

Scarborough Fair

Paul Simon

||: Am Am7 (on 2nd fret) :||

Am

G

Am

Are you going to Scarborough Fair

C

Am

D

Dsus

D

Am

Parsley sage rosemary and thyme

G

G/a

d

d

C

D

Remember me to one who lives there

Am

G

G/a

d

d

C

G

Am

She was once 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 of sparrow in snowcrest brown With out no seems nor needle work Blankets and bed clothes the child of the mountain Then she'll ne a true love of mine Sleeps unaware of the clarion call Tell her to find me an acre of land On the side of of a hill a sprinkling of leaves Parsley sage rosemary and thyme Washes the grave with silvery tears Between the salt water and the sea strands A soldier cleans and polishes a gun Then she'll ne a true love of mine Sleeps unaware of the clarion call Tell her to reap it with 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 ne a true love of mine Sleeps unaware of the clarion call Are you going to Scarborough Fair Parsley sage rosemary and thyme Remember me to one who

lives there She was once a true love of mine