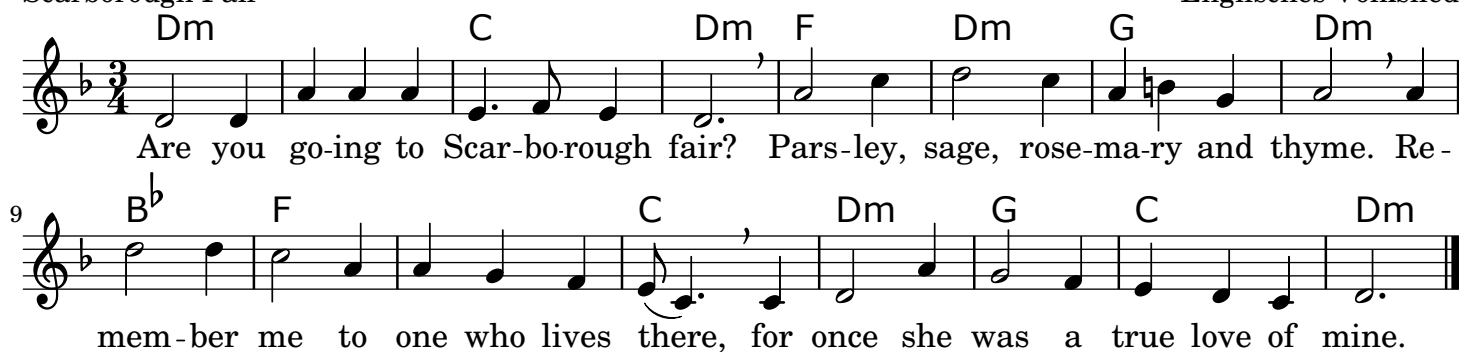


## Scarborough Fair

Englisches Volkslied



Are you go-ing to Scar-bo-rough fair? Pars-ley, sage, rose-ma-ry and thyme. Re-

9 mem-ber me to one who lives there, for once she was a true love of mine.

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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.

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
 Without no seam nor needle work,  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it  
 with a sickle of leather,  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
 And to gather it all  
 in a bunch of heather,  
 Then she'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,  
 For once she was a true love of mine.