

# 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