

## Helen Of Kirkconnel

The Corries

Oh, would I were where Helen lies  
For night and day on me she cries  
Oh, would I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirkconnel lea

Oh, Helen fair, beyond compare  
I'll mak a garland for yer hair  
I'll bind my heart forever mair  
Until the day I die

Oh, curs'd the heart that thought the thought  
And curs'd the hand that fired the shot  
When in my arms my Helen dropped  
And died for sake o' me

I laid her doon, my sword did draw  
Fierce was the fight on Kirtleshaw  
I hew'd him doon in pieces sma'  
For her that died for me

Oh, would I were where Helen lies  
For night and day on me she cries  
Out of my bed she bids me rise  
Oh, come love, come to me