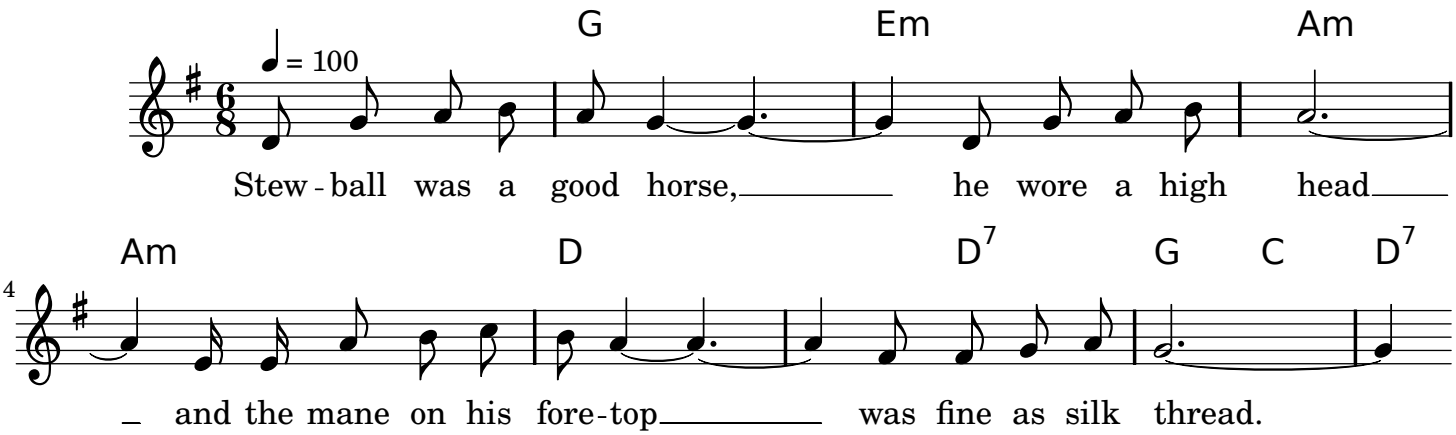
Stewball

from Ireland



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

3. So come all you gamblers,
wherever you are,
and don't bet your money
on that little grey mare.

4. Most likely she'll stumble,
most likely she'll fall,
but you never will lose, boys,
on my noble Stewball.

5. As they were a-riding
'bout halfway around
that grey mare she stumbled
and fell on the ground.

6. And 'way out yonder
ahead of them all
came a-prancing and a-dancing
my noble Stewball.

7. Stewball was a race horse,
and by the day he was mine
he never drank water
he always drank wine.

Music engraving by LilyPond 2.12.3—www.lilypond.org