

Scarborough Fair (Paul Simon, Art Garfunkel)

Are - you	go ing to	Scar bo rough	fair -	
. Pars ley	sage - rose	ma ry and	thy me
. . Re	mem - ber	me - to	one who lives	the re
She - once	was - a	true love of	mine -

Tell her to	make me a	ca m bric	shi rt	
. . .	. On the	side of a	hill in the	deep fo rest	
. Pars ley	sage - rose	ma ry and	thy me
green	Tra cing a	spar row on	snow cres ted
. . . With	out - nor	seams - nor	ne ed le	wo rk
ground	Blan kets and	bed clo thes a	child of the
Then - she'll	be - a	true love of	mine -
moun tains	Sleeps un a	ware of a	cla ri on call - .

Tell her to	find me an	a cre of	land -	
. . .	. On the	side of a	hill - a	sprink ling of	
. Pars ley	sage - rose	ma ry and	thy me
leaves	Was hes the	gra ve with	sil ve ry
. . . Bet	ween the salt	wa ter and	sea strand
tears	A sol dier	cleans and po	li shes a
Then - she'll	be - a	true love of	mine -
gun

Tell her to	reap it with a	sick le of	leather -	
.	War bel lows	bla zing in	scar let ba	
. Pars ley	sage - rose	ma ry and	thy me
ta lions	Ge ne rals	or der their	sol diers to
. . . And to	gat her it	all - in	a bunch of	hea ther
kill And to	fight for a	cause they've long	a go for
Then - she'll	be - a	true love of	mine -
got ten