



SONGS WITH SIMON

Scarborough Fair

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework.
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Where never spring water or rain ever fell
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born.
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.
I hope he'll answer as many for me
Before he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to buy me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea sand.
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And never let one corn of it fall.
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

When he has done and finished his work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.