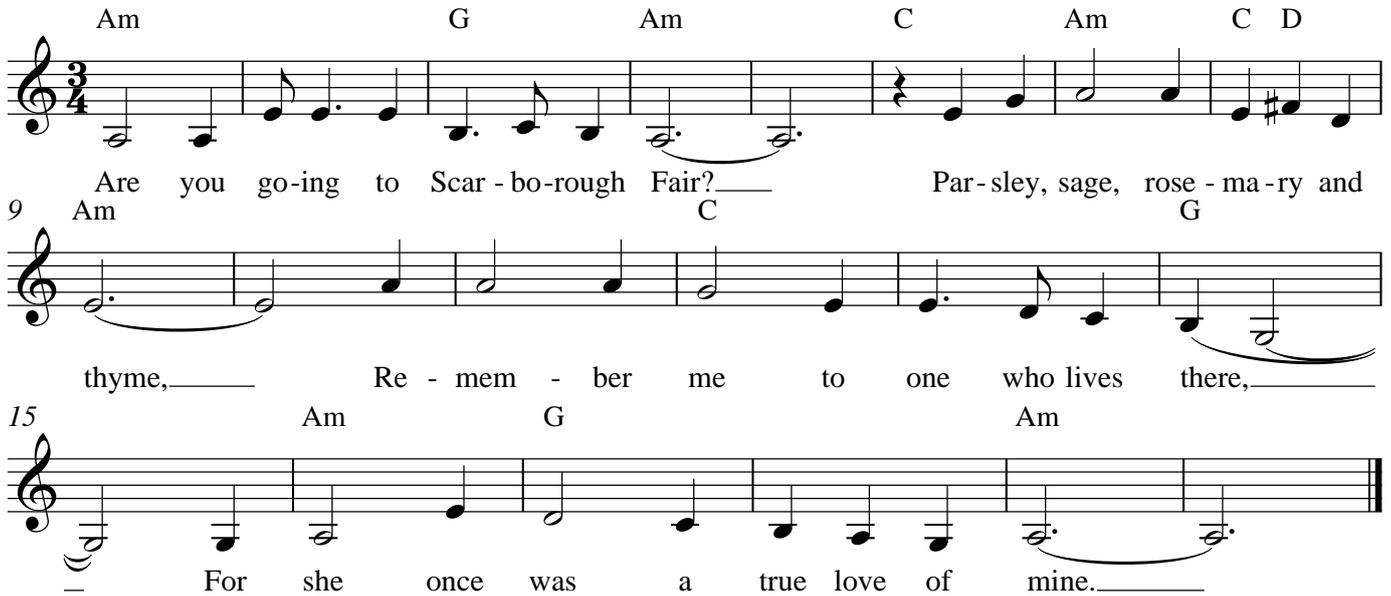


# Scarborough Fair

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Am G Am C Am C D

9 Am Are you go-ing to Scar-bo-rough Fair? Par-sley, sage, rose-ma-ry and  
C G

15 Am G Am

For she once was a true love of mine.

Have her make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Without no seam nor fine needle work  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
And gather it all with a basket of flowers  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Between the sea foam and over the sand  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Then sow some seeds from north of the dam  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
And gather it all in a bunch of heather  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

If she tells me she can't, I'll reply  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Let me know that at least she will try  
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Though not more than any heart asks  
And I must know she's a true love of mine

Dear, when thou has finished thy task  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Come to me, my hand for to ask  
For thou then art a true love of mine