Stewball (Joan Baez)

G Em Am
Stewball was a race horse, he wore a high head, D G C D
and the mane on his foretop, was as fine as silk thread.

G Em Am
His bridle was silver, and his reins they was gold, D G C D
And the wealth on his saddle ain't never been told.

G Em Am
He was ridden in England, was ridden in Spain, D G C D
and he never did lose, boys, he always did gain.

G Em Am
So come all you gamblers, wherever you are, D G C D
and don`t bet your money on that little grey mare.

G Em Am
Most likely she`ll stumble, most likely she`ll fall, D G C D
but you never will lose, boys, on my noble Stewball.

BRIDGE

G Em Am
The fairgrounds were crowded and Stewball was there D G C D
But the betting was heavy on the little grey mare.

G Em Am
Oh, the hoot owl she hollers and the turtle dove moans D G C D
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home

G Em Am
'cause I bet on the grey mare and some on the bay D G C D
And if I'd bet on old Stewball, I'd be a rich man today

G Em Am
As they were a-riding, 'bout halfway round, D G C D
that grey mare she stumbled, and fell on the ground.

G Em Am
And way out yonder, ahead of them all, D G C D
came a-prancing and a-dancing, my noble Stewball.

G Em Am
Stewball was a race horse, and by the day he was mine, D G C G C G
he never drank water, he always drank wine