

DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROOSERS — Andy Stewart & Neil GRant (1960)

====Chorus

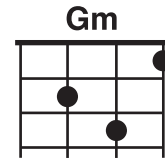
Let the [Gm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low

[F] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go

[Gm] All the lassies say "Hello.

[F] Donald where's your [Gm] troosers?"

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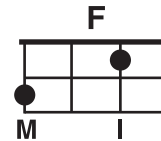


I've [Gm] just come down from the isle of Skye

I'm no [F] very big an' I'm awfully shy

The [Gm] lassies say as I go by

[F] "Donald where's your [Gm] troosers?" **CHORUS**



Now [Gm] once I went to a fancy ball

And [F] it was slippery in the hall

And [Gm] I was feared that I might fall

[F] For I had nae on me [Gm] troosers **CHORUS**

Well I [Gm] caught a cold and me nose was raw

I [F] had no handkerchief at all,

So I [Gm] hiked up my kilt and I gave 'er a blow,

[F] Now you can't do that with [Gm] troosers. **CHORUS**

Now [Gm] I went down to London town

To [F] have a little fun on the underground

The [Gm] ladies turned their heads around

[F] Saying "Donald where's your [Gm] troosers?" **CHORUS**

To [Gm] wear the kilt is my delight,

It [F] isn't wrong, I know it's right.

The [Gm] highlanders would get a fright

[F] If they saw me in me [Gm] troosers. **CHORUS**