

Scarborough Fair/Canticle

Words & Music:
Traditional/arr. Paul Simon

Am G Am
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
C Am C D Am
Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.
 C Am G
Remember me to one who lives there,
Am G Am
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.

[On the side of the hill in the deep forest green.]

Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.

[Tracing of sparrow on snow crested brown.]

Without no seams nor needlework.

[Blankets & 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 the hill, a sprinkling of leaves]

Parsley, sage, rosemary & 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 battalions.]

Parsley, sage, rosemary & 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.]

She once was a true love of mine.

[Both parts together]

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.

Remember me to one who lives there.

She once was a true love of mine.