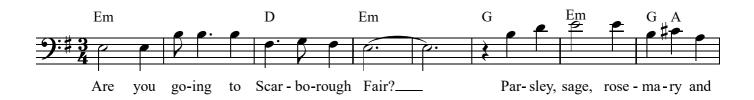
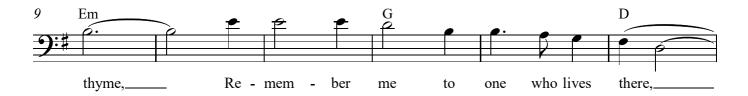
Scarborough Fair

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Have her make me a cambric shirt Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Without no seam nor fine needle work And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme And gather it all with a basket of flowers And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Between the sea foam and over the sand And then she'll be a true love of mine

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Then sow some seeds from north of the dam And 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 And then she'll be a true love of mine

If she tells me she can't, I'll reply Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Let me know that at least she will try And then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Though not more than any heart asks
And I must know she's a true love of mine

Dear, when thou has finished thy task Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Come to me, my hand for to ask For thou then art a true love of mine