

# Scarborough Fair

Altenglische Volksweise /Textauswahl: Irish traditional

Bearbeitung: Egon Poppe

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Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
 Tell her to make me a bridle for my horse.  
 Tell her to wash it in the river of brier.  
 Tell her to dry it on the mountain side.  
 Tell her to reap it with a sickle of silver.  
 If you say that you can't then I shall be sorry.

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Fair, shirt, well, thorn, lea - ther, ply, pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, re -  
 pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, with -  
 pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, which -  
 pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, which -  
 pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, and

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mem - ber me to one who lives there,  
 out no seams nor fine nee - dle work,  
 ne - ver sprung wa - ter not rain e - ver fell,  
 ne - ver bore blos - som since A - dam was born,  
 ga - ther it al in a bunch of hea - ther,  
 let me know that at least you will try,

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she once was a true love of mine. mine.  
 then she'll be a true love of mine. mine.  
 then she'll be a true love of mine. mine.  
 then she'll be a true love of mine. mine.  
 then she'll be a true love of mine. mine.  
 ne - ver be a true love of mine. mine.

1.-5. 6. 9