C G7 C F C G7 C = ALL STRING EACH
SLOW

STEWBALL

C
Oh, Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine
G7

He never drank water, he always drank wine
C G7 C   OR WINE

C
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold
G7

And the worth of his saddle has never been told
C G7 C

C
Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
G7

But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare
C G7 C   OR

C
And away up yonder, ahead of them all
G

Came a-prancing and a-dancing, my noble Stewball
C G7 C

C
I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
G7

IF I'd-bet on ol' Stewball, I'd be a free man today
C G7 C

C
Oh, the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans
G7

I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home
C G7 C

C
Oh, Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine
G7

He never drank water, he always drank wine
C G7 C   STRUM 1 STRING

G7   G7   C'
HE ALWAYS DRANK WINE