

## Art Garfunkel

### "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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