

Scarborough Fair

am asus2 G am
1. Can you make me a cambric shirt,
C am C D am
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
am C hm am G
Without any seam or needlework?
am G am G am G am
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Which never sprung water, nor rain ever fell?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Now you have asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea-sand?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

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 lover of mine.

1. 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.

Have her make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without a seam or fine needle work
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Have her wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Where ne'er a drop of water e'er 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 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.

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 hast 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.