Sullivan's John

Sweeney's Men

Oh Sullivan 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 tooten box on your back.I met Katy Caffey and a neat baby all behind on her back strapped on,
She had 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 Spancel Hill,
Where my brother James got a rap of a hames, 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.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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