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.