

Stewball

C *Dm*
Old Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.

G *C* *F - G*
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

C *Dm*
His bridal was silver, his mane, it was gold,

G *C* *F - G*
And the work on his saddle has never been told.

C *Dm*
Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there

G *C* *F - G*
But the betting was heavy, on the bay and the mare.

C *Dm*
As they were approaching, about half way around,

G *C* *F - G*
The gray mare she stumbled, and fell to the ground.

C *Dm*
A - way out yonder, ahead of them all

G *C* *F - G*
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin', My noble Stewball.

C *Dm*
I bet on the gray mare, and I bet on the bay.

G *C* *F - G*
If I had bet on ol' Stewball, I'd be a free man today.

C *Dm*
Oh, the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans,

G *C* *F - G*
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home.

C *Dm*
Oh, Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.

G *C* *F - C*
He never drank water, He always drank wine.