# Donald, Where’s Your Troosers?

Andy Stewart 1960

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**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 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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