

# Art Garfunkel, Scarborough Fair

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.