

The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman (D)

C G
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,

C
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,

C G
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,

C
I wish you luck o' the prize, man."

C G
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,

C
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,

C G
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,

F C
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 mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance ere came to the land
Was-the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa, &c.