

# STEWBALL

$\frac{3}{4}$  time

Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine  
He 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, and Stewball was there  
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare

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

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay  
If I'd have bet on ol' Stewball, I'd be a free man today

Oh the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans  
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home

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