

## Calton Weaver

The Clancy Brothers

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver  
I am a brash and a roving blade  
I have silver in my pouches  
And I follow a roving trade  
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey  
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O  
As I walked into Glasgow city  
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell  
I walked 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  
I forgot my mother's teaching  
Nancy soon had me beguiled

I tried to rise but was not able  
Nancy had me by the knees  
I'm going back to the guild of weaving  
I'll really make those shuttles fly  
I'll make more at the Calton weaving  
Than ever I did in a roving way  
So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers  
Weavers where e're ye be  
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
She'll ruin you like she ruined me  
Recorded by MacColl-Steamp Whistle Ballads, Clancys - Isn't It