Em
I just down from the Isle of Skye

D
I'm no very big but I'm awful shy

Em
All the lassies shout as I walk by,

D Em
"Donald, Where's Your Trousers?"

Em
Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low

D
Through the streets in my kilt I go

Em
All the lassies cry, "Hello!

D Em
Donald, where's your trousers?"

Em
I went to a fancy ball

D
It was slippery in the hall

Em
I was afeared that I may fall

D Em
Because I nay had on trousers
Em
I went down to London town

D
To have a little fun in the underground

Em
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,

D          Em
"Donald, where's your trousers?"

Em
The lassies love me every one

D
But they must catch me if they can

Em
You canna put the breeks on a highland man, saying,

D          Em
"Donald, where's your trousers?"