

Scarborough Fair

trad. (From Child Ballad #2, the Elfin Knight)

Am *G* *Am*
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

C *Am* *D* *Em*
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Am *C* *G*
Remember me to the one that lives there

Am *G* *Em* *Am*
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt . . .

Parsley . . .

Without any seam or fine needle work

Then she'll be . . .

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well

Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn

Which never bore blossom since adam was born

O will you buy me an acre of land

Between the sea foam and the salty sea sand

O will you plow it with a ram's horn

And sow it all over with one peppercorn

O will you reap it with a sickle of leather?

And tie it all up with a peacock's feather

And when you have done and finished your work

Then come to me for your cambric shirt