

THE DEIL'S AWA WI TH' EXCISEMAN

by Robert Burns

The deil cam fiddlin thro the town,
And danc'd awaw wi th' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,
I wish ye luck o the prize, man."

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

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

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