

Stewball

Woody Guthrie

Stewball was a good horse
And he held a high head
And the mane on his foretop
Was fine as silk threadI rode him in England
And I rode him in Spain
And I never did lose, boys
I always did gainSo come all you gamblers
From near and from far
Don't bet your gold dollar
On that little grey mareMost likely she will stumble
Most likely she'll fall
But you never will lose
On my noble StewballSit tight on your saddle
Let slack on your rein
And you never will lose boys,
You always will gainAs they were a-riding
'Bout halfway 'round
That grey mare she stumbled
And fell to the groundAnd 'way out yonder
Ahead of them all
Came dancin' and prancin'
My noble StewballStewball was a good horse
And he held a high head
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