

# 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