

## 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.