

DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROUSERS

Donald the Kilted One

Moderato (♩ = c. 108)

Whistle

I just come down from the Isle of Skye; I'm no ver-y big an' I'm aw-ful shy An' the

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girl - ies shout as I walk by, "Don - ald, where's your troo - sers?" Let the

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wind blow high an' the wind blow low; Through the streets in me kilt I go.

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All the girl - ies cry: "Hel - lo! ___ Don - ald, where's your troo - sers?"

Curses! The Verses!

I went to a fancy ball
It was slippery in the hall
I was afeared that I may fall
Because I nay had on trousers

I went down to London town
To have a little fun in the underground
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
"Donald, where's your trousers?"

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