

STEWBALL *(traditional)*

C C C C

C G7
Oh Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine
He never drank water, he always drank wine
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold
And the worth of his saddle has never been told

C G7
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded and Stewball was there
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare
And away up yonder ahead of them all
Came a prancing and a dancing, my noble Set-ball

C G7
I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
If I'd bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man to-day
Oh the hoot owl she followed, and the turtledove moaned
Of a poor boy in trouble and a long way from home

C G7
Oh Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine
He never drank water, he always drank wine
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold
And the worth of his saddle has never been told

