

# Scarborough Fair

Irisches Volkslied



Are you going to Scarborough fair, Parsley sage, Rosmary and thyme.  
Remember me to the one who lives there. She ones was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt, Parsley sage, Rosmary and thyme.  
Without any seems nor needle work. Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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

Tell her to plough it with sickle of leather, Parsley sage, Rosmary and thyme.  
And bind it all in a bunch of heather. Then she'll be a true love of mine.