Stewball
Unknown Author (dates to the 1700s)

intro: Chords for ending

chorus:
G   Am
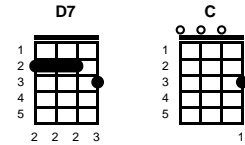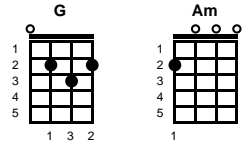Oh Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine
         D7   G   C G
He never drank water, he always drank wine
                                           Am
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold
         D7   G   C   G
And the worth of his saddle, has never been told

v1:

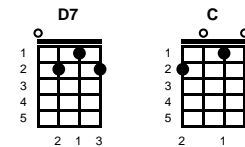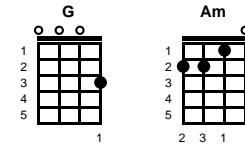   Am
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
         D7   G   C G
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare
                                     Am
And a way out yonder, ahead of them all
         D7   G   C   G
Came a prancin' and a dancin', my noble Stewball

v2:

                                     Am
I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
         D7   G   C   G
If I had bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man today
                                           Am
Oh the hoot owl she hollers, and the turtle dove moans
         D7   G   C   G
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home   -- CHORUS

ending (fade on last line):
      G   Am
Oh Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine
         D7   G   C G
He never drank water, he always drank wine

STANDARD

G   Am

D7   C

BARITONE

G   Am

D7   C