

Scarborough Fair

Roger Whittaker

Are you going to Scarborough Fair? Parsley, sage,
rosemary, and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there, she was once 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).
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme (Washes the ground
with so many tears).
Between 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 in a sickle of leather (War
bellows, blazing in scarlet battalions).
Parsley, 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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