

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.
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.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, Without no seam nor needle work, Then she'll be a true love of mine. Tell her to reap it

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, And to gather it all in a bunch of heather, Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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