

Robin Williamson, By Weary Well

Words and music RW 1978

As I came down by the weary well
Going there to fill my can
My fortune there I do declare
She took me by the hand
The lark gives tongue when summer comes
Though time cracks every song
As if newborn and as forlorn
Twas me that loved her long

The willow tree, the willow tree
That Christ cleft for his flocks
I saw the candles burn in the church
and the door of the many locks
The ocean roared against the shore
In the dark before the day
I pulled my coat up round my throat
And I turned my face away

My curses on the carpenter
Who built the doors so strong
That she and me might parted be
and parted be for long
Before I'm old with wandering
By the high roads and the low
I'll steal his hammer and his nails
Till he can build no more

I wish that I were in her bed
Where I have been before
Her arms entwined around my neck
and her fine breasts rising so
I wish her door was bolted fast
With two locks and a chain
and she and I inside to lie
Safe from the wind and rain

Sun and fire and candlelight
To all the world belong
But the moon pale and the midnight
Let these delight the strong
Where wild geese fly across the sky
Her voice is like the air
and the midnight dark is in her eyes
and the night is on her hair