

August 2019

Skew Ball

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk

 Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Skew Ball" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 576.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/576

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



SKEW BALL.

COME gentlemen sportsmen I pray listen all
I will sing you a song in praise of Skew Ball,
And how he came over you shall understand,
It was by Squire Mervin, the pearl of our land,
And of his late actions you have heard before
He was lately challenged by one Sir Ralph Gore
For five hundred guineas on the plains of Kildare
To run with Miss Sportly that famous grey mare

Skew Ball then hearing the wager was laid,
Unto his kind master said dont be afraid,
For if on my side you thousands lay would
T'would rig on your castle a fine mass of gold.
The day being come and the cattle walked forth.
The people came flocking from East, North, and South
For to view all the sporters as I do declare
And venture their money all on the grey mare

Squire Mervin then smiling unto them did say,
Come gentlemen sportsmen to-morrow's the day,
All you who have hundreds I will lay you all,
For I'll venture thousands on famous Skew Ball
Squire Mervin then smiling unto them did say
Come gentlemen sportsmen to morrow's the day
Spurs, horses and saddles, and bridles prepare
For you must away to the plains of Kildare.

The day being come the cattle walked out
Squire Mervin then ordered his rider to mount
And all the spectators to clear the way
The time being come not one moment's delay,
These cattle being mounted away they did fly.
Skew Ball like an arrow pass'd Miss Sportly by
The people went up to see them go round,
They said in their hearts that they ne'er touched the
ground.

But as they were running in the midst of the sport.
Squire Mervin to his rider then began his discourse
O loving kind rider come tell unto me
How far at this moment Miss Sportly's from me
O loving kind master you bear a great style,
The grey mare's behind you a long English mile

If the saddle maintains me I'll warrant you there
You ne'er shall be beat on the plains of Kildare
But as they were running by the distant chair
The gentlemen cried out Skew Ball never fear.
Altho' in this country thou wast ne'er seen before
Thou hast beaten Miss sportly and broke sir Ralph