

Mirfield Agricultural Show Scarecrow Competition

We thought that you might like these scarecrow poems, I am sure that there are many others. Perhaps you could send me some.

If you would like to write your own, we might put them on our website !

The Lonely Scarecrow

By unknown poet

Here is our scarecrow, so ragged and torn,
Who stands, tattered, amongst swaying corn
His face droops low, sad and care-worn,
Left in the windy field, all alone, forlorn
But, teasing, the cheeky sun peeps into dawn
As birds circle and swoop - but cry to warn
That they'd better not stop to tease and scorn
This, our scarecrow, so ragged and torn

Sing to me

By Anon

Please Mr. Crow rest your wings
And settle here among my strings
Though I stand to scare you away
I'd much rather hear you say
How grand I look among this corn
And sing to me this sunny morn

The Scarecrow

By Walter de la Mare

All winter through I bow my head
beneath the driving rain;
The North Wind powders me with snow
and blows me black again;
At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
and stand above the stubble, stiff
as mail at morning-prime.
But when that child called Spring, and all
his host of children come,
scattering their buds and dew upon
these acres of my home,
some rapture in my rags awakes;
I lift void eyes and scan
the sky for crows, those ravening foes,
of my strange master, Man.
I watch him striding lank behind
his clashing team, and know
soon will the wheat swish body high
where once lay a sterile snow;
soon I shall gaze across a sea
of sun-begotten grain,
which my unflinching watch hath sealed
for harvest once again.