

Scarborough Fair 1.1

- Irish traditional / Textauswahl -

1. Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary an thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

2. Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Without no seams nor fine needlework,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

3. Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Which never sprung water nor rain ever fell,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

4. Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

5. Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
And gather it all in a bunch of heather,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

6. If you say that you can't, then I shall reply,

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Let me know that at least you will try,
Never be a true love of mine.