

# Scarborough Fair

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Dm C Dm F Dm F G

Are you go-ing to Scar - bo-rough Fair? — Par- sley, sage, rose - ma-ry and

9 Dm F C

thyme, — Re - mem - ber me to one who lives there, —

15 Dm C Dm

— 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