

## Woody Guthrie "Stewball"

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Stewball was a good horse  
And he held a high head  
And the mane on his foretop  
Was fine as silk thread

I rode him in England  
And I rode him in Spain  
And I never did lose, boys  
I always did gain

So come all you gamblers  
From near and from far  
Don't bet your gold dollar  
On that little grey mare

Most likely she will stumble  
Most likely she'll fall  
But you never will lose  
On my noble Stewball

Sit tight on your saddle  
Let slack on your rein  
And you never will lose boys,  
You always will gain

As they were a-riding  
'Bout halfway 'round  
That grey mare she stumbled  
And fell to the ground

And 'way out yonder  
Ahead of them all  
Came dancin' and prancin'  
My noble Stewball

Stewball was a good horse  
And he held a high head  
And the mane on his foretop  
Was fine as silk thread

I rode him in England  
And I rode him in Spain

And I never did lose, boys  
I always did gain

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