

# Stewball

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

A7 D G A  
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

D Em  
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold.

A7 D G A  
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

D Em  
Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded & Stewball was there.

A7 D G A  
But the betting was heavy on the bay & the mare.

D Em  
And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all

A7 D G A  
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin', my noble Stew-ball.

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

A7 D G A  
If I'd a-bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man to-day.

D Em  
Oh, the hoot owl she hollers, and the turtledove moans.

A7 D G A  
I'm a poor boy in trouble and a long way from home.

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

A7 D G D  
He never drank water, he always drank wine.