

Celtic Folk

"Nancy Whiskey"

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Nancy Whisky

I am a weaver a Carleton Weaver, I am a rash and a
roving blade

I've got money in my pocket and I'm going to follow the
roving trade

Chorus:

Whisky, Whisky, Nancy Whiskey. Whisky, Whisky
Nancy-o.

As I went in to Glasgow City, Nancy Whisky I chanced to
smell,

I went in and sat down beside her seven long years I
looked her well.

cho.

The more I kissed her the more I loved her.

The more I kissed her the more she smiled.

Soon I forgot my mother's teaching, Nancy had me
soon beguiled.

cho.

Now I arose early in the morning to wet my thirst it was
my need

I tried to rise but I was not able, Nancy had me by the
knees.

cho.

Well I'm going back to the Carleton weaving,

I'll surely make those shuttles fly,

For I made more at the Carleton weaving than ever I
did at the roving trade

cho.

So come all you weavers; you Carleton weavers

Come all you weavers where ever you be.

Beware of Whisky Nancy Whisky, She'll ruin you like
she ruined me.

cho.

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