

Donald Where's Your Trousers

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1. I just got in from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy
the ladies shout as I go by--
Donald where's your trousers.

Chorus:

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
down the street in my kilt I go --
And all the ladies say hello--
Donald where's your trousers

2. A lady took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
I was afraid that I would fall
'cause I didn't have on my trousers
3. They'd like to wed me everyone
Just let them catch me if they can --
You canna put the brakes on a highland man
Who doesn't like wearing trousers.
4. To wear the kilt is my delight,
It isn't wrong, I know it's right.
The highlanders would get afright
If they saw me in trousers.
5. Well I caught a cold and me nose was raw
I had no handkerchief at all
So I hiked up my kilt and I gave it a blow,
Now you can't do that with trousers.

sung by Irish Rovers, First of
DC