

O that I were 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.

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

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

4. 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.

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

6. 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.

7. 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!

8. 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.