The Scarecrow

June Tabor

As I walked out one summer's morn,
Saw a scarecrow tied to a pole in a field of corn.
His coat was black, and his head was bare,
When the wind shook him the crows took up into the air.

Ah, but you'd lay me down and love me,
Ah, but you'd lay me down and love me if you could.
But you're only a bag of rags in an overall
That the wind sways and the crows fly away and the corn grows tall.

As I walked out one winter's day,
Saw an old man hanging from a pole in a field of clay.
His coat was gone, and his head hung low,
Till the wind flung it up to look, wrung its neck and let it go.

How could you lay me down and love me?
How could you lay me down and love me now?
For you're only a bag of bones in an overall
That the wind blows and the kids throw stones at the thing on the pole.

As I walked out one fine spring day,
Saw twelve jolly dons decked out in the blue and the gold so gay.
And to a stake they tied a child newborn,
Then the bells were rung and the songs were sung and they sowed their corn.

Now you can lay me down and love me,
Now you can lay me down and love me if you will.
But you're only a bag of rags in an overall
But the wind blew and the sun shone too and the corn grew tall.

As I walked out one summer's morn,
Saw a scarecrow tied to a pole in a field of corn.

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