

Coleske

"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,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seams nor needlework,
Then shell be a true love of mine

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

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of
Leather, parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather,
Then shell be a true love of mine

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