

Stewball chords

Key of C

Peter, Paul and Mary (traditional English/Irish)

C D^m G C F G C D^m
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
G C F G
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

C D^m
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold.
G C F G
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

C D^m
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
G C F G
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

C D^m
And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,
G C F G
Came a-prancing and a-dancing my noble Stewball.

C D^m
I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay
G C F G
If I'd have bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man today.

C D^m
Oh the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans.
G C F G
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home.

C D^m
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
G C F C C . . .
He never drank water, he always drank wine.