

## Gaelic Storm

### "Nancy Whiskey"

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I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver, I'm a rash and a roving  
blade  
I've got silver in me britches and I follow the roving  
trade

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

As I went into Glasgow City, Nancy Whiskey I did smell  
I walked in, sat down beside her, seven long years I  
loved her well

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

The more I kissed her, the more I knew her, the more I  
loved her, the more she smiled  
I forgot my mother's teaching, Nancy soon had me  
beguiled

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

Woke up early in the morning, Lyin' half way off the  
bed  
Tried to rise but I was not able, Nancy damn near  
knocked me dead

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

I'm going back to the Calton weaving, I'll surely make  
them shuttles fly  
I'll make more at the Calton weaving than ever I did in  
the roving way

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

All you weavers, you Calton weavers, all you weavers,  
where e'er you be

Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey, she'll ruin you as  
she ruined me

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

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