# 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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