

Scarborough Fair

Gitarre
Flöte

Are you going to Scarborough Fair? Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Are you going to Scarborough Fair? (Aah)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.

Remember me to the one who lives there,
she once was a true love of mine. (Aah)



Tell her to make me a cambric shirt! *On the side of a hill on a deep forest green.*

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. *Tracing of sparrow on snowcrested brown.*

Without no seams no needlework, *The child of the mountain.*

Then shell be a true love of mine. *Sleeps unaware of the clarion call.*

Tell her to find me an acre of land! *On a side of a hill a sprinkling of leaves.*

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. *Washes the grave with a silvery tears.*

Between the salt water and the sea strand, *The child of the morning.*

then she'll be a true love of mine. *Sleeps unaware of a clarion call.*

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather. *War bellows lazing in scarlet batallions.*

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. *Generals orders their soldiers to kill.*

And to gather it all in a bunch of a heather, *A child of the mountain.*

then she'll be a true love of mine. *Sleeps unawarein a clarion call.*

then she'll be a true love of mine,

Scarborough, Scarborough, Scarborough Fair.