

## 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