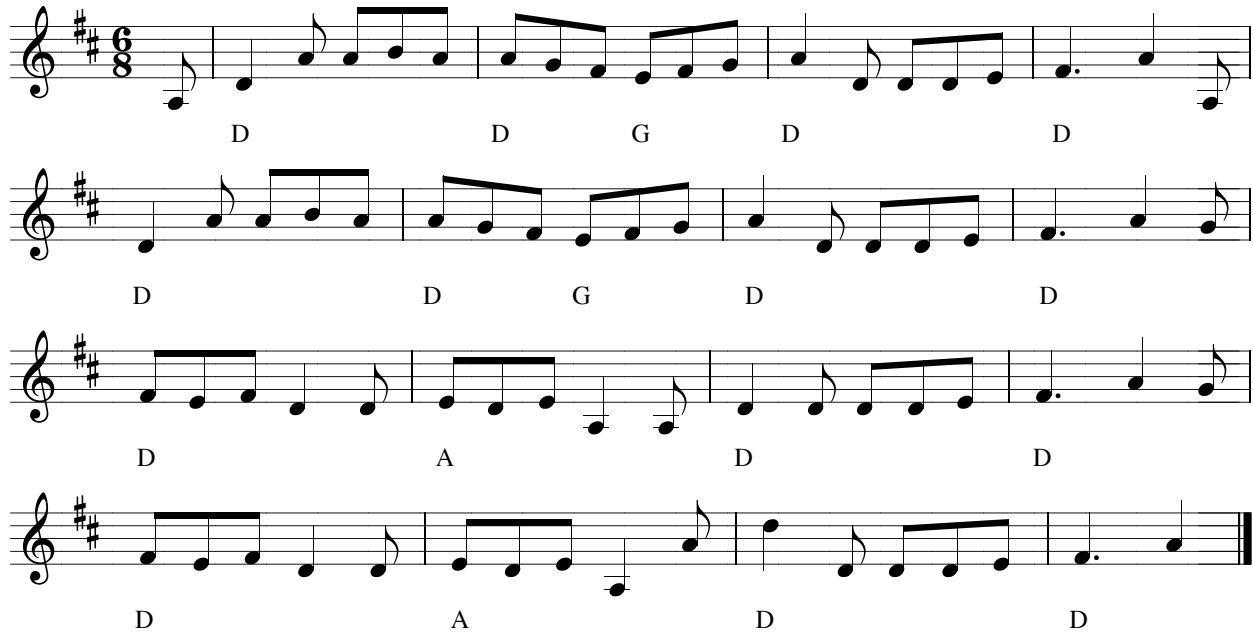


The De'il's Awa' Wi' th'Exciseman



The De'il cam' fiddlin through the toon and danced awa' wi' th'exciseman
And ilka wife cries "Aul Mahoun, I wish ye luck o' the prize, man"

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa', the de'il's awa' wi' th'exciseman,
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa' wi' th'exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink, we'll dance, sing and rejoice, man
And mony braw thanks to the muckle black de'il that danc'd awa' wi' th'exciseman

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa', the de'il's awa' wi' th'exciseman,
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa' wi' th'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 de'il's awa' wi' th'exciseman"

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa', the de'il's awa' wi' th'exciseman,
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa' wi' th'exciseman.