

Simon & 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.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:
(On the side of a hill in the deep forest green,)
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
(Tracing of sparrow on snow-crested ground,)
Without no seams nor needlework,
(Blankets and bedclothes, the child of the mountains)
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 a hill, a sprinkling of leaves.)
Parsley, sage, rosemary and 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 in a sickle of leather:
(War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions,)
Parsley, sage, rosemary and 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.)
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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