**Scarborough Fair Simon & Garfunkel**

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

Have her wash it in yonder dry well

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Between the sea foam and over the sand

And then she'll be a true love of mine

*Scarborough Fair – Cont’d*

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Then sow some seeds from north of the dam

And 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

And then she'll be a true love of mine

If she tells me she can't, I'll reply

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Let me know that at least she will try

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Though not more than any heart asks

And I must know she's 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