

DCC At Home Week 17

"Scarborough Fair"

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without any seam or needlework
For she once was a true love of mine

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Where water ne'er sprung nor a drop of rain fell
For she once was a true love of mine

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Ask her to do me this courtesy
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And ask for a like favour from me
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have you been to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me from one who lives there
For she once was a true love of mine

Will you find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea foam and the sea-sand
Then you'll be a true love of mine

Will you plough it with a lamb's horn
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Then you'll be a true love of mine

Will you reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,
Then you'll be a true love of mine

When you're done and finished your work
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Then come to me for his cambric shirt
Then you'll be a true love of mine

"The Nearness Of You"

Why do I just wither and forget all resistance
when you and your magic pass by
my heart's in a dither dear
when you're at a distance
but when you are near, oh my...

Its not the pale moon that excites me
That thrills and delights me, oh no
Its just the nearness of you

It isn't your sweet conversation
That brings this sensation, oh no
Its just the nearness of you

When you're in my arms
and I feel you so close to me
All my wildest dreams come true

I need no soft lights to enchant me
If you'll only grant me the right
To hold you ever so tight
And to feel in the night
the nearness of you.

"Turtle Dove"

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for awhile.
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.