

Donald Where's Your Troosers?

I've just come down
From the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by
Donald, where's your troosers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feared that I would fall
For I had nae on my troosers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

Now I went down to London Town
And I had some fun in the underground
The ladies turned their heads around
Saying, Donald, where are your trousers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

To wear the kilt is my delight
It is not wrong I know it's right
The Highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the trousers

Let 'em blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streetss, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?