

Peter

"Stewball"

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Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
He never drank water, he always drank wine.
His bridle was silver, his main it was gold.
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was
there
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.
And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin' my noble Stewball.

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
If I'd have bet on ol' Stewball, I'd be a free man today.
Oh the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove
moans.
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home.

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