

# Stewball

## Leadbelly & The Golden Gate Jubilee Quartet

Stewball was a good horse  
He wore his head high  
And the mane on his foretop  
Was fine as silk thread I rode him in England  
I rode him in Spain  
And I never did lose, boys  
I always did gain So come all you gamblers  
Wherever you are  
And don't bet your money  
On that little gray mare Most likely she'll stumble  
Most likely she'll fall  
But never you'll lose, boys  
On my noble Stewball As they were a riding  
'Bout halfway round  
That gray mare she stumbled  
And fell on the ground And way out yonder  
Ahead of them all  
Came a prancing and a dancing  
My noble Stewball Stewball was a race horse  
And by the day he was mine  
He never drank water  
He always drank wine

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