

# Scarborough Fair

## Leaves' Eyes

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Remember me to one who lives there  
He once was a true love of mine  
Tell him to make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Without no seams nor needle work  
Then he'll be a true love of mine  
Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
And gather it all in a bunch of heather  
Then he'll be a true love of mine  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Remember me to one who lives there  
He once was a true love of mine

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