Stewball

Traditional Irish
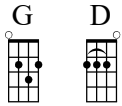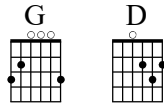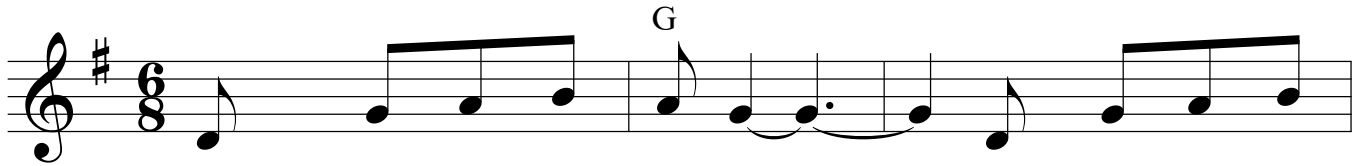
G D G D G D
ukulele   guitar   baritone ukulele

G
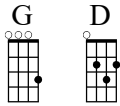
Stew - ball	was	a	good horse,	He	wore	a	high
I	rode	him	in	Eng - land,	I	rode	him	in
So	come	all	you	gamb-lers,	Where - ev - er	you
Most	like - ly	she'll	stum - ble,	Most	like - ly	she'll
When the	hors - es	were	sad - dled,	And the	word	gi - ven,
Stew - ball	was	a	fast horse,	Stew - ball	he	was
I	rode	him	in	Eng - land,	I	rode	him	in

D

head,	And	the	mane	on	his	fore-top
Spain,	And	I	ne - ver	did	lose boys,
fair,	And	don't	bet	your	mon-ey,
fall,	But	you	ne - ver	will	lose boys,
"Go,"	Old	Stew - ball	shot	out like,
mine,	He	ne - ver	drank	wa - ter,
Spain,	And	I	ne - ver	did	lose boys,

G
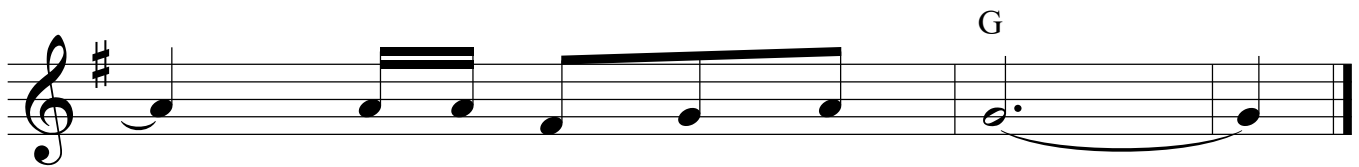
was	as	fine	as	silk	thread.
I	al - ways	did	gain.
on	that	lit - tle	grey	mare.
on	my	no - ble	Stew - ball.
an	ar - row	from	a	bow.
he	al - ways	drank	wine.
I	al - ways	did	gain.