

Scarborough Fair

My Dying Bride

Take the Linton Falls water so white
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
From cold it's bed then up to the sky
And then she'll be a true love of mine
Ask for angels a chariot to make
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
With swan feathers black and the wings of the night
She will breathe the true love of mine
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For once she was a true love of mine
Have her make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Without no seam nor fine needle work
And then she'll be a true love of mine
Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
And gather it all with a basket of flowers
And then she'll be a true love of mine
Dear, when thou has finished thy task
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Come to me, my hand for to ask
For thou then art a true love of mine
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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