

Where I Was Yestreen

*adapted by J N 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 twiight
where I was yestreen,
nor a filigree of branches
where I was yestreen,
nor the white and bonny daisies
that dappled the scene,
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,
— goose down, 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,
and I wish to be for ever
where I was yestreen.
Shrewd and bold, yet kind and gracious,
on fire, yet serene,
she that wraps me in her loving,
where I was yestreen,
where I was yestreen.**