

STEWBALL

C Dm
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
G7 C G7
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

C Dm
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold.
G7 C G7
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

C Dm
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
G7 C G7
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

C Dm
And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,
G7 C G7
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin' my noble Stewball.

C Dm
I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
G7 C G7
If I'd have bet on ol' Stewball, I'd be a rich man today.

C Dm
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
G7 C
He never drank water, he always drank wine.