

Stewball

Joan Baez

Stewball was a good horse, he wore his head high
And the mane on his fore top was fine as silk thread
I rode him in England, I rode him in Spain
And I never did lose, boys, I always did gain
So come all you gamblers, wherever you are

And don't bet your money on that little gray mare
Most likely she'll stumble, most likely she'll fall
But never you'll lose, boys, on my noble Stewball
As they were a-riding, 'bout halfway round
That grey mare - she stumbled, and fell on the ground
And way out yonder, ahead of them all

Came a-prancing and a-dancing, my noble Stewball
Stewball was a race horse, and by the day he was mine
He never drank water, he always drank wine