

Art Garfunkel, Scarborough Fair / Canticle

Are you going to Scarborough Fair:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.

Remember me to one who lives there.

She once was a true love of mine.

On the side of a hill in the deep forest green.

Tracing of sparrow on snow-crested brown.

Blankets and bedclothes the child of the mountain

Sleeps unaware of the clarion call.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;

Without no seams nor needle work,

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

On the side of a hill a sprinkling of leaves.

Washes the grave with silvery tears.

A soldier cleans and polishes a gun.

Sleeps unaware of the clarion call.

Tell her to find me an acre of land:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;

Between the salt water and the sea strand,

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions.

General order their soldiers to kill.

And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;

And gather it all in a bunch of heather,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.