

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Mick Sullivan's Mad Clock

Mick Sullivan's Mad Clock

This clock of Mick Sullivan's down in the bog  
It gave up keeping time when he started on grog  
It took to carousing and drinking strong wine  
And it often struck eight when it should have struck nine!

CHO: Radly fol de lol lol, Radly fol del lal aye

It often struck nine when it should have struck eight  
And it often struck twelve when it wasn't so late  
It started up once in the middle of the night  
And kept hammering away till the broad morning light

When it went to the devil Mick took it down  
And he yoked up the pony to take it to town  
He wanted it fixed by a man in Tralee  
But that very same day he was off on the spree

He then got it fixed by a man in Pound Lane  
And on the way home sure the clock went insane  
It struck every one on the road that it met  
And I heard that it struck Micky Arthur to death

When Micky got it home sure he stood it up straight  
And he oiled up the springs so the hammers could bate  
He dusted it down and adjusted the gongs  
And he tightened the screws with the paws of the tongs

Still it stopped one fine day in the month of July  
And those that were watching they couldn't say why  
From the nail on the wall it suddenly dropped  
To the the flag of the fire and twas there sure she stopped

He then hung it up on a sixpenny nail  
And he sent for a weapon, they call it a flail  
When I went to stop him he told me "Watch out!"  
He said "I will smash it without any doubt"

Then he called out for Tommy for to go and to run  
And go and tell Paddy to bring down the gun  
Paddy came down and he opened it out  
He said "It gets too much old knocking about!"

Then he went to the door and he shouted aloud  
To call in the neighbours or some kind of crowd  
And those that had weapons bring arms or sticks  
And those that had nothing could rain it with kicks

The neighbours came round with stick and with club  
The houses were empty and so was the pub  
They all gathered round it with stick and with rock  
And they soon put an end to Mick Sullivan's mad clock.

MR  
apr97