

# Stewball

## The Hollies

Old stewball was a racehorse  
And I wished he were mine  
He never drank water  
He always drank wine

His bridle was silver  
And his mane it was gold  
But worth of his saddle  
Has never been told

The fairgrounds was crowded  
And old stewball was there  
But the betting was heavy  
On the bay and the mare

Oh, way up yonder  
Ahead of them all  
Came prancing and dancing  
My noble stewball

If I bet on the grey mare  
And I bet on the bay  
And if I'd bet on old 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

Old stewball was a racehorse  
And I wished he was mine  
He never drank water  
He always drank wine

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