
And that doggy went off to the land  
Where the good doggies go.

Well I tell you this story so next time you're lonely,  
Or just feelin' blue,  
Remember this story my friend,  
and here's what you do!  
Just answer that scratch at the door,  
No matter what it may be.  
If you give it your love,  
It will give it right back, for you see  
That loving gives meaning to life,  
and a reason to be.  
And in that way, a dog is the same  
As a you or a me.

### **Mornin' Sun**

Mornin' Sun, just thought I'd say hi,  
Friendly star, making it big in the sky,  
This song you'll never hear,  
For singin' is done by the strangest of things  
One is free  
One is me  
And one is another close by.

Mornin' Tree, think I'll sing to you.  
Friendly soul, reachin' up's your thing to do,  
But my thing's not so clear,  
For knowing you know is a circle of rings.  
See the sun,  
See the one,  
And see-saw the stars in your eyes.

Rise up my soul,  
My sun,  
Shine, friend!  
To be here with you now and then...  
Goodbye.

### **Little Stream**

Little stream upon the mountainside,  
Water spirit, be my guide.  
Teach me how to laugh and play,  
Let me learn from you to flow.  
Longing to return to mother sea,  
You're just like me—  
Making up a song as you go!  
Oh, take me back, take me back, my friend.

Little campfire in the night,  
Burning spirit of delight,  
Teach me how to see the light,  
Let me learn to warm the heart.  
Deep within your flame is father sun,  
All things are One.  
For he is my father, too.  
Oh, take me back, take me back, my friend.

Made my bed beneath a cedar tree,  
Let the night wind speak to me,  
Tell me of the times that used to be,  
Tell me of the times to come.  
Oh, thou holy earth, what have we done,  
We men who live?  
Will there be the time to forgive?  
Oh take me back, my friend,  
Take me back with you,  
Take me back again.

### **Rendezvous Road**

Across the silent canvas of the dawn,  
In loving lines of liquid fire are drawn  
The stars and stripes of freedom from the dark.  
"I love the earth," proclaims the meadow lark.

She sings again as father sun's first rays  
Now move the Earth to answer such sweet praise,  
And breathing life into the Aspen choir,  
A grove of sparklers spew forth silver fire.

Awake! Now hear the barnyard news  
Red rooster trumpets, cockadoodle-doos  
That burst like rockets in the morning air  
And leave a mist of milk weed drifting there.

Down in the swail, where the quail quivers,  
Where greenness marks imaginary rivers,  
Amidst whose murmuring there glows  
The burning embers of the Wild Rose.

While High above it all our banner flies  
Great Eagle Lord, and master of the skies,  
Who warns the mourning with his cruel cries,  
That life through death should come as no surprise.

### **Rum-Sticka-Fummadiddle**

Rum-sticka-fummadiddle, ox suck a periwinkle,  
Nonsense, you say, and it's true!  
Rats in the woodpile, flies in the milk pail,  
Poor old nippy cat hidden in a haystack,  
What will that nippy cat do?  
Now, donkey diddle, pile of piddle,  
In the middle is a riddle,  
When the goat gets in the garbage  
it can get you down a little!  
My dear old Grandma, she taught me this tune,  
So if you're feelin' under the weather,  
Can't seem to get it together,  
Take a tip from the nippy cat,  
He knows where the bootjack's at,  
Sing *Kymo Caro Delto Caro*  
*Strim, stram, fummadiddle larebo rink tum,*  
*Rink-tum body wontcha ky-mee-oh!*

Grandma tells of bygone years  
When wagonloads of pioneers  
Would gather on the lone prairie  
and have a jamboree,  
While watching the fire's burning embers.  
Then old coyote shakes his ears,  
What is that thing he hears?  
They're howlin' at the moon like me,  
*Ka-ya-yipee!*  
This is the song she remembers:  
Fiddles made of rubber bands,  
Batteries of pots and pans,  
choruses of clapping hands,  
Words that no one understands...  
Oh, that may be, but it's music you see!  
Music to me.  
Oh, grandma, I hope you don't mind  
If I leave your tune behind.  
Bless your heart for bringing 'cross the lonely plains  
The art of singing  
*Kymo Caro Delto Caro*  
Music will always be Rum-sticka-Fum  
For me.