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]

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Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.