**SCARBOOUGH FAIR /CANTICLE**

Are you going 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 (***On the side of a hill in the deep forest green)***

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme (***Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground)***

Without no seams nor needlework (***Blankets and bedclothes the child of the mountain)***

Then she'll be a true love of mine (***Sleeps unaware of the clarion*** ***call)***

Tell her to find me an acre of land (***On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)***

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme (***Washes the ground with so many tears)***

Between the salt water and the sea strand (***A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)***

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather (***War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions)***

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme (***Generals order their soldiers to*** ***kill)***

And gather it all in a bunch of heather (***And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten)***

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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