

Well, I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awful shy
Well, I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awful shy
The sheep they bleat as I go by
Donald, where's yer troosers?
Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the sheep they cry hello!
Donald, where's yer troosers?

Well, I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awful shy
The sheep they bleat as I go by
Donald, where's yer troosers?
Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the sheep they cry hello!
Muuuhh
Donald, where's yer troosers?
Donald, where's yer troosers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say Hello
Donald, where's yer troosers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say Hello
Donald, where's yer troosers?

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feared that I would fall
For I had nae on my troosers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say Hello
Donald, where's yer troosers?

Donald, where's yer troosers?
To wear the kilt is my delight
It is not wrong I know it's right
The highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in troosers.
Donald, where's yer troosers?
Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the lasses cry Hello
Donald, where's yer troosers?