

# Stewball

(mündlich überliefert)

Arrangement:  
Thomas Gundlach

Andante 



The musical score consists of six staves, each beginning with a measure number (1-6) and a treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is written in a single melodic line with a bass line. The first staff includes a repeat sign and a triplet of eighth notes. The second staff features a slur over the first two measures. The third staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff includes a slur over the first two measures. The fifth staff includes a triplet of eighth notes and a triplet of sixteenth notes. The sixth staff includes a slur over the first two measures.

7

Musical staff 7: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a fermata. The melody consists of quarter notes: F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5. The bass line consists of eighth notes: F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4.

8

Musical staff 8: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a fermata. The melody consists of quarter notes: F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5. The bass line consists of eighth notes: F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4.

9

Musical staff 9: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a fermata. The melody consists of quarter notes: F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5. The bass line consists of eighth notes: F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4.

## Stewball

(Volkslied)

Stewball was a good horse,  
He wore a high head,  
And the mane of his foretop  
Was fine as silk thread.

I rode him in England,  
I rode him in Spain,  
And I never did lose, boys  
I 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 woll lose, boys,  
On my noble Stewball.

As they were a-riding  
'bout halfway round  
That grey mare she stumbled  
And fell on the ground.

And 'way out yonder  
Ahead of them all  
Came a-prancing and a-dancing  
My noble Stewball.

Stewball was a race horse,  
And by the day he was mine  
He never drank water  
He always drank wine.