

Corries

"Helen Of Kirkconnel"

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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

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