

Nancy Whiskey

The Mahones

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver, I'm a rash and a roving blade
I've got silver in my pockets and I follow the roving trade
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
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 we
ll
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
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 soon had me beguiled
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
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
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
So I'm going back to the Calton weaving, I'll surely make them
shuttles fly
For I'll make more at the Calton weaving than ever I did in the
roving way
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
So come all you weavers, you Calton weavers, come all you weave
rs, where e'er you be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey, she'll ruin you like she ruin
ed me
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O