

Town Pants "Nancy Whiskey"

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I am a weaver, a Carleton Weaver,
I am a rash and a roving blade.
I have silver in my pouches;
I'm going to follow the roving trade.

Chorus:

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Na
ncy-O

I went in by Glasgow City,
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell.
I went in sat down beside her,
seven long years I loved her well.

(Chorus)

The more I kissed her the more I loved her.
The more I kissed her the more she smiled
I forgot my mother's teaching
Nancy Whiskey had me beguiled.

(Chorus)

I rose early, in the morning,
to quench my thirst, it was my need.
I tried to rise but I was not able,
Nancy Whiskey had me by the knees.

(Chorus)

Come all you weavers, you Carleton weavers,
Come all you weavers, wherever you be!
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She'll ruin you like she ruined me.

(Chorus)

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