

# Marianne Faithfull, Scarborough Fair

Have you been to scarborough fair  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
Remember me to one that lives there  
For once she once was a true lover of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
One with no seams, of fine needlework  
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it 'pon yonder thorn  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
That never bore fruit since adam was born  
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

Ah, can you find me an acre of land

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
Between the salt sea and the sea sand  
Or never be a true lover of mine.

And can you plough it with a sheep's horn  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn  
Or never be a true lover of mine.

And when you have done and finished your work  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
Then come to me for your cambric shirt  
And then you'll be a true lover of mine.