

STEWBALL

D D D D Em Em Em
OH STEWBALL WAS A RACEHORSE, AND I WISH HE WERE MINE
Em A A A A D G A
HE NEVER DRANK WATER, HE ALWAYS DRANK WINE
D D D D Em Em Em
HIS BRIDLE WAS SILVER, HIS MANE IT WAS GOLD
Em A A A A D G A
AND THE WORTH OF HIS SADDLE, HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD
D D D D Em Em Em
OH THE FAIRGROUNDS WERE CROWDED, AND STEWBALL WAS THERE
Em A A A A D G A
BUT THE BETTING WAS HEAVY, ON THE BAY AND THE MARE
D D D D Em Em Em
AS THEY WERE APPROACHING, ABOUT HALF WAY AROUND
Em A A A A D G A
THE GRAY MARE SHE STUMBLED, AND FELL TO THE GROUND
D D D D Em Em Em
AND WAY UP YONDER, AHEAD OF THEM ALL
Em A A A A D G
A
CAME A-PRANCIN' AND A-DANCIN', MY NOBLE STEWBALL.
D D D D Em Em Em
I BET ON THE GRAY MARE, I BET ON THE BAY
Em A A A A D G A
IF I'D HAVE BET ON MY STEWBALL, I'D BE A FREE MAN TODAY
D D D D Em Em Em
OH THE HOOT OWL, SHE HOLLERS, AND THE TURTLE DOVE MOANS
Em A A A A D G A
I'M A POOR BOY IN TROUBLE, I'M A LONG WAY FROM HOME
D D D D Em Em Em
OH STEWBALL WAS A RACEHORSE, AND I WISH HE WERE MINE
Em A A A A D G A D D
HE NEVER DRANK WATER, HE ALWAYS DRANK WINE.

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**

