

## **Chad Mitchell Trio "Stewball and Griselda"**

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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

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