

CALTON WEAVER

Scotch

Whistle

I'm a wea-ver, a Cal-ton wea-ver; I'm a rash and a rov-in' blade. I have sil-ver

6 Chorus
in my pou-ches And I a-fol-low a - ah ro - vin trade. Whis - key whis-key, Nan - cy whis-key;

11
whis - - - key, whis - key Nan - cy - 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 woke early in the mornin'
To slake my thirst it was my need,
I tried to rise but was not able
Nancy had me by the heid.

I'll go back to the Calton weaving
I'll surely mak 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