

## **Burns Robert**

### **"Where Helen Lies"**

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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 bird 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.  
tune: Where Helen Lies (203)  
filename[ HELNLIES  
play.exe HELNLIES  
ARB  
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

