

Scarborough Fair

Are you go - - ing to Scar - - bo - rough
Fair? Pars - ley, sage, rose-ma - ry and thyme;
Re - - mem - - ber me to one who lives
there _____ For once she was 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.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Without any seam or needlework,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain fell,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

O, will you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Between the sea foam and the sea sand,
Or never be a true love of mine.

O, will you plough it with one lamb's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,
Or never be a true love of mine.

O, will you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,
Or never be a true love of mine.

And when you have done and finished your work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you shall be a true love of mine.