

## STEWBALL

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

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

Oh, 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-prancing and a-dancing my noble Stewball

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

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

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

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

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