

# Scarborough fair

Chanson traditionnelle anglaise

5

Are you go - ing to scar - bor·ough fair? Par - sley, sage, rose -  
 Tell her to make me a cam \_\_\_\_ bric shirt,  
 Tell her to find me an acre \_\_\_\_ of land,  
 Tell her to reap it with a sick - le of leather  
 Are you go - ing to Scar - bo·rough fair?

Mim Ré Mim Sol Mim

10

- ma - ry and thyme, Re - mem - ber me to one who lives  
 With - out no seams nor nee \_\_\_\_ dle  
 Bet - ween the salt wa - ter and the sea  
 And to gather it all in a bunch \_\_\_\_ of  
 Re - mem - ber me to one who lives

La Sim Mim Sol

15

there, — She once was a true love of mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 work, — Then she'll be a true love of mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 strand — Then will be a true love of mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 leather, — Then she'll be a true love of mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 there, — She once was a true love of mine. \_\_\_\_\_

x4

Ré Mim La Ré Mim x

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Without no seam nor needle work,  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Between the salt water and the sea strand,  
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 to gather it all in a bunch of heather,  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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

Allez-vous à la foire de Scarborough ?  
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym,  
Parlez de moi à quelqu'un qui vit là-bas,  
Elle fut autrefois mon grand amour.

Qu'elle me confectionne une chemise de batiste,  
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym,  
Sans couture ni travaux d'aiguille,  
Et là, elle sera mon grand amour.

Qu'elle me trouve un acre de terre,  
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym,  
Entre l'eau salée et le rivage,  
Et là, elle sera mon grand amour

Qu'elle le moissonne avec une fauille de cuir,  
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym,  
Et lie sa moisson d'une brassée de bruyère,  
Et là, elle sera mon grand amour.

Allez-vous à la foire de Scarborough ?  
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym,  
Parlez de moi à quelqu'un qui vit là-bas,  
Elle fut autrefois mon grand amour.