

Nancy Whiskey

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver,
I'm a rash and a roving blade;
I've got siller in my pouches,
I'll gang and follow the roving trade.

*O whisky, whisky, Nancy Whisky,
Whisky, whisky, Nancy, O.*

As I came in by Glesca city,
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell,
So I gaed in, sat doon beside her,
Seven lang years I lo'ed her well.

The mair I kissed her the mair I lo'ed her,
The mair I lo'ed her the mair she smiled,
And I forgot my mither's teaching,
Nancy soon had me beguiled.

I woke up early in the morning,
To slake my drouth it was my need;
I tried to rise but I was me able,
Nancy had me by 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.

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