

## 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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