

## Scarborough Fair / Canticle

*Simon*

### Verse 1

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.

### Verse 2

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Without no seams nor needlework,  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

On the side of a hill in the deep forest green,  
Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground,  
Blankets and bedclothes, the child of the  
mountain,  
Sleeps unaware of a clarion call.

### Verse 3

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.

On the side of a hill in a sprinkling of leaves,  
Washes the grave with silvery tears,  
A soldier cleans and polishes a gun.

### Verse 4

Tell her to reap it in 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.

War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions,  
Generals order their soldiers to kill,  
And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten.

### Repeat Verse 1