

A Scarecrow Named Big Jim

*Once upon a time there was a scarecrow.
In him, he had a radio!
He liked the birdies to say,
"Tweet. Tweet. Tweet."
Then fly away!*

*The music keeps his bird-friends happy
Throughout the whole day
As they sing along with Jim,
While his radio stays on to play*

*Meet our garden scarecrow;
His name is Big Jim!
Neighborhood birds visit to forage seeds and tweet!
(They think it is Jim, who sings to them!)*

*His shadow circles 'round and about for me
As I hoe and plant in the hot, bright sun
Within a big circle I must be
Whilst he must stay, quite stationary*

*He stands very tall and straight, (reluctantly)
Tied to a wooden post.
Though holey hat and gloves
Sometimes, get lost...
As his gloves and hat brim whip in a breeze
And while in the garden, working on my knees
He begs sometimes to, "let me help dig?"
"Oh!", sings Big Jim, "Oh, pretty please?"*

*He's made from straw,
Old rags and wood
The happiest, singing-est Scarecrow,
In the whole neighborhood!*

*His hat is holey, wears a well-faded shirt,
Can't wait to do, "Any garden-work!"
In old overalls and gloves with two thumbs;
Can't wait to jump down- here into the dirt!*

*Everyone that passes our garden gate
Will wave, "Hello", or just grab a rake!
They love to help our garden grow
While they listen to music -
From Big Jim's radio!*

*Thanks to Big Jim's great garden assistance,
Our vegetables seem to abundantly survive!
Along with our generous neighbors' help -
We now share the wealth; for all to thrive!*

*We leave several bushel baskets,
Scattered all about...
Placing our extra vegetables in them-
That neighbors may then, take them out!*

*He was once framed in wood.
Then stuffed of rags and straw, into his faded shirt.
A holey hat. Two gloves with two thumbs.
A yearning for gardening and getting down-in the dirt!
A friendly flock of birds that he may call, Chums!*

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