LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT. MAR 28 1884 6775 CITY OF WASHINGTON

ONE COPY DELIVERED TO THE JUN 4 - 1900 Music Department.

The Gambler's Wife.

A DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD,

the Words written by

((D^R COATES.))

The Music Composed

and respectfully dedicated to

D^R WASHINGTON.

-By-

Henry Russell.

Henry Russell

10

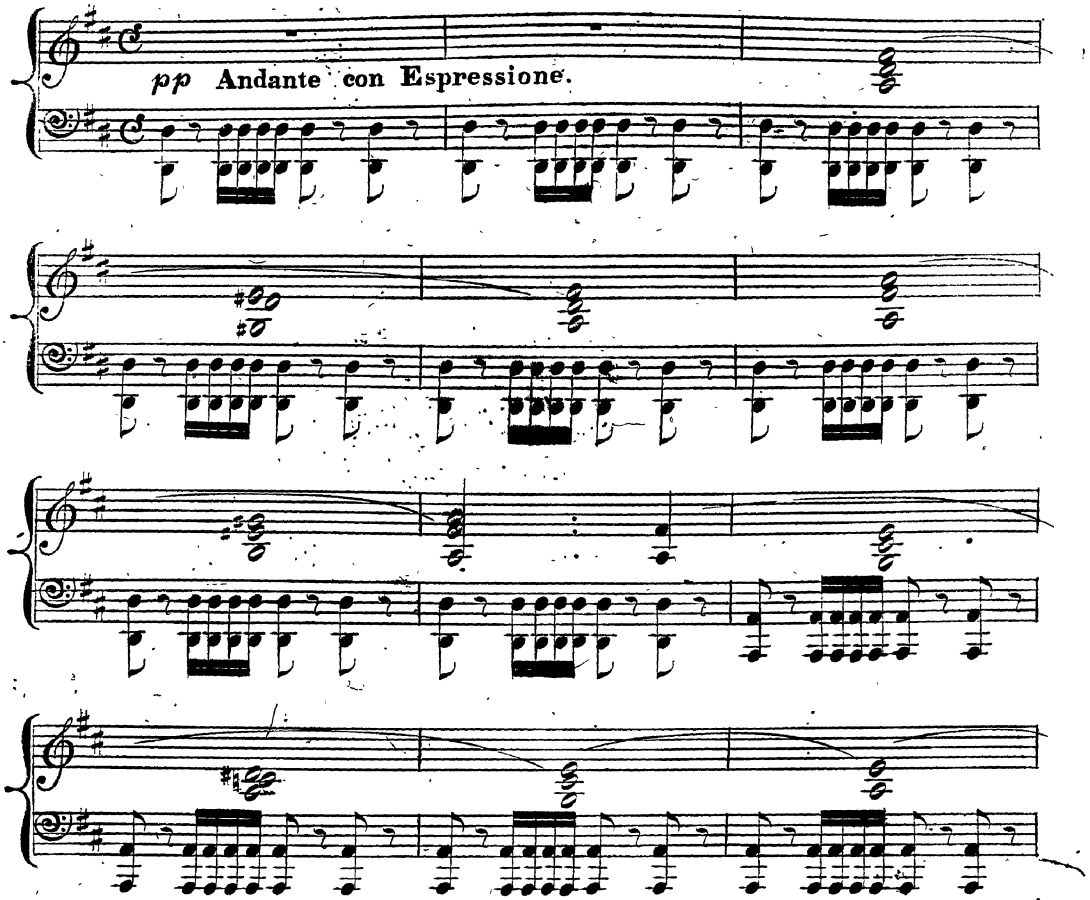
BOSTON
Published by OLIVER DITSON Washington St
C. C. CLAPP & Co. Boston — J. E. GOULD Philad^a — O. A. TRIAX Cincinnati — H. D. HEWITT N. Orleans — S. T. GORDON N. York

