

## Nancy Whisky

        D          A      D                          G      A  
I am a weaver, a Calton weaver, I am a rash and rovin' blade.  
D                  A          D          A      D  
I've got silver in my pockets, and I follow the roving trade  
D                  A          D                  A      D  
*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 yers, I loved her well.  
*Whiskey, Whiskey...*

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her.  
The more I loved her, the more she smiled.  
Soon I forgot my mothers teachin.  
Nancy soon had me beguiled.  
*Whiskey, Whiskey...*

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...*

Come on warding lady, what's the rechning,  
tell me what I have to pay.  
Fifteen shilling is the rechning,  
pay me quick, then go away.  
*Whiskey, Whiskey...*

As I went out by Glasgow city,  
Nancy whisky I chanced to smell.  
I gaed in, drank for a sixpence,  
and all I was left, was a crocked scale.  
*Whiskey, Whiskey...*

So I'm going back to the Calton weaving,  
I'll surely make them shuttles fly,  
and I'll make more at the Calton weavin',  
than ever I did in a roving way.  
*Whiskey, Whiskey...*

Come all you weavers, Calton weavers.  
Come all you weavers where e'er you be.  
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky,  
she'll ruin you as she ruined me.  
||: *Whiskey, Whiskey...* :||

En anden side af whiskyens virkninger. Tømmermænd og tomme lommer.