

## Scarborough Fair/Canticle (Paul Simon)

**Em7**                      **D**                      **Em7**  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
**G**                      **Em7**                      **G A**                      **Em7**  
Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.  
**Em7**                      **G**                      **F#m Em7 D**  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
**Em7**                      **D**                      **Em7**  
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.

**D**                      **Em7**                      **G**  
[On the side of the hill in the deep forest green.]  
Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.  
[Tracing of sparrow on snow crested brown.]  
Without no seams nor needlework.  
[Blankets & 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 the hill, a sprinkling of leaves]  
Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.  
[Washes the grave with silvery 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.  
[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 & 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.]  
She once was a true love of mine.

*[Both parts together]*

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there.  
She once was a true love of mine.