The Scotsman

Well, a Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair,
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share.
He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet;
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Ring ding diddle iddle ahh dee o - ring dye diddly i o
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street. (as above)

Well, about that time, two young and lovely girls just happened by,
And one says to the other, with a twinkle in her eye,
"See yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built?
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt!"

Chorus

So they crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as can be,
And they lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see;
And there - behold! - for them to view, beneath his Scottich skirt,
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

Chorus

Well, they marveled for a moment, then one says, "we must be gone,
But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow,
Around the bonny star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.

Chorus

Well, the Scotsman wakes to nature's call and stumbles toward a tree.
Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees,
And, in a startled voice he says, to what's before his eyes,
"Ach lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won first prize!"

Chorus