

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
Though 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
Come 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