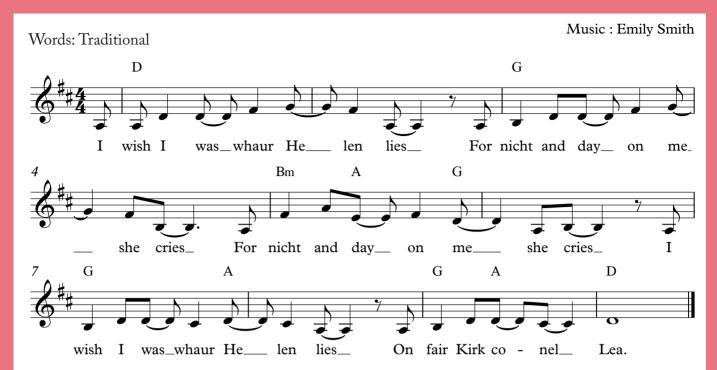
Helen of Kirkconnel



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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 Lea

Oh Helen fair beyond compare
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair
Wrapped roon' ma hairt forever mair
On fair Kirkconnel Lea

But curse the heart that hatched the thoucht And curse the hand that fired the shot Aye curse the hand that fired the shot When in my arms my Helen dropped And died for sake o' me

I found ma foe behin' a wa'
I lichtit doon my sword tae draw
Stern was oor strife on Kirtleshaw
As I hacked him intae pieces sma'
Wha'd taen ma love fae me
On fair Kirk co - nel Lea.

I wish I was whaur Helen lies For nicht and day on me she cries Oh I wish I was whaur Helen lies On fair Kirkconnel Lea A beautiful version of the dramatic 16th century ballad published by Walter Scott. It tells the supposedly true story of Helen Irving who fell in love with Adam Fleming though her parents wanted her to marry another richer man. Adam's rival saw the pair on the banks of the Kirtle Water and aimed to shoot but Helen saved her lover taking the fatal blow herself and dying in his arms. Adam took his bloody revenge and fled to Spain but returned years later to die on Helen's grave where he is now buried. You can see their alleged tombstone at Kirkconnel ruined church near the village of Eaglesfield just off the M74. Dumfriesshire's own Romeo and Juliet!