

# Scarborough Fair/Canticle page 1

Slowly

Are you go - ing to

Scar - bor-ough Fair: Pars-ley, sage, rose-

mar - y and thyme. Re -


mem - ber me to one who lives there. She once

was a true love of mine. *Fine*

Tell her to make me a cam - bric shirt

On the side of a hill in the deep for - est

# Scarborough Fair/Canticle page 2



Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme:  
 green. Trac - ing of spar - row on  
 With - out no seams nor nee - die  
 snow crest-ed brown. Blan - kets and  
 work. Then she'll be a true love of  
 bed-clothes the child of the moun-tain.  
 mine. Tell her to  
 Sleeps un - a - ware of the clar - i - on call.  
 find me an a - cre of land: Pars-ley,  
 On the side of a hill a sprink-ling of leaves.

# Scarborough Fair/Canticle page 3

Em G A Em

0 000 000 0 0 0 000

sage, rose - mar - y and thyme:

Wash - es the grave with sil - ver - y

G D

0 000 0

Be - tween the salt wa - ter and the sea strands,

tears A sol - dier cleans and

Em D Em

0 000 0 000 0 000

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

po - lish-es a gun.

Em

0 000

Tell her to reap it with a

D Em G Em

0 000 0 000 000 0 000

sick-le of leath-er: Pars-ley, sage, rose -

War bel - lows blaz - ing in scar - let bat - tal - ions.

# Scarborough Fair/Canticle page 4

mar - y and thyme: And  
 Gen - er - als or - der their sol - diers to kill  
 gath - er it all in a bunch of heath - er,  
 And to fight for a cause they've long a-go for -  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine. *D.C. al Fine*  
 got - ten.