

Stewball

D 3x
Oh Stewball was a race horse,
2x Em 3x
And I wish he were mine.
2x A7 2x
He never drank water,
1x D G A7
He always drank wine.

Strum

↓ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑
Der Wien er Schnit zel

D 3x
His bridle was silver,
2x Em 3x
His mane it was gold.
2x A7 2x
And the worth of his saddle,
1x D G A7
Has never been told.

Oh the fairgrounds were crowded,
And Stewball was there.
And the betting was heavy,
On the bay and the mare.

And a-way up yonder,
ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin'
my noble Stewball.

I bet on the gray mare,
And I bet on the bay.
If I'd bet on old Stewball,
I'd be a free man today.

Oh, the hoot how she hollers,
And the turtledove moans.
I'm a poor boy in trouble,
A long way from home.

(repeat "Oh Stewball was a race horse ...")

Ending G D