**Up at Ellen’s House**

**(Lela Miatke)**

*Last summer my dad had a kitchen remodel job. Rainy and I spent a lot of time there while he was working. It was a great place with lots of space to run around. One day, while I was practicing my fiddle, this tune just came out. I named it after the place where it was written.*

**Black Mountain Mustang**

**(Lela and Rainy Miatke)**

*This song was inspired by a drawing that Rainy did of a horse rearing on the side of a volcano, entitled, “Black Mountain Mustang.” She thought it would make a good title for a song, so we wrote one.*

Way up in the mountains

Up on a cliff so high

Kicking toward the clouds

Rearing toward the sky

He’s a black mountain mustang

They say he runs so fast

That whenever he dares to race the wind

He never comes in last

When his hooves came down from rearing

They hit the ground so hard

The mountain shook like thunder

The ash flew near and far

He’s a black mountain mustang

They say he runs so swift

His legs are strong and sturdy

He was given a true gift

The lava flowed in rivers

Down the mountain black

It finally had erupted

It couldn’t be held back

He’s a black mountain mustang

They say he leaps so high

That the tips of his ink black mane

They always touch the sky

The lava flowed around him

Cut him from his herd

Shrill neighs and whinnies

Were all that he heard

He’s a black mountain mustang

They say he jumps so far

He would have gone back to his herd

If his way had not been barred

He gathered up his muscles

Prepared for the mighty leap

He soared over the lava flow

That was long, wide and deep

He’s a black mountain mustang

They say he’s strong as steel

Silver is his gleaming coat

Iron is his will

He gathered up his herd so fast

And ran away so far

They headed for the northlands

Where the mountains meet the stars

He’s a black mountain mustang

They say he can’t be caught

You can save up all your money

But some things can’t be bought

They settled on a mountain top

With valleys down below

And there they lived forever

On a mountain white with snow

He’s a white mountain mustang

They say he’s real somewhere

But he might be just a legend

In the icy mountain air

**A Red, Red Rose**

**(Original Poem by Robert Burns)**

*In poetry class Rainy came across this poem by Robert Burns. She was given the assignment of writing a tune to go with the words.*

Oh, my luve’s like a red, red rose

That’s newly sprung in June

Oh, my luve’s like the melodie

That’s sweetly played in tune

As fair art thou my bonnie lass

So deep in luve am I

And I will luve thee still my dear

Till a’ the seas gang dry

Till a’ the seas gang dry my dear

And the rocks melt wi’ the sun

Oh I will love thee still my dear

While the sands o’ life shall run

And fare thee weel my only luve

And fare thee weel a while

And I will come again my luve

Though it were ten thousand mile

**The Immigrant Song**

**(Original Poem by Emma Lazarus, Additional Lyrics by Lela and Rainy Miatke)**

*Rainy and I are homeschooled, and we found the poem in one of our history books one day. We thought that it would make a good song, so we wrote verses and a tune to it. Unlike some songs, this one took us about a month to write. We wrote about a verse a week. The chorus is the poem by Emma Lazarus that is written on the statue of liberty.*

Give me your tired, your poor

Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore

Send these, the homeless, the tempest tossed to me

I lift my lamp beside the golden door

They came in millions by sea

Driven by the hope of being free

They flocked in by the score

Dreaming of living on land that was their own

When they set foot on America’s bright shore

The sky was filled with clouds

The city skyline ready to surround

They flooded on the deck

Waiting, impatient, for what New York might bring

And thinking of the old world they had left

Just let me through that door

Don’t keep me here and point my head around

I’ve journeyed all the way across the sea

And my family’s waiting out there in that crowd

So give me one more stab at being free

**Nashville Tow-truck Blues**

**(Ray Miatke)**

*This is what Bill Monroe called a “true life song” We had just come from visiting Bill’s house on Jerusalem Ridge and were riding high on bluegrass history vibes. Nashville brought us down to earth. We took our ’85 VW bus into that spider web of roads, eventually found Broadway, and parked in a place that was legitimate where we come from. We made about 60 bucks busking on the street, only to find that our van had been towed and impounded somewhere in the hinterlands of Nashville and was being held for ransom. The tow-truck driver (and price negotiator) told me with a grin, “There’s no free parking in Nashville.”*

