

Scarborough fair

[Verse 1]

Em D Ds4 D Em
Are you goin' to Scarborough Fair?
G Em G A Em
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Em G D Ds4 D Ds4 D
Remember me to one who lives there
Em D Em
She once was a true love of mine

[Verse 2]

Em D Ds4 D Em
Tell her to make me a camb -ric shirt
(On the side of a hill in the deep forest green)
G Em G A Em
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
(Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground)
Em G D Ds4 D Ds4 D
Without no seams nor needlework
(Blankets and bedclothes the child of the mountain)
Em D Em
Then she'll be a true love of mine
(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

[Verse 3]

Em D Ds4 D Em
Tell her to find me an acre of land
(On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)
G Em G A Em
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
(Washes the grave with silvery tears)
Em G D Ds4 D Ds4 D
Between the salt water and the sea strands
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)
Em D Em
Then she'll be a true love of mine

[Verse 4]

Em **D Ds4 D Em**

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather
(War bellows, blazing in scarlet battalions)

G Em G A Em

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
(Generals order their soldiers to kill)

Em G D Ds4 D Ds4 D

And gather it all in a bunch of heather
(And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten)

Em D Em

Then she'll be a true love of mine

[Outro]

Em D Ds4 D Em

Are you goin' to Scarborough Fair?

G Em G A Em

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme

Em G D Ds4 D Ds4 D

Remember me to one who lives there

Em D Em

She once was a true love of mine