

Donald Whaur's Yer Troosers?

1. I've just come down from the Isle of Skye,
I'm no very big an' I'm awfy shy,
And the lassies shout when I go by
"Hey Donald, whaur's yer troosers?"

Chorus:

Let the winds blow high, let the winds blow low
Through the streets in ma kilt I go.
All the lassies shout "Hello,
hey Donald, whaur's yer troosers?"

2. A lassie took me tae a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feared that I would fall
For I hadnae on ma troosers.

3. I once went down tae London town
And I had some fun on the Underground -
a lady bent down tae pick up half a crown and said
"Donald, where are your trousers?"*

4. The lassies want me, everyone
Just let them catch me if they can -
Ye cannae get the breeks off a Hieland man,
And I don't wear ma troosers.

5. I had a cold and ma nose was raw
I hadnae handkercheif at a'
So I lifted up ma kilt just tae give it a blaw
WHEW, DONALD, WHAUR'S YER TROOSERS?

6. Tae wear the kilt is my delight,
And it's not wrong, I know it's right.
How the folks back home would get a fright
If they saw me wearin' troosers

* The lady's words here should be sung in best posh English accent to contrast with the Scots in the rest of the song.