

Name \_\_\_\_\_

# The Scarecrow

All winter through I bow my head  
Beneath the driving rain;  
The North Wind powders me with snow  
And blows me black again;  
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 skies 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 sterile snow;  
Soon shall I gaze across a sea  
Of sun-begotten grain,  
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed  
For harvest once again.

Walter de la Mare