

Stew Ball

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C Am Dm
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
G G7 C F C
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.

Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

As they were approaching, About half-way round
The grey mare she stumbled, and fell to the ground
And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin and a-dancin my noble Stewball.

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
If Id have bet on ol Stewball, Id be a free man today.

Oh the hoot-owl, she hollers, and the turtledove moans.
Im a poor boy in trouble, Im a long way from home.

Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
He never drank water,he always drank wine