

Scarborough Fair

Simon & Garfunkel

Am **G** **Am**
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
C **Am** **C D** **Am**
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Am **C** **G Am G**
Remember me to one who lives there
Am **G** **Am**
She once was a true love of mine

Am **G** **Am**
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
(On the side of a hill in the deep forest green)
C **Am** **C D** **Am**
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
(Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground)
Am **C** **G Am G**
Without no seem or needlework
(Blankets and bedclothes a child of the mountains)
Am **G** **Am**
Then she'll be a true love of mine
(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

Am **G** **Am**
Tell her to find me an acre of land
(On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)
C **Am** **C D** **Am**
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
(Washed is the ground with so many tears)
Am **C** **G Am G**
Between the salt water and the sea strand
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)
Am **G** **Am**
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Am **G** **Am**
Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather
(War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions)
C **Am** **C D** **Am**
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
(Generals order their soldiers to kill)
Am **C** **G Am G**
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather
(And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten)
Am **G** **Am**
Then she'll be a true love of mine

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