

# THE GIN FIEND,

THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND SUNG

BY HENRY RUSSELL

THE MUSICAL TREASURY.

[No. 553-4—G. H. Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons, London.—6d.]

ALLEGRO  
CON ANIMA.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It includes several triplet figures and an octave passage marked "8va." with a wavy line. The system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic patterns and dynamics as the first system, including triplet figures and a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic.

The third system includes the vocal line with lyrics. The lyrics are: "The Gin Fiend cast his eyes a-broad, And look'd o'er all the land, And num-ber'd his my-riad worshippers With his". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns and dynamics, including a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic.

Henry Russell

bird-like long right hand. He took his place in the teem-ing streets, And watch'd the peo-ple go A-

round and a-bout, With a buzz and a shout, For ev-er to and fro. And it's 'hip!' he said, 'hip!

hip! hur-ra! For the mul-ti-tudes I see, Who of-fer them-selves in sa-cri-fice, And

die for the love of me!

There pass'd a man in the crowded way, With eyes blood-shot and dim; He wore a coat with-out a sleeve, And a

hat with - out a brim; His gri - my hands with pal - sy shook, And fear - ful - ly he laugh'd, Or

dri-vell'd and swore, As he clamour'd for more Of the burn - ing poi - son draught. And it's 'hip!' said the Gin Fiend,

'hip! hur - ra! Suc - cess to him o - ver his bowl; A few short months have made him mine—

*Sva.*

Brain, and bo - dy, and soul!

There sat a mad-man in his cell, Palm-clench'd, with lips compress'd—God's like-ness blot-ted from his face, And

fu - ry in his breast. There sat an i - diot, close be - side, With a dull and sto - lid leer; The

a - - pa - thy Of his hea - vy eye Warming at times to fear. And it's 'hip!' said the Gin Fiend,

'hip! hur - ra! These twain are whol - ly mine; *Sva.* The one a demon, the o - ther a beast—And

both for burn - ing wine!

There stood a wo-man on a bridge; She was old, but not with years; — Old with ex - cess, and passion, and pain; And she

*f*

wept re - morse-ful tears. And she gave to her ba-by her milkless breast, Then goad - ed by its cry, Made a

des - pe - rate leap in the ri - ver deep, In the sight of the pass - ers by. And it's 'hip!' said the Gin Fiend,

'hip! hur - ra! Let them sink in the friend - ly tide; For the sake of me the crea - ture liv'd — To

*Sva.*

sa - tis - fy me she died.'

*f*

5. Therewatch'd a mo-ther by her hearth, Comely, but sad and pale; Her in - fant slept, her lord was out, A  
 6. And ev - ry day in the crowd'd way, He takes his fear - ful stand, And numbers his my - riad worshippers With his

quaff-ing of his ale. She stay'd his co-ming; and when he came, His thoughts were bent on blood; He  
 bird-like long right hand; And ev' - ry day his vic-tims feast Be - fore his flash-ing eyes;— And

could not brook Her taunt - ing look, And he slew her where she stood. And it's 'hip!' said the Gin Fiend,  
 ev - ry night, Be - fore his sight, Are of-fer'd in sa - cri - fice. And it's 'hip!' he says, 'hip!

'hip! hur - ra! He does his du - ty well; And he pays the tax he owes to me, And the  
 'hip! hur - ra! For the deep up - froth - ing bowl, Which gives me the vic - tims that I crave,—  
*Sva.*

mo - nar - chy of hell.  
 Brain, and bo - dy and soul.