

Scarborough Fair/ Canticle

Simon & Garfunkel

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

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley sage rosemary and thyme
Without no seams nor needle work
Then sheâ€™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 find me an acre of land
Parsley sage rosemary and thyme
Between the salt water and the sea strands
Then sheâ€™ll be a true love of mine

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

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley sage rosemary and thyme
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
Then sheâ€™ll be a true love of mine

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