

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.