

Oh Sullivan's John, to the road you've gone, far away
from your native home.
You've gone with the tinker's daughter, for along the
road to roam.
Ah Sullivan's John you won't stick it long, till your
belly will soon get slack,
As you roam the road with a mighty load, and a tool box
on your back.
I met Katy Caffey and a neat baby all behind on her back
strapped on,
She's an old ash plant all in her hands, for to drive her
donkey on
Enquiring every farmer's house, as along the road she
passed,
Oh where would she get an old pot to mend, and where
would she get an ass.
There's a hairy ass fair in the County Clare. in a place
they call Spencil Hill,
Where my brother James got a rap o'er the hanes, and poor
Paddy they tried to kill.
They loaded him up in an ass and cart, for along the road
to go,
Oh bad luck to the day that I went away, to join with the
tinker's band.