THE GAMBLING MAN.

Words by WILLIAM JEROME.  Music by JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Moderato.

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Bill

When

Was a gambling man one of the reckless kind.

Played bank there really was no limit to his game.

Gambler sport in all the world I'm sure you couldn't find.

ought to have a tablet in the Gamblers Hall of fame.

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bet on any thing at all. He'd bet that day was night. And just to sat-is-
fy him-self He'd bet that black was white. When he was broke, he sel-dom spoke, to
any one at all. He'd hide a-way, for weeks they say, un-till he made a
haul; Then to the track he'd hur-ry back in-to the bet-ting ring. And
as he'd place bets on each race the book-ies heard him sing:
and

Then to the track he'd hur-ry back in-to the bet-ting ring. And
as he went with ev-ry cent the gamblers heard him sing:

The Gambling Man.
CHORUS.

Ev'ry gamb-lin' man he knows Easy comes and eas-y goes;

One day you're a great big win-ner Next day you havn't got your din-ner, And

when you die, there's few will sigh for a gam-bl-ing man.