

Scarecrow.

Words by
L. FRANK BAUM.

Music by
PAUL TIETJENS.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

Though
No

I ap - pear a hand - some man, I'm real - ly stuffed with straw, 'Tis
doubt when on a man you gaze You think he must be filled, With

dif - fi - cult a man to plan With - out a sin - gle flaw. — Though
wis - dom wor - thy of your praise Con - densed and quite dis - tilled — But

you may think my love - ly head A store of lore con - tains The
 when he once be - gins to speak He mere - ly wags his jaw And

farm - er each of skill dis - played And quite for - got my brains.
 you de - cide that he's a freak And on - ly stuffed with straw.

poco rit. *a tempo.*

When brains are lack - ing in a head It's
 And then the way some peo - ple act Will

u - sual - ly the rule That wis - dom from the man has fled, And
 lead you to sus - pect That they are brain - less for a fact And

rit.

he re-mains a fool. So though my charms are ver - y great As
shy on in - tel - lect. So 'tis a mat - ter I de - plore That

a tempo.



I am well as - sured I'll nev - er reach my full es - tate Till
in my nod - dle I Can nev - er an - y knowl - edge store Till

cresc.



brains I have se - cured.
brains I can sup - ply.

f

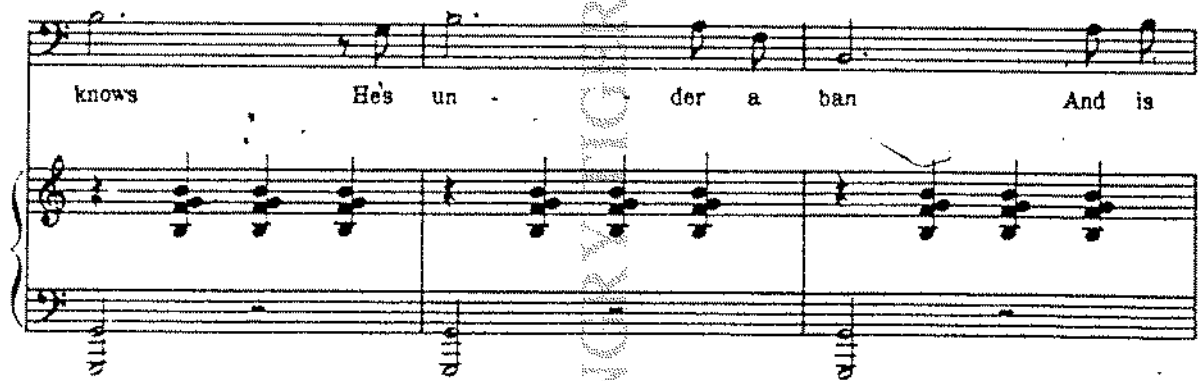


las! for the man Who has lit - tle in his nod - dle that he

mf



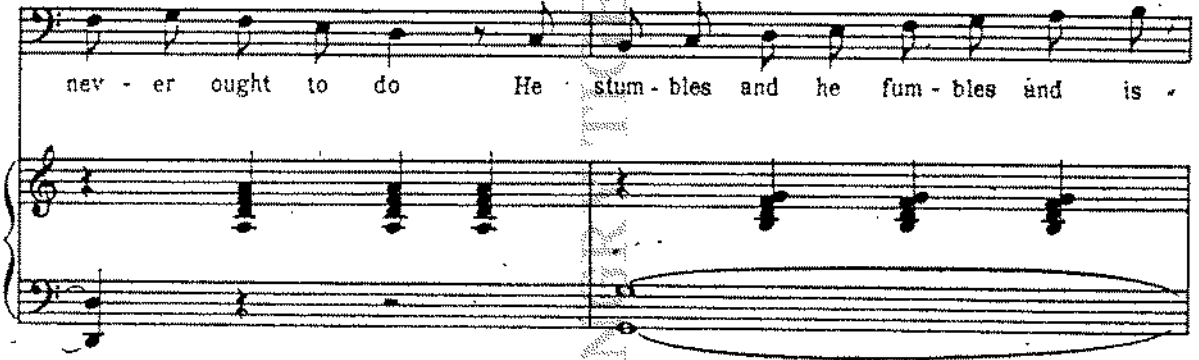
knows He's un - der a ban And is



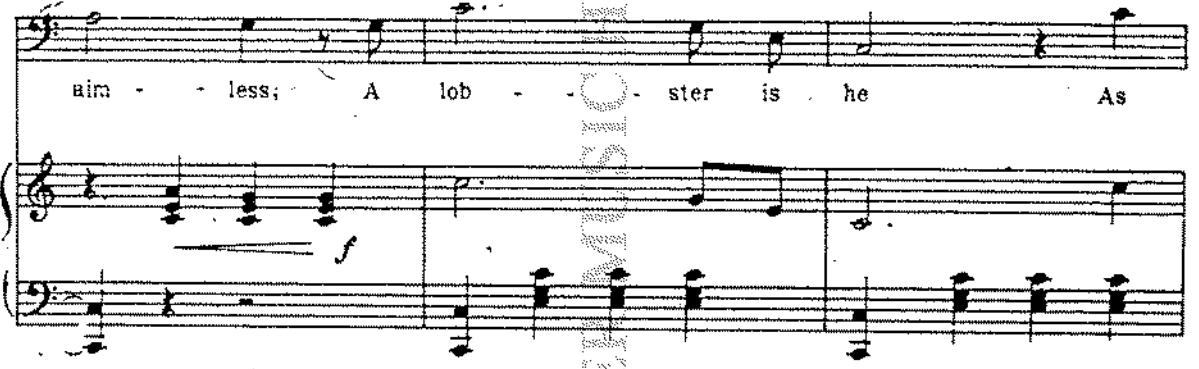
called a rut - tle - pate wher - e'er he goes He al - ways does the ver - y thing he



nev - er ought to do He stum - bles and he fum - bles and is



aim - - less; A lob - - ster is he As



a - ny One with half an eye can see You can hear them sneer and jeer For his

wheels are out of gear And its plain hell re - main quite brain - less. DANCE.