

slow STEWBALL

Oh, Stewb^Call was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine^{G7}

He never drank water, he always drank wine^C

His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold^{G7}

And the worth of his saddle has never been told^C

Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewb^Call was there^{G7}

But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare^C

And away up yonder, ahead of them all^G

Came a-prancing and a-dancing, my noble Stewb^Call

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay^{G7}

IF I is-bet on ol' Stewb^Call, I'd be a free man today

Oh, the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans^{G7}

I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home^C

Oh, Stewb^Call was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine^{G7}

He never drank water, he always drank wine^C

HE ALWAYS DRANK WINE^{C1}