

The Voice House

Scarborough Fair

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 . . .
Without no seams nor needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Where water ne'er sprang nor drop of rain fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born

Tell her to find me an acre of land –
Between the salt water and the sea strand
Then she'll be . . .

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather –
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather

Are you going to Scarborough Fair . . .

Ode to Contentment

Shaker Traditional

Come, contentment, lovely guest
Reign unrival'd in my breast
Thou alone wilt do

*Thou alone canst fill the soul
Every passion canst control
When the stormy billows roll
Thou canst bear me through*