

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Nancy's Whisky

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A'm a weaver and follow weaving
A'm a young and rovin' blade
To buy myself a suit of clothes
To Stewarton my way I made

As A cam' roon the Stewarton corner
Nancy Whisky I did spy
Says I tae mysel', I'll gang in and taste her
For seven lang years now A hae been dry.

Well the more A tasted, the more A liked it,
The more A tasted, A liked it more;
And the more A tasted, the more A liked it,
Til all my senses had gone ashore.

'Twas early, early, the next morning,
A wakened in a stranger's bed,
A tried to rise but A was not able,
For Nancy's whisky held doon my head.

I called up to the landlady
And asked her what my reckoning was,
"Your reckoning is full thirty shillings
Come pay me quickly and go your way."

A put my hand intae my pocket
And all A had A laid it doon;
And efter I had paid my reckoning
All A'd left was a poor half-croon.

As A came out and A turned the corner
A charming damsel A did spy,
On her A spent my two white shillings
And all A'd left was a crooked boy.

Noo A'll gang hame and A'll start the weaving,
And my wee shuttles A'll mak' them fly;
And curses be on Nancy's whisky
For Nancy's whisky hae ruined I.

From Willie Scott's book, Herd Laddie o The Glen
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