

Nancy Whiskey

The Irish Rovers

Nancy Whisky

I am a weaver a Carleton Weaver, I am a rash and a
roving blade
I've got money in my pocket and I'm going to follow the
roving trade

Chorus:

Whisky, Whisky, Nancy Whiskey. Whisky, Whisky Nancy-o.

As I went in to Glasgow City, Nancy Whisky I chanced to
smell,
I went in and sat down beside her seven long years I
looked her well.
cho.

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 had me soon
beguiled.
cho.

Now I arose early in the morning to wet my thirst it
was my need
I tried to rise but I was not able, Nancy had me by the
knees.
cho.

Well I'm going back to the Carleton weaving, I'll surely
make those shuttles fly,
For I made more at the Carleton weaving than ever I did
at the roving trade.
cho.

So come all you weavers; you Carleton weavers, Come all
you weavers where ever you be.
Beware of Whisky Nancy Whisky, She'll ruin you like she
ruined me.
cho.