

Scarborough Fair

(T. + M. : Trad.)

*Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For once she was a true love of mine*

*Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seam nor needle work
Then she'll be a true love of mine*

*Tell her to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Between the salt water and the sea strand
Then she'll be a true love of mine*

*Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather
Then she'll be a true love of mine*

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

||: Remember me to one who lives there

For once she was a true love of mine :||