Stewball

The Limeliters

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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