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

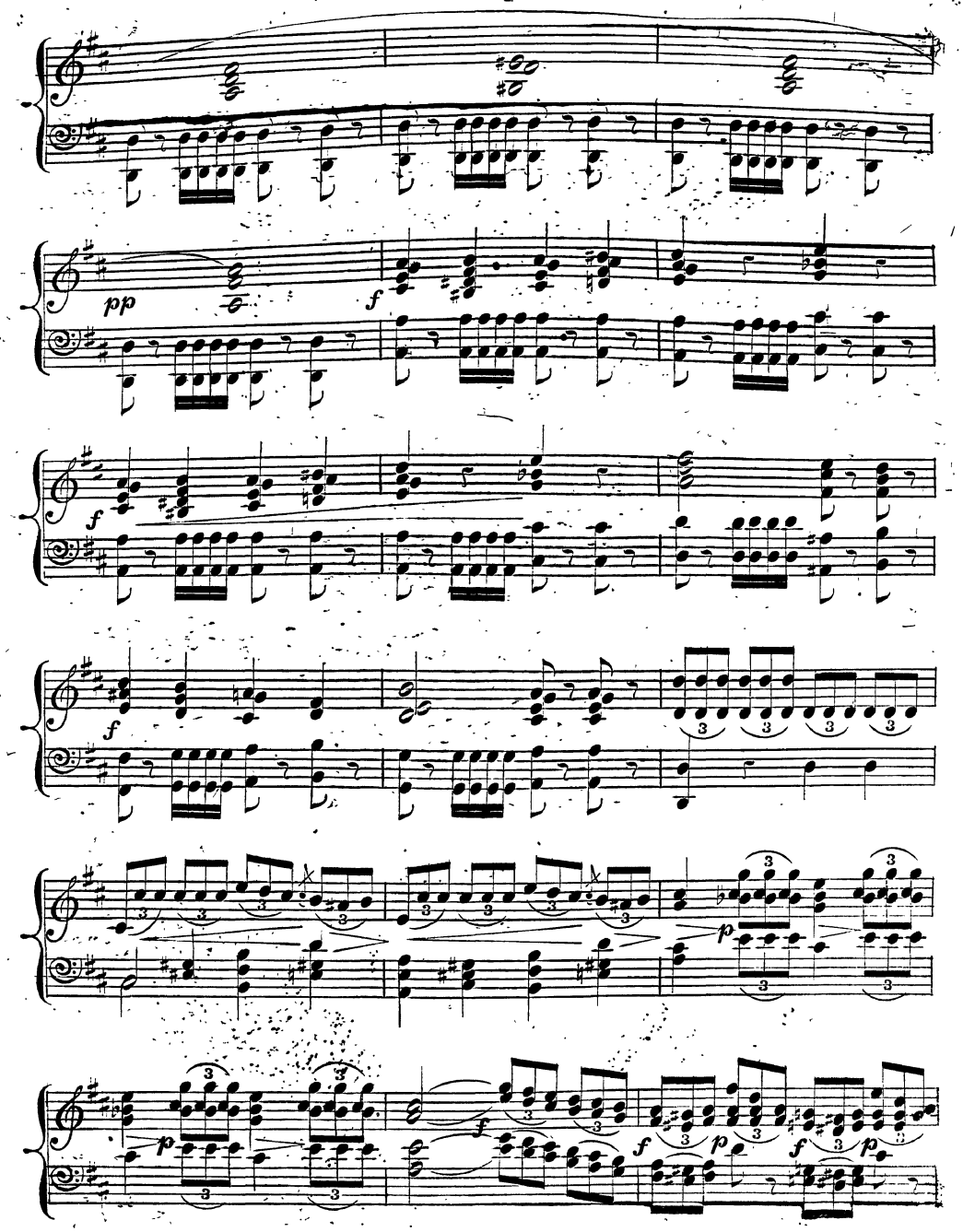
THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

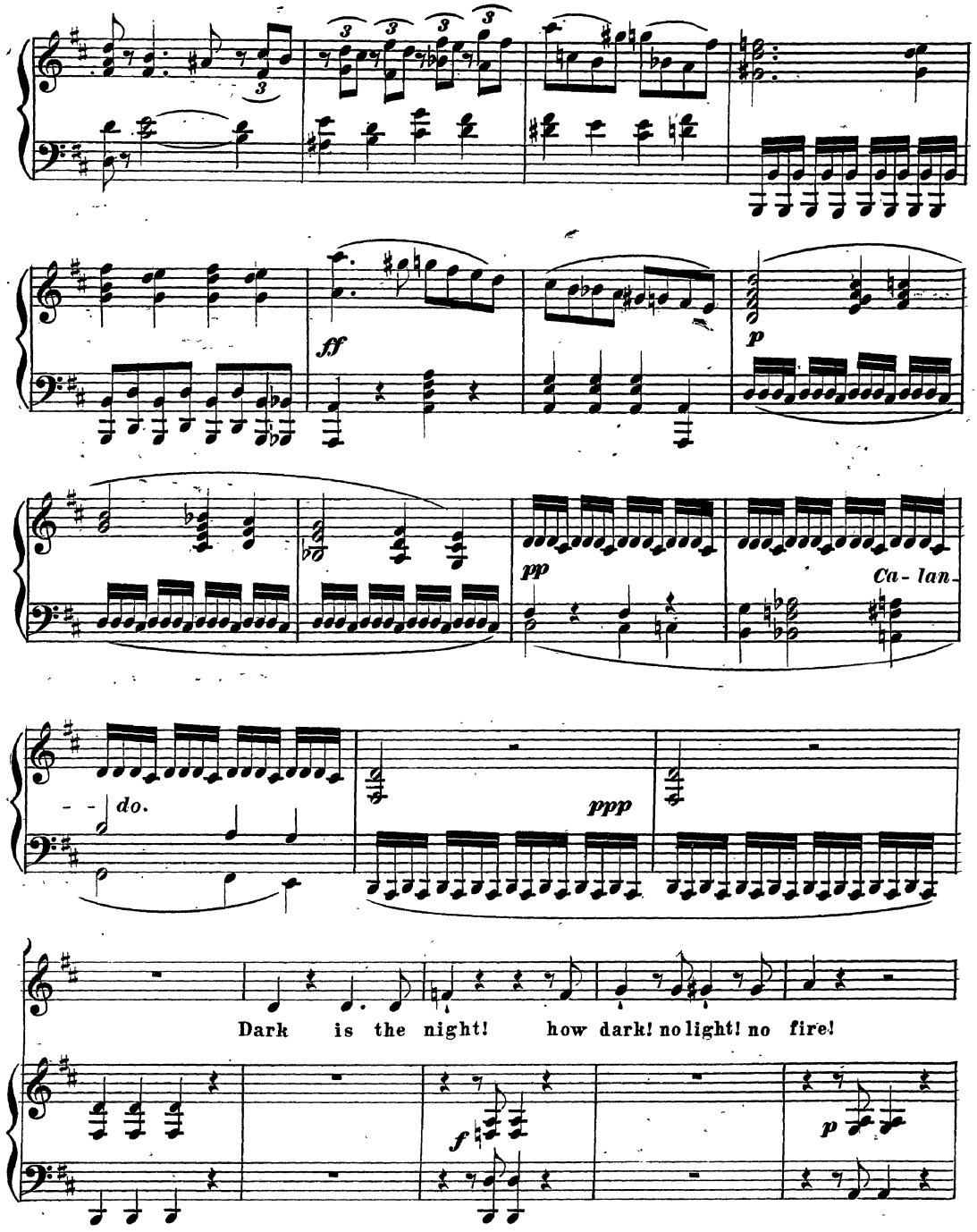
This Song is designed to represent the feelings of a young wife and mother, under circumstances sufficiently common to warrant the assertion, that it is founded on fact, without exaggeration. It represents the Gambler's wife and child, deserted by their natural protector, in the extreme of poverty and starvation, for the pleasure of play.—The fire expires; the energies of life sink from want of food, and the Mother vainly strives to hope in the midst of despair, appealing to the past with the memory of the bride, while vainly endeavoring to sooth her child with the energy of a mother's love, until the infant dies in her arms, and her heart is broken.—The current of her feelings is interrupted only by the clock, and at the third hour, the scene closes, while time strides onward, in its monotonous march, regardless, as the world, of the issue.

