

Peter, Paul & Mary "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 bridal was silver,
and his mane, it was gold,
And the work on his saddle
has never been tooled.
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-dancin' and a-prancin'

My noble stewball.
Oh, the hoot owl, she hollered
And the turtle dove moaned
Of a poor boy in trouble
on a long way from home.
I bet on the gray mare,
And I bet on the bay.
If I had bet on ol' Stewball,
I'd be a free man today.
Oh, Stewball was a racehorse,
And I wish he were mine.
He never drank water,
He always drank wine.

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