

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town
The De'il's Awa Wi' Th' Exciseman
Robert Burns, 1792

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town
And danced awa wi' th' 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' th' Exciseman,
He's danced awa, he's danced awa
He's danced awa wi' th' Exciseman.

2. 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.

Chorus:

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

Chorus: