

The Deil's Awa Wi The Exciseman

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the toon, and danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, 'Auld Mahoun, I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"

Chorus

The deil's awa, the deil's awa, the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink, we'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,
And monie braw thanks to the meikle black Deil, that danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels, there's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance ere cam to the land was *The Deil's Awa wi' the Exciseman* '!