

## Scarborough Fair

1. 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.
2. Have her to make me a cambric shirt.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Without a seam or fine needlework;  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
3. Wash the shirt in yonder dry well.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Where drop of water never did fell;  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
4. Have her to find me an acre of land.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Between the salt water and the dry land;  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
5. Plow the lamb with the horn of a ram.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Then plant the seed from north of the dam;  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
6. If she says she can't, please reply.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Let me know at least she will try;  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
7. Love imposes impossible tasks.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
But not any more than any heart asks;  
For to be a true love of mine.
8. Tell her that if she has finished her tasks,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Come to me my hand for to ask;  
Then she is a true love of mine.
9. 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.

## Danny Boy

1. Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the leaves are falling;  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow;  
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.
2. And if you come, when all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.  
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be  
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.  
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

## Kisses Sweeter than Wine

1. When I was a young man and never been kissed,  
I got to thinking it over what I had missed.  
I got me a girl, and I kissed her and then  
Oh Lord, I kissed her again.  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,
2. I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife,  
And we would be so happy all of our life.  
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man, and then,  
Oh Lord, she gave me her hand.  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,
3. I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,  
Workin' hand in hand to make a good life.  
Corn in the field and wheat in the bins, I was,  
Oh Lord, the father of twins.  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,
4. Our children numbered just about four,  
And they all had sweethearts knockin' at the door.  
They all got married and didn't hesitate; I was,  
Oh Lord, the grandfather of eight.  
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5. Now we are old, and ready to go,  
We get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago.  
We had a lot of kids, trouble and pain, but,  
Oh Lord, we'd do it again.  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,  
    Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,

## Green Leaves of Summer

1. A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing,  
The green leaves of summer are calling me home.  
It was good to be young then, in the season of plenty,  
With the catfish ajumpin' as high as the sky.  
A time to be livin', a time to be laughin',  
A time to be lovin' a girl of your own.  
It was good to be young then, to be close to the earth,  
And to stand by your wife at the moment of birth.
2. A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing,  
The green leaves of summer are calling me home.  
It was good to be young then, with the sweet smell of apples,  
And the owl in the pine tree awinkin' his eye.  
A time to be plantin', a time to be plowin',  
A time to be workin' a place for to die.  
It was good to be young then, in the sweet long ago.  
Now the green leaves of summer are calling me home.