

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