## **Scarborough Fair**

## Lenka Filipová

Are you goin' 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, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme, Without no seams or needlework, Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme, Between the salt water and the sea strands, 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, Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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