

MANX FOLK AWARDS 2025

82. Key Stage 2 – Manx Poem in English

SCARECROW

By John Dog Callister

On one leg he stands alone,
In ragged clothes, he has no home.
For farmer's work he gets no pay,
Standing, commanding night and day.
A battered hat keeps his old head dry,
The jacket is torn, he has one eye!
Straw his arms and belly fills,
He has no need of fancy frills.
His job is this, to scare the crows
who'd eat the seeds the farmer sows!

On one leg he stands alone,
You never hear him curse or moan.
This meadow is his own domain,
He watches o'er the precious grain.
The wind and rain don't bother him,
You may think his life is grim.
But winter days he'll spend indoors,
He'll be readied for next year's cause.
A little more straw, a pair of gloves?
He won't complain, it's what he loves!