

# Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Andy Stewart 1960

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

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

## **CHORUS:**

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

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

## **CHORUS:**

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

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

## **CHORUS:**

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

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

**CHORUS:**

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

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

**CHORUS:**

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

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