

Celtic Folk

"Scarborough Fair"

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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.

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