

Art Brut

"Scarborough Fair"

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Are you goin' 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).
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
(Washes the grave with silvery tears).

Between salt water and the sea strands
(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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