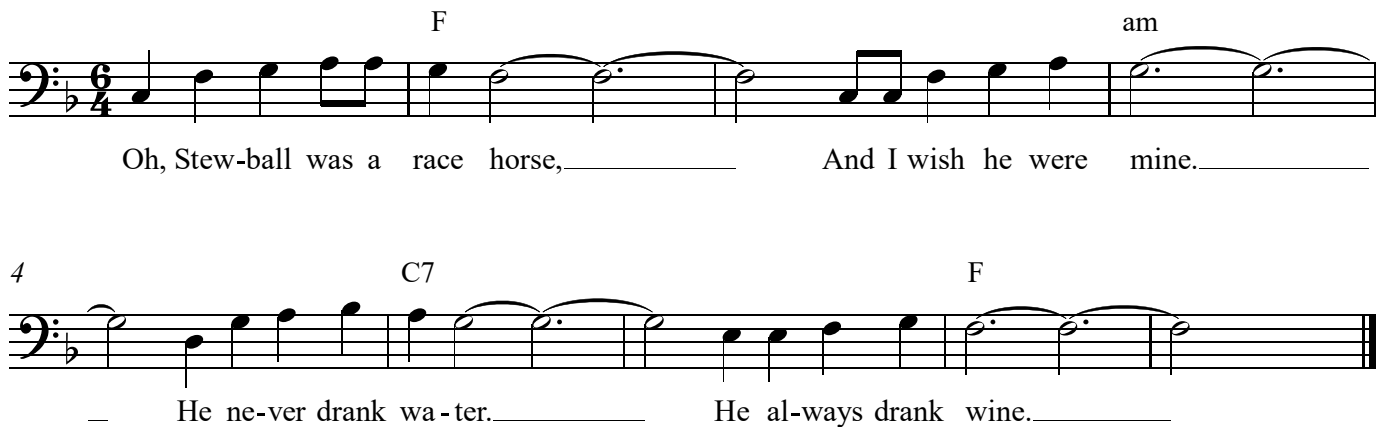


Stewball

www.franzdorfer.com



Oh, Stew-ball was a race horse, And I wish he were mine.

4 He ne-ver drank wa-ter. He al-ways drank wine.

His bridle was silver.
His mane, it was gold.
And the worth of his saddle
Has never been told.

Oh, the fair grounds were crowded,
And Stewball was there.
But the betting was heavy,
On the bay and the mare.

And way up yonder,
Ahead of them all
Came a prancing and a dancing,
my noble Stewball.

I bet on the grey mare,
I bet on the bay.
If I'd a-bet on old Stewball,
I'd be a free man today.

Oh, the hoot owl she hollers,
And the turtle dove moans,
I'm a poor boy in trouble.
A long way from home.

Oh, Stewball was a race horse,
And I wish he were mine.
He never drank water.
He always drank wine