

# Simon And 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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