

Sarah Brightman, Scarborough Fair

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

Tell him to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seams nor needle work
Then he'll be a true love of mine

Have him wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Where ne'er a drop of water e'er fell
And then he'll be a true love of mine

Tell him to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between salt water and the sea strands
Then he'll be a true love of mine

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

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