

Sullivan's John

The Irish Rovers

Sullivan's John to the roads ye've gone
Far away from y'er native home
Ye've gone with the tinker's daughter
Far along the road to roam

Sullivan's John ye won't stick it long
For y'er belly will soon get slack
And y'll roam the road with a mighty load
Y'er tool box on your back

I met Katy McFie and her fat baby
Behind on her back strapped on
She had a big stick all in her hand
To drive her donkey on
Inquiring at every farmer's house
As along the road she'd pass
Where can I find a pot to mend?
Can me donkey graze your grass?

There's a fair somewhere in the county Clare
Near a place they call Spaniard's Dam
Where Katy and me and the fat baby
Got caught by her tinker clan
They tied me uip in a donkey cart
While Kate and the baby looked on
Oh I rue the day that I went away
To join with the tinker band