

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

Nane can tell in a' the warl'
Where I was yestreen
Nane was near but Mary Allan,
Where I was yestreen;
Dear the vows gat frae my lassie
'Neath the birken screen,
In the glen sae fresh an' grassy,
Where I was yestreen.

Sweet the wild birds sang their carols
Where I was yestreen,
Dancin' on the boughs sae happy,
Where I was yestreen;
Honey dew like incense drappin'
Frae each leaf sae green;
An' nae city dust tae darken
Where I was yestreen.

What cared we for moonbeams gowden
Where I was yestreen?
Wavin' boughs were bendin' owre us
Where I was yestreen;
'Mang the daisies white an' bonnie
Wi' my fairy queen,
Swift the hours flew licht an' happy
Where I was yestreen.

What cared we for worldly treasure
Where I was yestreen?
Gowd nor lan' could ne'er gi'e pleasure,
Where I was yestreen.
Ne'er for ony royal palace
Decked in silken sheen,
Would I leave the grove sae rashy
Where I was yestreen.

Whilst I live my heart will linger
Where I was yestreen;
Wi' the maid sae kind and tender,
Where I was yestreen;
Till I'm laid in death's cold fetters,
Nought can change, I ween,
All I vow'd to Mary Allan
Where I was yestreen.