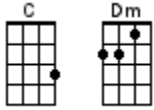


# Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Andy Stewart 1960



**INTRO:** / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Dm] / [Dm] /

I've [Dm] just come down from the Isle of Skye  
I'm [C] no very big and I'm awful shy  
And the [Dm] lassies shout, when I go by  
[C] "Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?"

## CHORUS:

Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

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

## CHORUS:

Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

Now [Dm] I went down to London town  
And I [C] had some fun in the underground  
The [Dm] ladies turned their heads around, saying  
[C] ↓ "Donald, where are your [Dm] trousers?"

## CHORUS:

Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

To [Dm] wear the kilt is my delight  
It [C] is not wrong, I know it's right  
The [Dm] 'ighlanders would get a fright  
If they [C] saw me in the [Dm] troosers

## CHORUS:

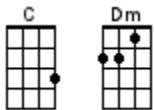
Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

The **[Dm]** lassies want me every one  
Well **[C]** let them catch me if they can  
You **[Dm]** cannae take the breeks off a Hieland man  
And **[C]** I don't wear the **[Dm]** troosers

**CHORUS:**

Let the **[Dm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
**[C]** Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
**[Dm]** All the lassies say, "Hello!  
**[C]** Donald, where's your **[Dm]** troosers?" **[Dm]** / **[Dm]**

Let the **[Dm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
**[C]** Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
**[Dm]** All the lassies say, "Hello!  
**[C]** Donald, where's your **[Dm]** ↓ troosers?"



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