Stewball (a traditional song based on a race in Ireland in 1873) Pete Seeger, Peter Paul & Mary

Intro: Am (6) – D (6) – G C D (3,2,1)

No strum G Am Old Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine D GCD He never drank water, he always drank wine No strum G Am His bridle was silver, and his mane it was gold GCD D And the worth of his saddle has never been told No strum G Am Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there D GCD But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare No strum G Am As they were approaching, about half way around D GCD The gray mare she stumbled and fell to the ground No strum G Am And away out yonder, ahead of them all D GCD Came a-prancing and a-dancing, my noble Stewball No strum G Am I bet on the gray mare and I bet on the bay D GCD If I'd bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man today No strum G Am Oh the hoot owl she hollers, and the turtle dove moans D GCD I'm a poor boy in trouble. I'm a long way from home No strum G Am Old Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine D GCG

He never drank water//[SLOW] he always drank wine