

Scarborough Fair/Canticle

Glen Campbell

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:
(On the side of a hill in the deep forest green)
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
(Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground)
Without no seams nor needlework,
(Blankets and bedclothes the child of the mountain)
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

Tell her to find me an acre of land:
(On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)
Parsely, sage, rosemary and thyme;
(Washes the grave with so many tears)
Between the salt water and the sea strand,
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather:
(War bellows, blazing in scarlet battalions)
Parsely, sage, rosemary and thyme
(Generals order their soldiers to kill)
And gather it all in a bunch of heather,
(And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten)
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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