

Stewball [Joan Baez](#)

C **Am**

Stewball was a good horse

Am **Dm7**

He wore his head high

G7

And the mane on his foretop

G7 **C** **F** **C**

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

The gray mere, she'll stumble

Most likely she'll fall

But never you'll lose, boys

On my noble Stewball

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