

Scarborough Fair / Canticle

Traditional, plus Paul Simon & Art Garfunkel, plus Lee Hayes

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.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seams nor needlework

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

Then she'll be a true love of mine

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

(On the side of a hill,
in the sprinkling of leaves)
(Washes the grave with silvery tears)
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)
(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all in a bunch of heather

(War bellows, blazing in scarlet battalions)
(Generals order their soldiers to kill)
(And to fight for a cause
they have long ago forgotten)

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