

# 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