

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.