

# Stewball and Griselda

## Chad Mitchell Trio

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

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