

Donald, Where's Your Troosers? (Trad. Arr. TMTCH)

Donald, where's yer troosers?

Well 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
"Donald, where's yer troosers?"

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

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

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

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

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