

O' That I Were Where Helen Lies

Camera Obscura

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(Robert Burns poem / Live on Peel Acres 01-22-04)

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 gun that shot the shot
And curs'd be the hand that gave the crack
Into my arms bide 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