Irish Song Lyrics

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DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROUSERS?
words and music Traditional

I just down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no 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 afeared 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 brakes on a highland man, saying,
"Donald, where's your trousers?"