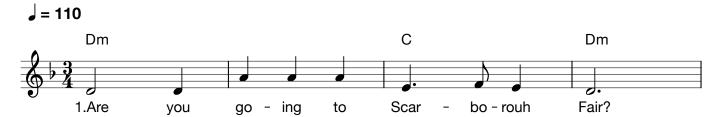
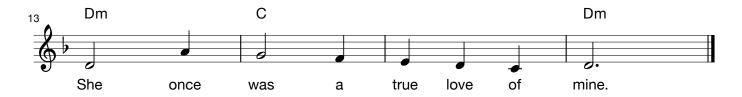
Scarborough Fair

Traditional Folksong









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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, Without no seam nor fine 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, Which never sprung water nor rain ever 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.

Ask her to do me this courtesy, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, And ask for a like favour from me, And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Have you been to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me from one who lives there,
For he once was a true love of mine.

Ask him to find me an acre of land, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, Between the salt water and the sea strand, For then he'll be a true love of mine.

Ask him to plough it with a sheep's horn, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, And sow it all over with one peppercorn, For then he'll be a true love of mine.

Ask him to reap it with a sickle of leather, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, And gather it up with a rope made of heather, For then he'll be a true love of mine.

When he has done and finished his work, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, Ask him to come for his cambric shirt, For then he'll be a true love of mine.

If you say that you can't, then I shall reply, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, Oh, Let me know that at least you will try, Or you'll never be a true love of mine.