

Calton Weaver

The Clancy Brothers

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver
I am a brash and a roving blade
I have silver in my pouches
And I follow a roving trade
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O
As I walked into Glasgow city
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
I walked in, sat down beside her
Seven long years I loved her well
The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled
I forgot my mother's teaching
Nancy soon had me beguiled

I tried to rise but was not able
Nancy had me by the knees
I'm going back to the guild of weaving
I'll really make those shuttles fly
I'll make more at the Calton weaving
Than ever I did in a roving way
So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers
Weavers where e're ye be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She'll ruin you like she ruined me
Recorded by MacColl-Steam Whisdtle Ballads, Clancys - Isn't It