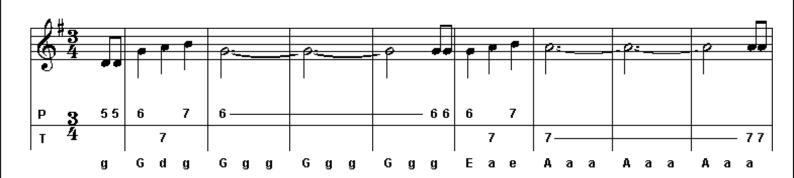
Stewball

Folksong, d'après un recueil de 1829.

Tablature : Bernard Loffet Système CADB @ 2001 www.tablatures.fr.st





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 Merci à Jack Humphreys et Mary Turner!