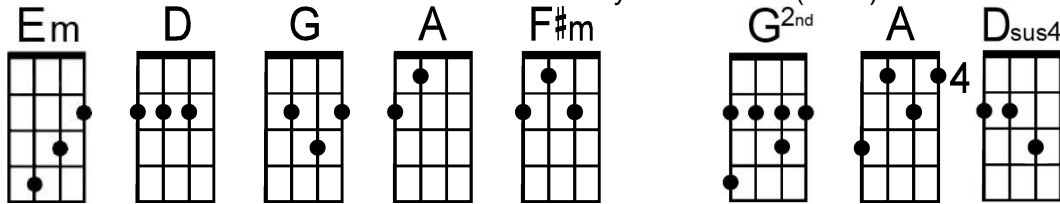


# Scarborough Fair/Canticle

by Paul Simon (1966)



3/4 time

\*optional chords

**Intro:**

	Em	.	.	Em	.	.	D	.	.	Em	.	.	Em	.	.
A	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
E	3	3	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	3	3
C	4	4	4	4	4	4	2	2	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
G															

Em . . | . . . | D . . . | Em . . | . . . |  
 Are— you go—ing to Scar—bo—rough Fair—  
 G . . | Em . . | \*G\ \*A . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Pars—ley, sage— rose—ma—ry and thyme—  
 . | . . . | G . . | G\ F#m\ Em\ | D . \*Dsus4\ D\ | Dsus4\ D . |  
 Re—mem—ber me— to one who lives the—ere—  
 Em . . | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 She— once was— a true love of mine—

Em . . | . . . | D . . | Em . . | . . . | G  
 Tell her to make me a cam—bric shirt—  
*On the side of a hill in the deep for—est green*  
 . . | Em . . | \*G\ \*A . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Pars—ley, sage— rose—ma—ry and thyme—  
*trac—ing of spar—row on snow—crest—ed brown*

. | . . . | G . . | G\ F#m\ Em | D . \*Dsus4\ D\ | Dsus4\ D . |  
 With—out— no seams— nor nee—ee—dle work  
*Blank—ies and bed—clothes, the child of the*

Em . . | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Then— she'll be— a true love of mine.  
*mount—tain. Sleeps un— a—ware of the clar—i—on call—*

Em . . | . . . | D . . | Em . . | . . . | G  
 Tell her— to find me an a—cre of land—  
*On the side of a hill a sprink—ling of leaves*  
 . . | Em . . | \*G\ \*A . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Pars—ley, sage— rose—ma—ry and thy—y—yme—  
*Wash—es the grave— with sil—ver—y tears—*

. | . . . | G . . | G\ F#m\ Em\ | D . \*Dsus4\ D\ | Dsus4\ D . |  
 Be—tween the salt wa—ter and the sea stra—nds  
*A sol—dier cleans— and polish—es a*

Em . . | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Then— she'll be— a true love of mine—  
*gun.*

Em . . | . . . | D . . . | Em . . | . . . | G  
 Tell her— to reap it— with a sick-le— of leath-er—  
*War bel-lows blaz-ing in scar-let bat-tal-ions*

. . | Em . . | \*G\ \*A . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 Pars-ley, sage— rose—ma-ry and thyme—  
*Gen-er-als or— der their sol-diers to kill—*

. | . . . | G . . | G\ F#m\ Em\ | D . \*Dsus4\ D\ | Dsus4\ D . |  
 And gath-er it all— in a bu—unch of heath-er,  
*And to fight for a cause— they've long a-go for-*

Em . . | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Then— she'll be— a true love of mine—  
*got-ten*

Em . . | . . . | D . . . | Em . . | . . . |  
 Are— you go-ing to Scar—bo-rough Fair—

G . . | Em . . | \*G\ \*A . | Em . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 Pars-ley, sage— rose—ma-ry and thyme—

. | . . . | G . . | G\ F#m\ Em\ | D . \*Dsus4\ D\ | Dsus4\ D . |  
 Re-mem—ber me— to one who lives the-ere—

Em . . | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |  
 She— once was— a true love of mine—

	Em . .	Em . .	Em . .	Em . .	D\	Em\
A	-----2-----2-----	-----2-----2-----	-----2-----2-----	-----2-----2-----		
E	-----3-----3-----	-----3-----3-----	-----3-----3-----	-----3-----3-----		
C	-----4-----4-----	-----4-----4-----	-----4-----4-----	-----4-----4-----		
G	-----	-----	-----	-----		