

Nancy Whiskey

The Dubliners

I'm a weaver, a Carlton Weaver
I'm a 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 well

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 Carlton weaving
I'll surely make those shuttles fly
For I made more at the Carlton weaving
Than ever I did at the roving trade

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

So come all you weavers, you Carlton weavers
Come all you weavers where e'er you be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy whiskey
She'll ruin you like she ruined me

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O