

STEWBAL

Trad. arr.

G C D7

D7 G
Stewball was a good horse,

Em Am
she wore a high head,

D7
and the mane on her foretop

G C D7
was as fine as silk thread.

G
2. I rode her in England,

Em Am
I rode her in Spain

D7
and I never did lose, boys,

G C D7
I always did gain.

D7 G
3. So come all you gamblers

Em Am
where ever you are,

D7
and don't bet your money

G C D7
on that little gray mare.

D7 G
4. Most likely she'll stumble

Em Am
most likely she'll fall,

D7
but you never will lose, boys,

G C D7
on my noble Stewball.

D7 G
5. As they were a-ridin'

Em Am
'bout halfway around,

D7
that gray mare she stumbled

G C D7
and fell on the ground.

D7 G
6. And away out yonder,

Em Am
ahead of them all,

D7
came a'prancin' an'dancin'

G C D7
my noble Stewball.