

Fair Helen o Kirkconnel

Traditional

I wish I was whaur Helen lies
 For nicht and day on me she cries
 For nicht and day on me she cries
 I wish I was whaur Helen lies
 On fair Kirkconnel Lee

O Helen fair, O Helen chaste
 Were I with thee, I would be blest
 Were I with thee, I would be blest
 Where thou lies low and at thy rest
 On fair Kirkconnel Lee

O Helen fair beyond compare
 I'll mak a garland o thy hair
 I'll mak a garland o thy hair
 Wrapped roon my hairt for evermair
 Until the day I dee

But curse the heart that hatched the thought
 And curse the hand that fired the shot
 I curse the hand that fired the shot
 When in my airms my Helen dropped
 And died for sake o me

But think na ye my hairt was sair
 My love drappit doon and spak nae mair
 I laid her doon wi muckle care
 O think na ye my hairt was sair
 On fair Kirkconnel Lee

For I fund ma foe behin a waw
 I lichted doon ma sword tae draw
 Stern was oor strife on Kirtle Shaw
 As I hacked him intae pieces smaw
 Wha taen ma love frae me

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