

Chad Mitchell Trio, Stewball

Well Stewball was a race horse
And he held a high head
And the mane on his foretop
Was as fine as silk thread

His bridle was silver
And his harness was gold
And the price on his saddle
Has never been told

Well I rode him in England
And I rode him in Spain
And I bet you five dollars
I'll ride him again

Now come all you gamblers
Wherever you are
And don't bet your money
On the little grey mare

Most likely she'll stumble "(She will stumble)"
Most likely she'll fall "(And she'll fall)"
But you never will lose, boys "(Never will lose)"
On my noble Stewball

Well now they are riding "(Now they are riding)"
'Bout halfway around "(Bout halfway around)"
And the grey mare she stumbled "(The grey mare she stumbled)"
And fell on the ground

And away out yonder
Way ahead of them all
Came a dancin' and prancin'
My noble Stewball

Came a dancin' and prancin'
My noble Stewball