

# Stewball

Joan Baez

Stewball was a good horse, he wore his head high  
And the mane on his fore top 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 grey 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