

# GAMBLING MAN

*Performed by: Jack Mooney*

I am a roaming gambler,  
I gamble down in town,  
Wherever I meet with a pack of cards,  
I land my money down.

I was not long in Washington,  
Many more weeks than three,  
Till I fell in love with a pretty little girl  
And she fell in love with me.

She kissed me in her parlour,  
She cooled me with her fan,  
She whispered low in her mother's ear,  
'I love that gambling man.'

'Oh daughter, oh dear daughter,  
How can you treat me so?  
To leave your dear old mother  
And with a gambler go?'

'Oh mother, oh dear mother,  
You know I love you well,  
But the love I have for the gambling man  
No human tongue can tell.'

I gambled down in Washington,  
I gambled down in town,  
I'm going down to George's,<sup>1</sup>  
To gamble my last game.

I hear the train a-coming,  
A-coming round the curve,  
The whistling and blowing,  
And straining every nerve.

'Oh mother, oh dear mother,  
You know I love you well,  
But the love I have for the gambling man,  
No human tongue can tell.'

I gambled down in Washington,  
I gambled down in town,  
I'm going down to George's,  
To gamble my last game.

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<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: The reference to 'George's' could be to a venue for gambling; more likely it is to Georgia. Indeed, other versions of the song reference several American locales, including Georgia.