

# 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