

Stewball

Words & Music:
Traditional
(Peter, Paul & Mary)

D Em A D G A Asus A7

Oh, Stewball was a racehorse 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.

Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded & Stewball was there.

But the betting was heavy on the bay & the mare.

And away up yonder, ahead of them all

Came a-prancin' and a-dancin', my noble Stewball.

I bet on the gray mare, I bet on the bay.

If I'd a-bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man today.

Oh, the hoot owl she holler, and the turtledove moan.

I'm a poor boy in trouble and a long way from home.

Oh, Stewball was racehorse and I wish he were mine.

He never drank water, he always drank wine.