

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Stewball

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Stewball was a good horse
He wore a high head
And the mane on his foretop
Was fine as silk thread

I rode him in England
I rode him in Spain
I never did lose, boys
I always did gain

So come all you gamblers
Wherever you are
And don't bet your money
On that little grey mare

Most likely she'll stumble
Most likely she'll fall
But you never will lose, boys
On my noble Stewball

As they were a-riding
'Bout halfway around
That grey mare she stumbled
And fell on the ground

And away out yonder
Ahead of them all
Came a prancin' and a dancin'
My noble Stewball

Note: The facts are that sometime around 1790 a race took place on the curragh of Kildare (near Dublin) between a skewbald horse owned by Sir Arthur Marvel and "Miss Portly", a gray mare owned by Sir Ralph Gore. The race seemed to take the balladmakers' fancies, and must have been widely sung; an early printed version appeared in an American song book dated 1829. MJ

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sung by Joan Baez, by PP&M
SOF