The Scotsman Jim Stafford

D

The Scotsman-Byran Bowers

D Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair D Α7 And one could tell by how he walked that he d drunk more than his share G Α7 He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet **A7** D And he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street G **A**7 Ring ding diddlediddle ay de o, ring di diddly ay o **A7** D And he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street G **A**7 About that time two young and lovely girls just happened by Α7 One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye See yon sleeping Scotsman **A**7 So strong and handsome built **A7** D I wonder if it s true what they don t wear beneath the kilt **A7** G Ring ding diddlediddle ay de o, ring di diddly ay o Α7 D I wonder if it s true what they don t wear beneath the kilt They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman Quiet as could be **A**7 And lifted up his Kilt an inch so they could see G **A**7 And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt D G Α7

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G
                                                                             A7
Ring ding diddlediddle ay de o, ring di diddly ay o
                                                                      Α7
        D
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth
D
They marveled for a moment
                                        D
                Α7
Then one said we must be gone
                                             D
Α7
Let s leave a present for our friend before we move along
                                                                         Α7
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
                                                                  Α7
D
Around the bonnie star the Scotsman s kilt did lift and show
                                                                             A7
Ring ding diddlediddle ay de o, ring di diddly ay o
                                                                  Α7
Around the bonnie star the Scotsman s kilt did lift and show
                                           G
Now the Scotsman woke to natures call
And stumbled toward a tree
Behind the bush he lifts his kilt
                                   Α7
And gawks at what he sees
And in a startled voice he says
                                Α7
To what s before his eyes
                                                                 A7
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Ach, lad I don t no where ya ve been but I see ya won first prize