

Scarborough Fair

Englisches Volkslied

Are you go-ing to Scar-bo-rough fair? Pars-ley, sage, rose-ma-ry and thyme. Re-

9 mem-ber me to one who lives there, for once she was a true love of mine.

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
 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.

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.