

## Stewball

Stewball was a good horse, he wore his head high,  
And the mane on 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 never you'll 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.