

## Scarecrow

Steeleye Span

The priests go down to the river to fish for Friday's meal  
The King is brooding day and night  
Black with hate, cursing fate  
To be ill when the foe is in sight

The priests they kneel in the chancel in solemn peaceful prayer  
The King is laughing, grim and slow  
Three brothers die, he hung them high  
On a gibbet they died a cruel show

The priests they crouch o'er their books and scratch away at hi  
story

The King he rises from his bed  
Leads his men, rides again  
But before he sees the border he is dead

The priests they walk in procession with the coffin of state  
The King he leaves his work undone  
It is his fate, despite his hate  
That his foe lives on to fight his son