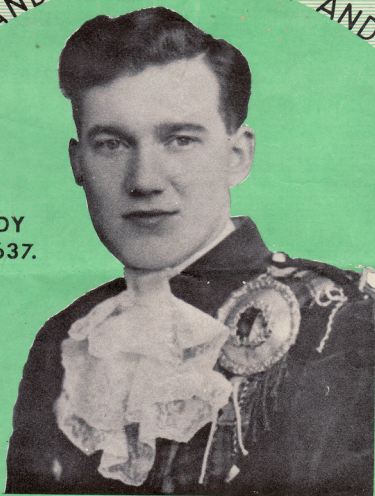


# HIGHLAND DONALD

(DONALD WHERE'S YOUR TROUSERS?)

WORDS AND MUSIC IN STAFF AND SOLFA

Recorded by  
CALUM KENNEDY  
on Beltona BL 2637.



Arranged by

IAN MACLEISH for Piano & Piano -accordion.

2/- net.

MOZART ALLAN  
84 CARLTON PLACE,  
GLASGOW.

# Highland Donald

(Donald, where's your Trousers?)

Words and Music Collected in Lewis

Extra Verses and Modifications by IAN MacLEISH

Arr. by IAN MacLEISH

Key F.  $\parallel$  : | : | : | : d . t<sub>1</sub>  $\parallel$   $\frac{8}{1}$  : 1 : l1 : 1 : 1 | t : 1 l1 : - }

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

F A7 Dm Dm Am Dm

$\parallel$  s : s l s : s . m | r : m l s : - | m : 1 l1 : 1 : 1 | t : 1 l1 : - }

Down the street in my kilt I go, A' the las - sies shout "Hul - lo!

F Am Gm Am Dm Am Dm

$\parallel$  s . m : - | r : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - l1 : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : 1 l1 : 1 : 1 | t : 1 l1 : 1 }

Don - ald where's your trous - ers? } (I'm just new here from the Isle of Skye, I'm  
They took me to a..... fan - cy Ball, The  
I up and danced a..... High - land Fling, My  
I caught a cold my..... nose seemed raw, I

Am A7 Dm Dm Am Dm

$\parallel$  s : s : s | s : s : s . m | r : m . m l s : s : s | m : 1 : 1 l1 : 1 : 1 }

no' ve - ry proud and I'm no' ve - ry shy, And... a' the... las - sies...  
floor was.... slip - per - y in the.... hall, And... I was a - fraid that...  
kilt from.... side..... to side did.... swing And... ev - er - y - one be -  
had nae.... hand - ker - chief at..... a' So I up wil' my kilt and I

F Am Gm Am Dm

||t :1 :1 || :1 :1 | s :s :m | r :t | l1 :- ||1 :d .t1 ||

wink their... eye 'Cos I hav - nae on my trous - ers!  
 I would fall 'Cos I had - nae on my trous - ers!  
 gan to..... sing O..... Don - ald where's your trous - ers?  
 gied it a blaw Noo ye can - nae dae that wi' trous - ers!

Am Dm Am A7 Dm

LAST CHORUS

||1 :1 || :1 :1 | t :1 ||1 :- | s :s |s :s .m | r :m |s :- |

wind blow high, Let the wind blow low, Down the street in my kilt I go,

Dm Am Dm F Am Gm Am

||m :1 ||1 :1 | t :1 ||1 :- | s .m :- | r :t | l1 :- ||1 :- ||

A' the lass - ies shout "Hul - lo! Don - ald where's your trou - sers?"

Dm Am Dm F A7 Dm

*rit.* *Fine*

5 Tae the Broomielaw I walked mysel' .  
 The swirling wind was keen and snell  
 It blew roon' my knees, my kilt as well  
 O it's warmer in your trousers!

Chorus

6 And when the time comes bye and bye  
 For me to sail back home to Skye,  
 I'll tell them there how the folk did cry  
 "Donald, where's your trousers?"

Chorus