

## Donald Where's Your Troosers?

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye  
I'm no 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....

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....

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 the wind blow high....

The lassies want me every one  
Well, let them catch me if they can  
You can not take the breaks off a Highland

man

And I don't wear the 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

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