

Burn the Scarecrow

Chorus:

*Bury me with kindness
As you would your own
If not beneath an apple tree
Then 'neath a hawthorn grown
For I bear you no malice
It is long lost to the fire:
Burn the scarecrow, not the briar*

*1. I'm proud to be a Marcher
For this land I'd tireless toil
I've tamed its wayward nature
I've tilled its stubborn soil
And I've joyed to see it prosper
See the wagons overflow
Where once were thorn and
nettle
Now the waving cornfields grow*

Chorus

*2. I've watched for sheep that
wander
Sought out pestilence and blight
And chased away the vermin
That lay hidden, out of sight
So when my fellows noticed
That my bark's worse than my
bite
I had to laud their efforts and
Could not put up a fight*

Chorus



*3. I sway beneath the apple tree
Where all your own have lain
This honest, virtuous Marcher
Who always took the blame
What use to you are ashes
If they cannot feed the earth?
What use to you your neighbours
If you cannot see their worth?*

Chorus

*4. Friar, bring the scarecrow
With its rags and tattered hair
And drag him to the wassail fire
To burn away my cares
When all the pain and bitterness
Has seared away in flame
There shall be no poison
No trace of it remains*

Chorus

