

Scarborough Fair

Peter Hollens

Are you goin' 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 or needlework,
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.

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 she'll be a true love of mine.

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She once was a true love of mine.