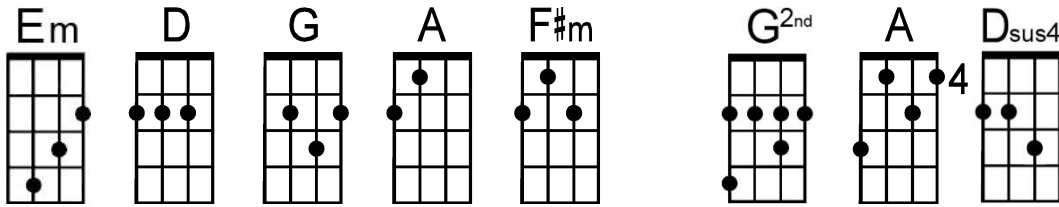


Scarborough Fair/Canticle

Traditional (with additional words by Paul Simon and counter-melody by Art Garfunkel - 1966)



*optional chords

3/4 time

Intro:

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

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-talions

. . | 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—

Outro: 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 -----|-----|-----|-----|-----