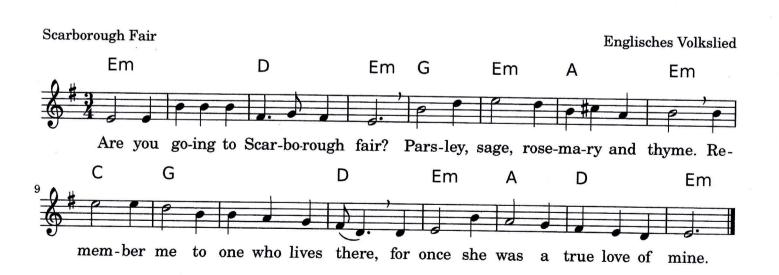
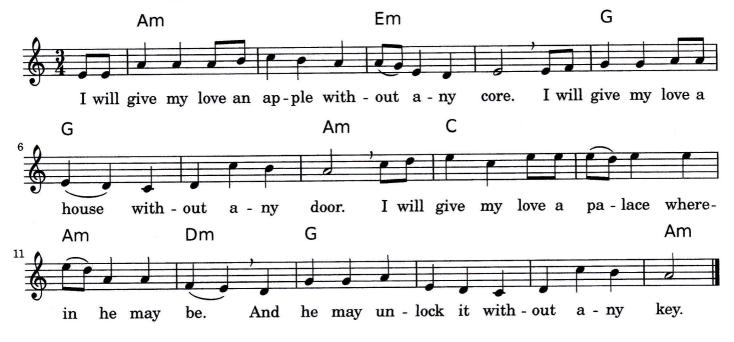


It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow upon the tree, But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows upon the weirs But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.



Are you going to Scarborough Fair? Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, Remember me to one who lives there, For once she 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.



I will give my love an apple
without any core
I will give my love a house
without any door,
I will give my love a palace
wherein he may be,
But he may unlock it without any key.

My head is the apple without any core, My mind is the house without any door. My heart is the palace wherein he may be And he may unlock it without any key.

Canon

