

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?"