

Donald, Where's Your Troosers?

Andy Stewart

Em

I just down from the Isle of Skye

D

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

Em

All the lassies shout as I walk by,

Em

D

Em

"Donald, where's your troosers?"

[chorus - repeat after each verse]

Em

Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low

D

Through the streets in my kilt I'll go

Em

All the lassies say "Hello!"

Em

D

Em

Donald, where's your troosers?"

A lassie took me to a ball
It was slippery in the hall
I was feared that I may fall
For I had nae on my troosers

I went down to London town
And I had some fun in the underground
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

To wear the kilt is my delight
Its not wrong I know its right
The heelanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the troosers

The lassies love me every one
But they must catch me if they can
You canna put the breeks on a heeland man, saying,
"Donald, where's your troosers?"