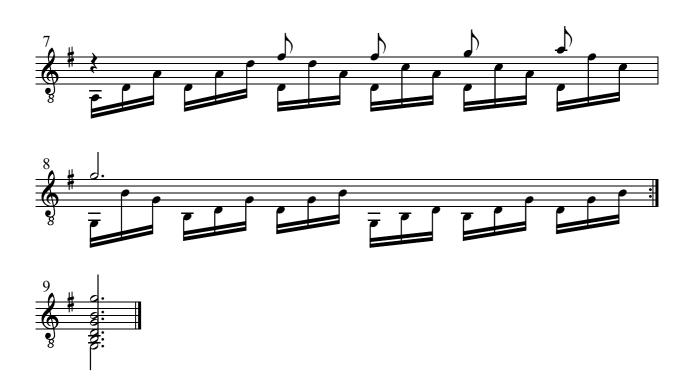
Stewball





Stewball

(Volkslied)

Stewball was a good horse, He wore a high head, And the mane of his foretop 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 grey mare.

Most likely she 'll stumble, Most likely she 'll fall, But you never woll 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.