Heading’ into Nashville on 65 South

Hardly let the words slip from my mouth

When a fork in the road says 24 East, but now we’re headed west to Memphis

I need the parkway, but I don’t know the name

All of these roads look the same

So round and round and round we go

Want to go downtown but I don’t know, which road will take me there

I’m traveling on a wing and a prayer

The man on the corner says all roads lead to Nashville, Tennessee

You take the Briley Parkway to the Murfreesboro Road

Around to Thompson Lane and Woodmont Boulevard

Whitebridge Road will take you for a hike back to Briley Parkway and the Hyde’s Ferry Pike

155 will take you back, at least to 24 South, but now we’re heading east

Back in the old days they took a boat, down the Cumberland River was a nice little float

Took you right on into downtown where all of life’s pleasures could be found

Along came an engineer with a plan to put a spider web of roads on the land

Now you take the 21st Ave to the Hillsdale Pike to the mall at Green Hills and all that like

West End Road will take you back along past the Freewill Baptist and the Parthenon

Getting tired of driving but maybe today, we’ll get to Broadway and find a place to play

Well we finally got to the Busking Place, pulled out my guitar put a smile on my face

Played a few tunes for the people that were there; made a little change and got a lot of stares

Packed it all up and went back to where I parked

But the tow-truck had been there

Well we got a ride out to the barbed-wire yard where they towed the van, negotiated hard

Got the price down to $75; it hurt pretty bad but we’re still alive

Went out through the gate, took a left, then a right and we were lost in Nashville in the middle of the night

So round and round and round we go

Want to go downtown but I don’t know, which road will take me there

I’m traveling on a wing and a prayer

The man on the corner says all roads lead to Nashville!

**Birthday Box Waltz**

**(Lela Miatke)**

*For Rainy’s 11th birthday, I made her a birthday box, filled with presents and treats. At the bottom of the box was a slip of paper saying that I had written her a tune, and that she could name it. She named it Birthday Box Waltz.*

**The Stockyards of Texas**

**(Rainy Miatke)**

*When Rainy and the Rattlesnakes were on a cross country tour a couple years ago, they passed through stockyards in Texas. Rainy thought it was sad that all the cattle were crowded in close together, up to their knees in muck, and obviously not happy. So she wrote this song.*

Welcome to Texas says the sign on the side of the road

And the first thing that meets your eye is the cornfields

As I look out the window, I prefer to stare at the road

Cause something about it tells me I’m far from home

After miles of driving through cornfields we came to the stockyards

And at the sight I saw my eyes they filled with tears

Tight corrals were filled with mud and cattle

Calves crying for their mothers fill your ears

And what have we done to protect them?

What have we done to prove it’s wrong?

