

Stewball

Peter, Paul & Mary

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 a-way up yonder
Ahead of them all
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin'
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 holler
And the turtle dove moan
I'm a poor boy in trouble
I'm a long way from home Oh Stewball was a racehorse
And I wish he were mine
He never drank water
He always drank wine

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