

## 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