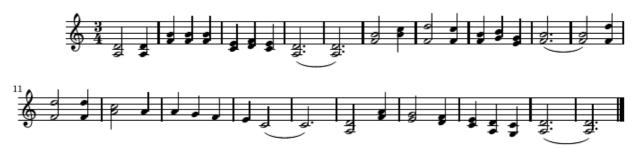
SCARBOROUGH FAIR



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

Have her make me a cambric shirt Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Without no seam nor fine needle work And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore bower Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme And gather it all with a basket of flowers And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Between the salt water and the sea strand And then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
<u>Though</u> not more than any heart asks
And I must know she's a true love of mine

Dear, when thou has finished thy task Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme <u>Come</u> to me, my hand for to ask For thou then art a true love of mine.

Men lines 1 and 3
Ladies line 2
All line 4