

Stewball

Folksong, d'après un recueil de 1829.

Tablature : Bernard Loffet
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This is the original text of Stewball from an early printed version that appeared in an American song book dated 1829.

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.

**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
He never did lose, boys
He 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 to the ground**

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

*Trouvé sur le site <http://www.ibiblio.org/jimmy/folkden/Stewball.html>
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