

## Mason Proffit

### "Stewball"

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Old Stewball was a Racehorse  
And he held a high head  
And the mane on his foretop  
Was white as silk thread

Well, the fairgrounds were crowded  
And Stewball was there  
But the betting was Heavy  
On the Little Grey Mare

Well, I rode him In England  
And I road him In Spain  
And you bet your five dollars  
that I'll ride him again

Now they are ridding  
'bout half way around  
when the grey mare she stumbled  
And fell on the ground

Way up yonder  
Ahead of them all  
Came a dancing and prancing  
my own horse, Stewball

Well I bet on the Grey Mare  
And I bet on the Bay  
If I'da bet on old Stewball  
I'd be a freeman today

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