These cattle should be grazing in green pastures

But they’ve been in these corrals for so long

Back at home the cattle are living in pastures lush and green

With fresh water and lots of space to roam

But here at the stockyards of Texas

These poor creatures have no space to call their own

As I say goodbye to Texas I know I’m glad to go

And leave the smell of stockyards far behind

I’ll be glad when I am many miles further down the road

And I’ll get these endless cornfields off my mind

**The Cypress Hills**

**(John Reishman Susan Crowe)**

A nighthawk calls, Oh whippoorwill

Coyote sings through evening’s chill

I count the stars, the night grows still

I dream the dreams of the cypress hills

My pony’s fine, a speckled roan

She don’t mind the long way home

She don’t mind, but now and then

She cuts wide toward old Cheyenne

And I was once my father’s son

My mother’s boy, her darlin’ one

They have met eternity

So I set out for the lone prairie

This slicker’s patched, these boots are worn

This saddle’s broke, my blanket’s torn

I’ve seen my share of winter’s kill

And how I pine for the cypress hills

I’m none too wise, but I’m no fool

I hold fast to a prairie jewel

The lark will sing me home and then

No more I’ll stray from old Cheyenne

Someday I’ll rest these bones of mine

I’ll cut my bed from lodge pole pines

But now I sleep ‘neath the cottonwood tree

And dream the dreams of the lone prairie

**When It’s Lamplighting Time in the Valley**

**(Joe Lyons and Sam C. Hart)**

Oh there’s a lamp shining bright in a cabin

In the window it’s shining for me

Oh and I know that my mother is praying

For the girl she is longing to see

When its Lamplighting time in the valley

In my dreams I go back to my home

Oh I can see that old lamp in the window

It will guide me wherever I roam

Oh in the lamplight tonight I can see her

As she rocks in her chair to and fro

Oh she’s praying that I’ll come back to see her

But I know that I never can go

**Misty**

**(Errol Garner and Johnny Burke)**

Look at me, I’m as helpless as a kitten up a tree

And I feel like I’m clinging to a cloud

I just can’t understand

I get misty just holding your hand

Walk my way, and a thousand violins begin to play

Or it might be the sound of your hello

That music that I hear

I get misty the moment you’re near

You can say that you’re leading me on

But that’s just what I want you to do

Don’t you notice how hopelessly I’m lost?

That’s why I’m following you

On my own, would I wander through this wonderland alone?

Never knowing my right foot from my left

My hat from my glove

I’m too misty and too much in love

**What’s It Like?**

**(Ray Miatke)**

*This one just came all at once, first the groove with some jazz voicings I was learning; then the words practically wrote themselves; there might have been another verse that slipped away.*

It’s like a freight train rolling down the track

Whistle blowing, smoke rolling, black clouds in the air

It’s like the wind, ripping down the canyon in a thunderstorm

Every particle is charged with lightning and it lights up everything

It’s like the sun, that comes up in the east every day

Heating up the core, and lighting the way

It’s like a hawk circling higher and higher

Til’ it comes hurtling down, hits you, and knocks you senseless

It’s like a heavy load that you carry for a hundred miles

When you set it down you feel so light it could lift you right up off the ground

It’s like a river, swollen right up to the bank

It’s about to spill over, water’s gonna run all over everywhere

It’s like a view of the ocean, from way up on the bluff

Everything looks so peaceful, but down below it’s pretty rough

Waves are splashing, foam is flashing, gritty sand between your toes

That’s what it’s like, but what it is nobody knows

No, nobody knows

**Pancho and Lefty**

**(Townes Van Zandt)**

Living on the road my friend was gonna keep you free and clean

But now you wear your skin like iron, your breath’s as hard as kerosene

You weren’t your mama’s only boy, but her favorite one it seems

She began to cry when you said goodbye and sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit boys, his horse was fast as polished steel

He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to fear

Pancho met his match you know in the deserts down in Mexico

And nobody heard his dyin’ words, ah but that’s the way it goes

Lefty he can’t sing the blues all night long like he used to

The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty’s mouth

The day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio

And where he got the bread to go, aint nobody knows

The poets tell how Pancho fell; Lefty’s livin’ in a cheap hotel

The desert’s quiet and Cleveland’s cold, and so the story ends, we’re told

Pancho need your prayers it’s true, but save a few for Lefty too

He only did what he had to do, and now he’s growing old

All the federales say, they could have had him any day

They only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose

A few gray federales say they could have had him any day

They only let him go so long out of kindness I suppose

**Roses in the Snow**

**(Ruth Franks)**

I met my darling in the springtime

When all the flowers were in bloom

And like a flower our love blossomed

We married in the month of June

Our love was like a burning ember

It warmed us as the cold winds blow

Oh we had sunshine in December

And threw our roses in the snow

Now God has taken my darling

And left me with a memory

A memory that I’ll always cherish

Are these last words he said to me

My darling’s buried on the hillside

Where all the wild spring flowers grow

And when the winter snows start falling

On his grave I’ll place a rose