

Skewball

Steeleye Span

You gallant sportsmen all, come listen to my story
It's of the bold Skewball, that noble racing pony
Arthur Marvel was the man that brought bold Skewball
over
He's the diamond of the land and he rolls about in
clover

The horses were brought out with saddle, whip and
bridle
And the gentlemen did shout when they saw the noble
riders
And some did shout hurray, the air was thick with
curses
And on the grey Griselda the sportsmen laid their
purses

The trumpet it did sound, they shot off like an arrow
They scarcely touched the ground for the going it was
narrow
Then Griselda passed him by and the gentlemen did
holler
The grey will win the day and Skewball he will follow

Then halfway round the course up spoke the noble rider
I fear we must fall back for she's going like a tyger.
Up spoke the noble horse, ride on my noble master
For we're half way round the course and now we'll see
who's faster

And when they did discourse, bold Skewball flew like
lightning
They chased around the course and the grey mare she was
taken
Ride on my noble lord, for the good two hundred guineas
The saddle shall be of gold when we pick up our
winnings

Past the winning post bold Skewball proved quite handy
And horse and rider both ordered sherry, wine and
brandy
And then they drank a health unto Miss Griselda
And all that lost their money on the sporting plains of
Kildare