

The Safest Way
Charles Gabriel, 1917.

The ways of the world may tempt you
With their glitter and glint of gold,
And its promises may allure you
As you watch its mirage unfold;
False prophets, the thieves of Satan,
Like vampires entice their prey;
But stick to your mother's God:
Her way is the safest way.

The palace of sin and pleasure
May appeal to your heart's desire,
For its music is strangely thrilling,
Like the strains of a golden lyre.
But, stop! Ere you cross its threshold,
Look back to your childhood's day.
And stick to your mother's God:
Her way is the safest way.

Her breast was your first warm pillow,
When she taught you to lisp His name;
Don't dishonor that blessed memory
With the teaching of modern shame.
Keep on in the dear old pathway!
Let others do as they may,
But stick to your mother's God:
Her way is the safest way.