

G Am D G C D

G Am

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

D G C D

He never drank water, he always drank wine.

G Am

His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold.

D G C D

And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

G Am

Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there

D G C D

But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

G Am

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

D G C D

Came a-prancing and a-dancing my noble Stewball.

G Am

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay

D G C D

If I'd have bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man today.

G Am

Oh the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans.

D G C D

I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home.

G Am

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

D G C G G . . .

He never drank water, he always drank wine.