

Stewball

Traditional / Key: F (Capo 3, Play D)

D

Oh Stewball Was A Race Horse

Em

And I Wish He Were Mine

A

D G A

He Never 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

O The Fairgrounds Were Crowded And Stewball Was There
But The Betting Was Heavy On The Bay And The Mare

And Away Up Yonder Ahead Of Them All
Came A Prancin' And A Dancin' My Noble Stewball

I Bet On The Gray Mare I Bet On The Bay
If I'd A Bet On 'Ole Stewball I'd Be A Free Man Today

Oh The Hoot Owl She Hollered And The Turtledove
I'm A Poor Boy In Trouble I'm A Long Way From Home

Oh Stewball Was A Race Horse
And I Wish He Were Mine
He Never Drank Water He Always Drank Wine