

## Stewball

(G)Stewball was a race horse  
(Em)He wore a high (Am)head  
And the mane on his (D7))foretop  
Was fine as silk (G)thread

I rode him in England  
I rode him in Spain  
And he never did lose, boys  
He always did gain

So come all you gamblers  
Wherever you are  
And don't bet your money  
On the little gray mare

Most likely she'll stumble  
Most likely she'll fall  
But you never will lose, boys  
On my noble Stewball

As they were a riding  
'Bout halfway round  
That gray mare she stumbled  
And fell on the ground

And way out yonder  
Ahead of them all  
Came a prancing and a dancing  
My noble Stewball

Stewball was a race horse  
And I wish he was mine  
He never drank water  
He always drank wine