Sullivan's John

Pecker Dunne

Sullivan's John
Words and Music by Patrick â€œPeckerâ€• Dunne

Oh Sullivan's John, to the road you've gone
Far away from your native home
You've gone with a 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
You'll be roaming the road with a mighty load
And a tool box on your back

I met Katy Coffey with her neat baby
Behind on her back strapped on
She had an old ash plant held in her hand
For to drive her donkey on
Enquiring every farmer's house
All along the road she passed,
Oh, where would she get an old pot to mend
And where would she swop an ass

There's a hairy ass fair in the County Clare
In a place they call Spancil Hill
Where my brother James got a rap of a hames
And poor Paddy they tried to kill
They loaded him up on an old ass and cart
While Kate and Big Mary stood by
Oh, bad 'cess to the day that I went away
For to join with the tinker's band

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Lyrics Submitted by Kieran McElligott

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