



Scottish Songs



Donald, Where's Yer Troosers?

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 troosers?

Chorus:

*Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
Down the street in my kilt I go
All the ladies say hello
Donald where's your troosers?*

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It isn't wrong, I know it's right.
The Highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in my troosers.

Chorus

A lassie 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 troosers

Chorus

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 troosers.

Chorus

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 troosers.

Chorus