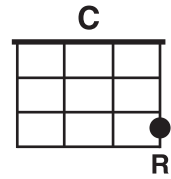
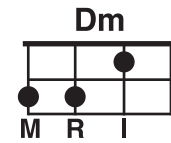


STEWBALL - Traditional

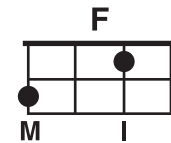
C
Dm
 Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.



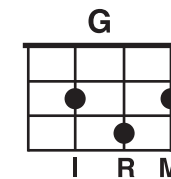
G
C
F
G
 He never drank water, he always drank wine.



C
Dm
 His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold.



G
C
F
G
 And the worth of 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
 And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,

G
C
F
G
 Came a-prancing and a-dancing my noble Stewball.

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

G
C
F
G
 If I'd have bet on old 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.