

# Stewball

## Poitin

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

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