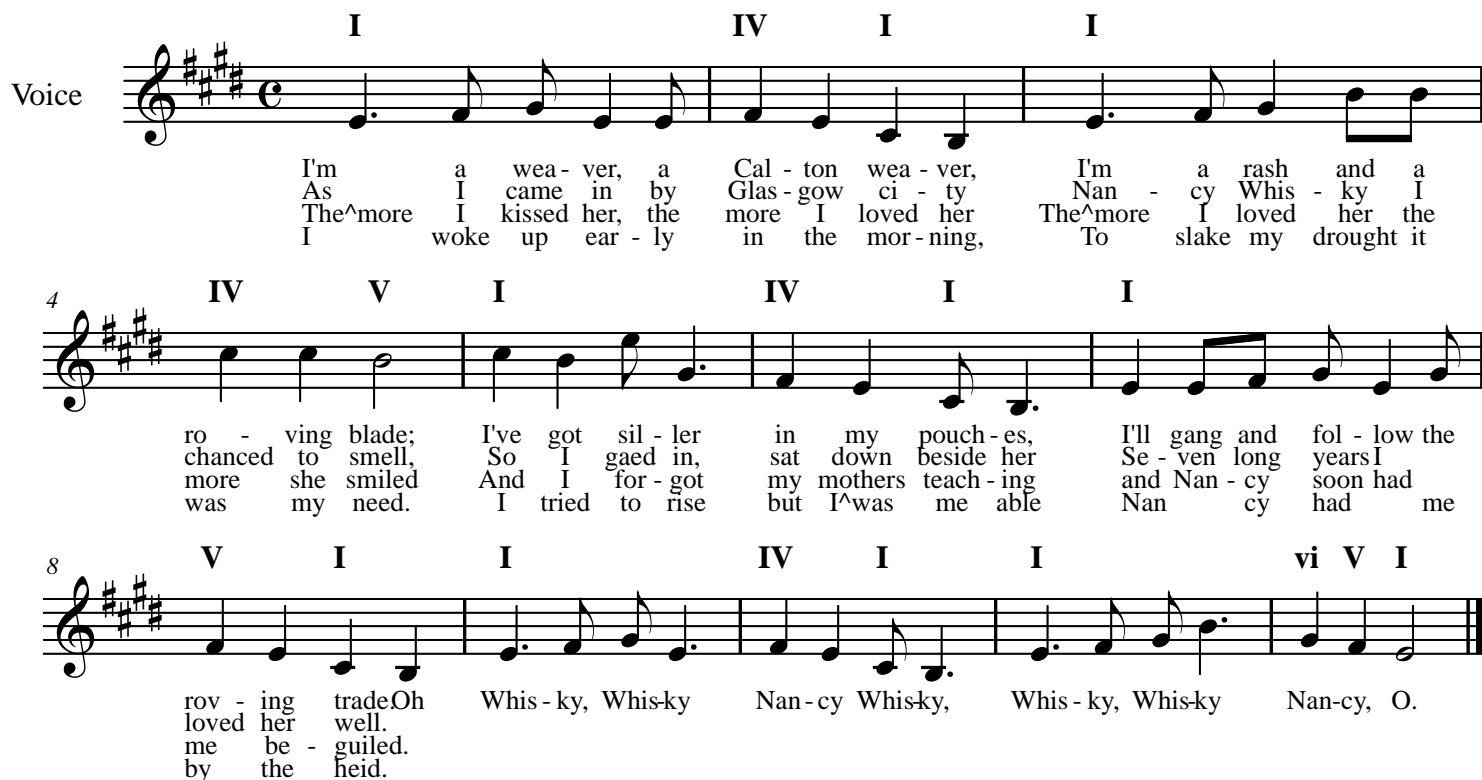


104- Nancy Whiskey

Scottish

Voice



I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver, I'm a rash and a
As I came in by Glasgow city Nan - cy Whis - ky I
The^more I kissed her, the more I loved her The^more I loved her the
I woke up ear - ly in the mor - ning, To slake my drought it

ro - ving blade; I've got sil - ler in my pouch - es, I'll gang and fol - low the
chanced to smell, So I gaed in, sat down beside her Se - ven long years I
more she smiled And I for - got my mothers teach - ing and Nan - cy soon had
was my need. I tried to rise but I^was me able Nan cy had me

rov - ing trade.Oh Whis - ky, Whisky Nan - cy Whisky, Whis - ky, Whisky Nan - cy, O.
loved her well. guiled. heid.
by the the heid.

"C'wa, landlady, whit's the reckonin' ?
Tell me whit there is to pay."
"Fifteen shillings is the reckoning,
Pay me quickly and go away."

As I went oot by Glesca city,
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell;
I gaed in, drank four and sixpence,
A't was left was a crooked scale.

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving,
I'll surely mak' the shuttles fly;
I'll mak mair at the Calton weaving
Than ever I did in a roving way.

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,
A'ye weavers where e'er ye be;
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky,
She'll ruin you as she ruined me.