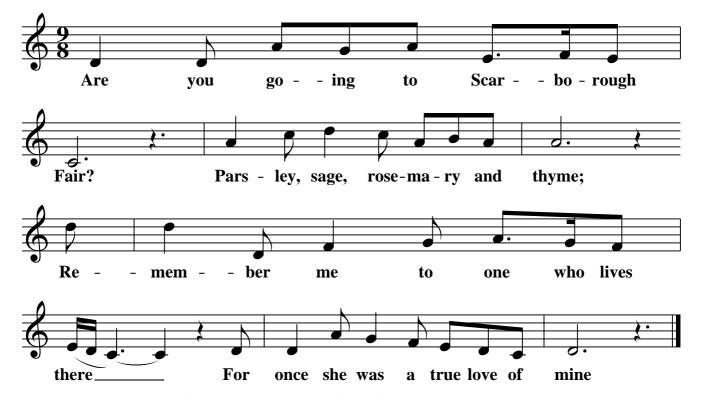
Scarborough Fair



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.