

Robert Burns, Where Helen Lies

Where Helen Lies

(Robert Burns)

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
In fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen fair beyond compare,
A ringlet of thy flowing hair,
I'll wear it still for ever mair
Until the day I die.

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot.
And curs'd the gun that gave the crack!
Into my arms bid Helen lap,
And died for sake o me!

O think na ye but my heart was sair;
My Love fell down and spake nae mair;
There did she swoon wi meikle care
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I cutted him in pieces sma';
I cutted him in pieces sma'
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen chaste, thou wert modest,
If I were with thee I were blest
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish my grave was growing green,
A winding sheet put o'er my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
In fair Kirkconnel lee!

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries:
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

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