

## *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*

