

By Weary Well

Robin Williamson

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