

Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Andy Stewart & Neil Grant

1. Dm

I just down from the Isle of Skye,

C

I'm no very big but I'm awful shy

Dm

The lassies shout as I walk by,

C

"Donald, where's your trousers?"

Chorus

Dm

Let the winds blow high and the winds blow low, Through the streets in my kilt I go

C

Dm

All the lassies say, "Hello!

C

Donald, where's your trousers?"

Dm

2. Dm

I went to a fancy ball, It was slippery in the hall

C

Dm

I was feared that I may fall,

C

be-cause I nay had trousers.

Dm

Chorus

3. Dm

I went down to London town to have a little fun in the underground

C

Dm

All the ladies turned their heads around, saying

C

"Donald, where's your trousers?"

Dm

Chorus

4. Dm

To wear the kilt is my delight

C

It's nae wrong, I know it's right

Dm

The islanders would get a fright

C

If they saw me in the trousers

Dm

Chorus

5. Dm

The lassies love me every one

C

But they must catch me if they can

Dm

You canna put the breaks on a highland man, saying "Donald, where's your trousers?"

C

Dm

Dm

All the lassies cry, "Hello?

C

Donald, where's your trousers?"

Dm