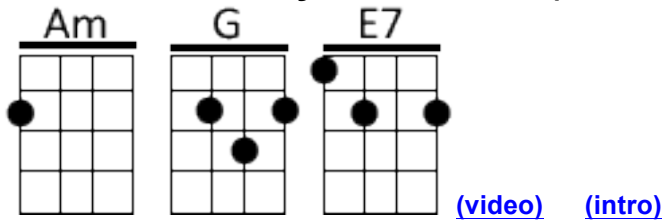


Donald, where's your troosers (written by [Andy Stewart](#) with music by Neil Grant)



Am

1. I just come down from the Isle of Skye,

G

I'm no very big, and I'm awful shy,

Am

and the lassies shout when I go by,

E7

Am

"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Am

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low,

G

through the streets in my kilt I'll go,

Am

all the lassies say, "Hello!

E7

Am

Donald, where's your troosers?"

Am

2. A lassie took me to a ball

G

and it was slippery in the hall,

Am

and I was feared that I would fall,

E7

Am

'but I had nae on ma troosers. + CHORUS

Am

3. Now I went down to London town,

G

and I had some fun in the underground,

Am

the ladies turned their heads around, saying,

E7

Am

"Donald, where are your trousers?" + CHORUS