

# Scarborough Fair

Traditional

Are you go-ing to Scar - bo-rough fair? Pars-ley sage rose-  
ma - ry and thyme\_\_\_\_\_ Re - mem - ber me to the one who lives  
there\_\_\_\_\_ She once was a true love of mine

Man:

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Remember me to the one who lives there,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Without any seam or needlework,  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Where never sprung water or rain ever fell,  
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Woman:

Now he has asked me questions three,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
I hope he'll answer as many for me,  
Before he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to buy me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Between the salt water and the sea sand,  
Then he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,  
And he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,  
And he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
And never let one corn of it fall,  
Then he shall be a true love of mine.

When he has done and finished his work.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme:  
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,  
And he shall be a true love of mine.