

## **Paddy Schmidt**

### **"NANCY WHISKEY"**

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Iâ€™m a weaver, a Carlton weaver  
Iâ€™m a rash and a roving blade  
Iâ€™ve got silver in my pockets  
and I follow the roving trade  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy, Oh  
As I went down through Glasgow City  
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell  
I went in, sat down beside her  
seven long years I loved her well  
The more I kissed her, the more I loved her  
the more I kissed her, the more she smiled  
Soon I forgot my motherâ€™s teaching  
Nancy soon had me beguiled  
Now, I rose early in the morning  
to slake my thirst, it was my need  
I tried to rise but I was not able  
Nancy had me by the knees  
So Iâ€™m going back to the Carlton weaving  
Iâ€™ll surely make them shuttles fly  
For Iâ€™ll make more at the Carlton weaving

than ever I did in the roving way

So come all you weavers, you Carlton weavers

come all you weavers, where eÂ´er you be

Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey

sheÂ´ll ruin you like she ruined me

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