

WHERE I WAS YESTREEN
adapted by John MacNeill
from a translation by Mary Mackellar of
FAR AN ROBH MI 'N RAOIR
by Neil MacLeod

None in all the world will tell you
where I was yestreen.
No-one near but Mary Allan,
where I was yestreen.
Warm the presence of my lassie
by yon birken screen,
in the glen so fresh and grassy,
where I was yestreen.

Loud the wild birds sang their carols
where I was yestreen,
wild of wing and wild of cadence,
where I was yestreen,
but the wild birds take no tidings
of what they have seen,
or the secret place that held me,
where I was yestreen.

Had there been no gentle moonlight
where I was yestreen,
nor a filigree of branches
where I was yestreen,
nor the white and bonny daisies,
with my elfin queen
still would time have stopped in rapture,
where I was yestreen.

Though our tryst was hidden treasure,
where I was yestreen,
gold could never be its measure,
where I was yestreen.
Not for any royal boudoir,
draped in silken sheen,
would I leave the soft grove's welcome,
where I was yestreen.

Whilst I live my thoughts will linger
where I was yestreen,
with the one so kind and gracious,
so wise, so serene.
Now I wish to be for ever
as I was yestreen.
Ever go with Mary Allan,
where I was yestreen,
where I was yestreen.