

## The De'il's Awa Wi' Th' Exciseman

(Tune: The Hemp-Dresser)

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,  
And danc'd awa wi the Exciseman;  
And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,  
I wish you luck o' the prize, man.

(devi, came)  
(away, tax collector)  
(every, old)

Chorus:

The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman,  
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,  
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

(away)

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink,  
We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;  
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,  
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

(malt)  
(handsome, great, devil)

Chorus

Ther's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathpeys, man,  
But the ae best dance e're cam to the Land  
Wa, the deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.

(one, came)

Chorus