

## Folk Celtic

### "Scarborough Fair"

Visit "[Scarborough Fair](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

scott. trad.

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.  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Without any seam or fine needlework,  
and then she'll be a true love of mine.  
Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,  
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
where water never have sprung, nor drop of rail fell,  
and then she'll be a true love of mine.  
Oh, will you find me an arce of land,

parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
between the sea foam and the sea sand  
or never be a true love of mine.  
Oh, will you plough it with a lamb's horn,  
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
and sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
or never be a true love of mine.  
And when you have done and finished your work,  
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
then come to me for your cambric shirt,  
and you shall be a true love of mine.

Visit [Folk Celtic](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.