

GAMBLING

O GAMBLER, shun thy evil ways!
Thy vice destroys, and virtue slays,
And misery soon follows on
The ill course thou art bent upon.
The blasted lives, the ruined homes,
Foretell thy doom when honor roams.

O gambler, shun thy evil ways!
True man ne'er on another preys,
And ruins souls for selfish ends.
The tainted joy that gold's greed sends,
Unmakes the man who is its slave,
And quickly makes that man a knave.

O gambler, shun thy evil ways!
God's curse doth rest, and heavy stays
On one who wrecks some weak one's life,
For lust of gold that makes too rife
The liar, thief, and suicide,
And good names blast that e'er abide.