

Simon And Garfunkel "Scarborough Fair"

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Are you going 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
(A hill in the deep forest green)
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
(Tracing of sparrow
On snow-crested brown)
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 the salt water
And the sea strand
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it
With a sickle of leather
(War bellows blazing
In scarlet battallions)
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

{Repeat 1st verse}

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