

# Stewball

Peter, Paul and Mary



[G] [Am] [D] [G] [C][D]

Oh Stewball was a [G] racehorse, and I wish he were [Am] mine.  
He never drank [D] water, he always drank [G] wine.[C] [D]

His bridle was [G] silver, his mane it was [Am] gold.  
And the worth of his [D] saddle, has never been [G] told.[C] [D]

Oh the fairgrounds were [G] crowded, and Stewball was [Am] there  
But the betting was [D] heavy, on the bay and the [G] mare. [C] [D]

And a-way up [G] yonder, ahead of them [Am] all,  
Came a-prancing and a-[D]dancing, my noble Stew[G]ball.[C] [D]

I bet on the [G] grey mare, I bet on the [Am] bay  
If I'd have bet on old [D] Stewball, I'd be a free man[G] today. [C] [D]

Oh the hoot owl, she [G] hollers, and the turtle dove [Am] moans.  
I'm a poor boy in [D] trouble, I'm a long way from [G] home. [C] [D]

Oh Stewball was a [G] racehorse, and I wish he were [Am] mine.  
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