

Chad Mitchell Trio, Stewball And Griselda

Come on, you men of sportin' blood and listen to my story
'Tis of the noble Stewball, a gallant racing pony
'Tis also of his rider, who brought ol' Stewball over
He's the diamond of the land and he rolls around in clover

Bet on Stewball, my boy, and you might win, oh, you'll win
Bet on Stewball, my boy, and you might win

Oh, the horses they were all brought out with saddle, whip and bridle
The gentlemen did shout when they saw the gallant riders
And some did shout "Hooray!" and the air was filled with curses
On the mare, Griselda, the sportsmen lay their purses

Oh, the trumpet it did sound, and they shot off like an arrow
Ol' Stewball scarcely touched the ground, and the goin' it was narrow
Griselda passed him by, and the sportsmen all did holler
"Oh the gray will win the day, and Stewball, he can foller";

In the middle of the track, up spoke the noble rider
"I fear we must fall back, that gray is runnin' like a tiger";
Up spoke the noble horse "Ride on, ride on my master
We're only half way round the course, and now we'll see who's faster";

And as they did discourse, ol' Stewball flew like lightnin'
He dashed around the course, and the gray mare she was taken
"Ride on, ride on, my noble horse for a good two hundred guineas
Your saddle, it shall be of gold when we pick up our winnings";

Well, past the winning post, bold Stewball went so handy
And both the horse and rider called for sherry, wine and brandy
They drank to that gray mare, the gallant Miss Griselda
And to all who lost their money on the sporting plains of Kildare