

Stewball

Peter, Paul, & Mary

I-100

G Em
 Stewball was a good horse,
 Am
 He wore a high head,
 D
 And the mane on his foretop,
 D7 G C D
 Was as fine as silk thread.

G Em
 I rode him in England,
 Am
 I rode him in Spain,
 D
 And I never did lose, boys,
 D7 G (C D)
 I always did gain.

G Em
 So come all you gamblers,
 Am
 Wherever you are,
 D
 And don't bet your money
 D7 G (C D)
 On that little gray mare.

G Em
 Most likely she'll stumble,
 Am
 Most likely she'll fall,
 D
 But you never will lose, boys,
 D7 G (C D)
 On my noble Stewball.

G Em
 As they were a-riding
 Am
 `bout halfway around,
 D
 That gray mare she stumbled
 D7 G (C D)
 And fell on the ground.

G Em
 And away out yonder,
 Am
 Ahead of them all,
 D
 Came a-prancin' an' a-dancin'
 D7 G (C D)
 My noble Stewball.

Repeat first verse