

# Stewball

Peter, Paul and Mary

1. Oh Stewball was a racehorse  
and I wish he were mine  
he never drank water  
he always drank wine.
2. His bridle was silver  
his main it was gold  
and the worth of his saddle  
has never been told.
3. Oh the fairgrounds were crowded  
and Stewball was there  
but the betting was heavy  
on the bay and the mare.
4. And a-way up yonder  
ahead of them all  
came a-prancin' and a-dancin'  
my noble Stewball.
5. I bet on the grey mare  
I bet on the bay  
if I'd have bet on ol' Stewball  
I'd be a free man today.
6. 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.
- 7.=1.