

Gaelic Storm, Nancy Whiskey

[Chorus]

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver.
I am a brash and a roving blade.
I have silver in my britches.
And I follow a roving trade

Chorus

As I walked into Glasgow city.
Nancy Whiskey I did smell.
I walked in, sat down beside her.
Seven long years I loved her well.

Chorus

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

Chorus

Woke up early in the mornin',
lying half way off the bed.
I tried to rise but was not able.
Nancy damb near knocked me dead.

Chorus

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving;
surely make those shuttles fly.
I'll make more at the Calton weaving
than ever I did in a roving way.

Chorus

So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers,
all ye weavers where e're ye be.
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey.
She'll ruin you like she ruined me!