

Donald Where's Your Trousers

The Irish Rovers

I just got down from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big but I'm awful shy
All the lassies shout as I walk by,
"Donald, Where's Your Trousers?"

Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I go
All the lassies cry, "Hello!
Donald, where's your trousers?"

I went to a fancy ball
It was slippery in the hall
I was afraid that I may fall
Because I nay had on trousers

I went down to London town
To have a little fun in the underground
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
"Donald, where's your trousers?"

The lassies love me every one
But they must catch me if they can
You canna put the breeks on a highland man, saying,
"Donald, where's your trousers?"