

Joel Frederiksen

"Whittingham Faire"

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Are you going to Whittingham 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 needlework
For once she was a true-love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Where never spring-water nor rain ever fell
For once she was a true-love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
For once she was a true-love of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
I hope he will answer as many for me;
For once he was a true-love of mine.

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