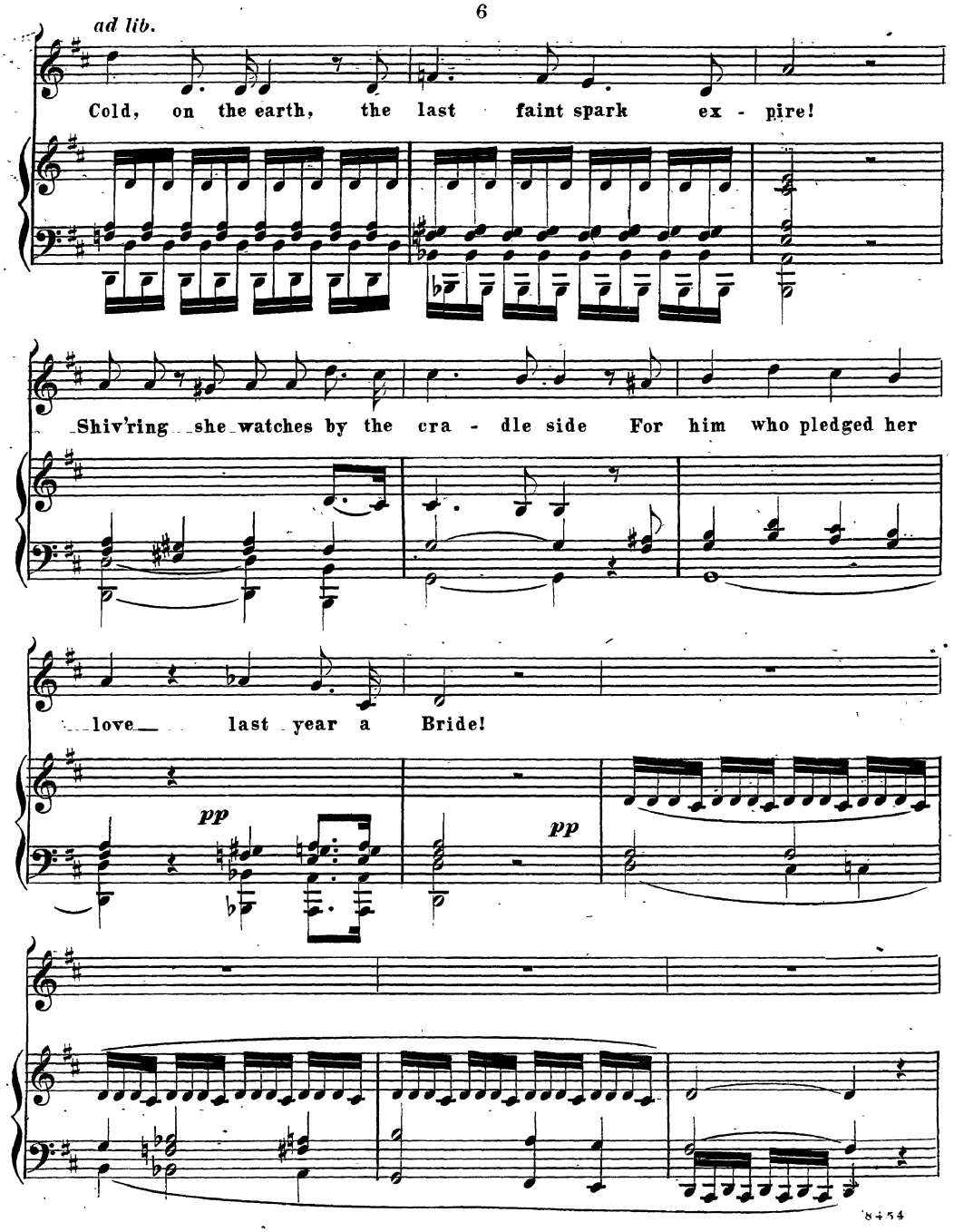
Words by Dr. R. Coates. **Music by Henry Russell.**

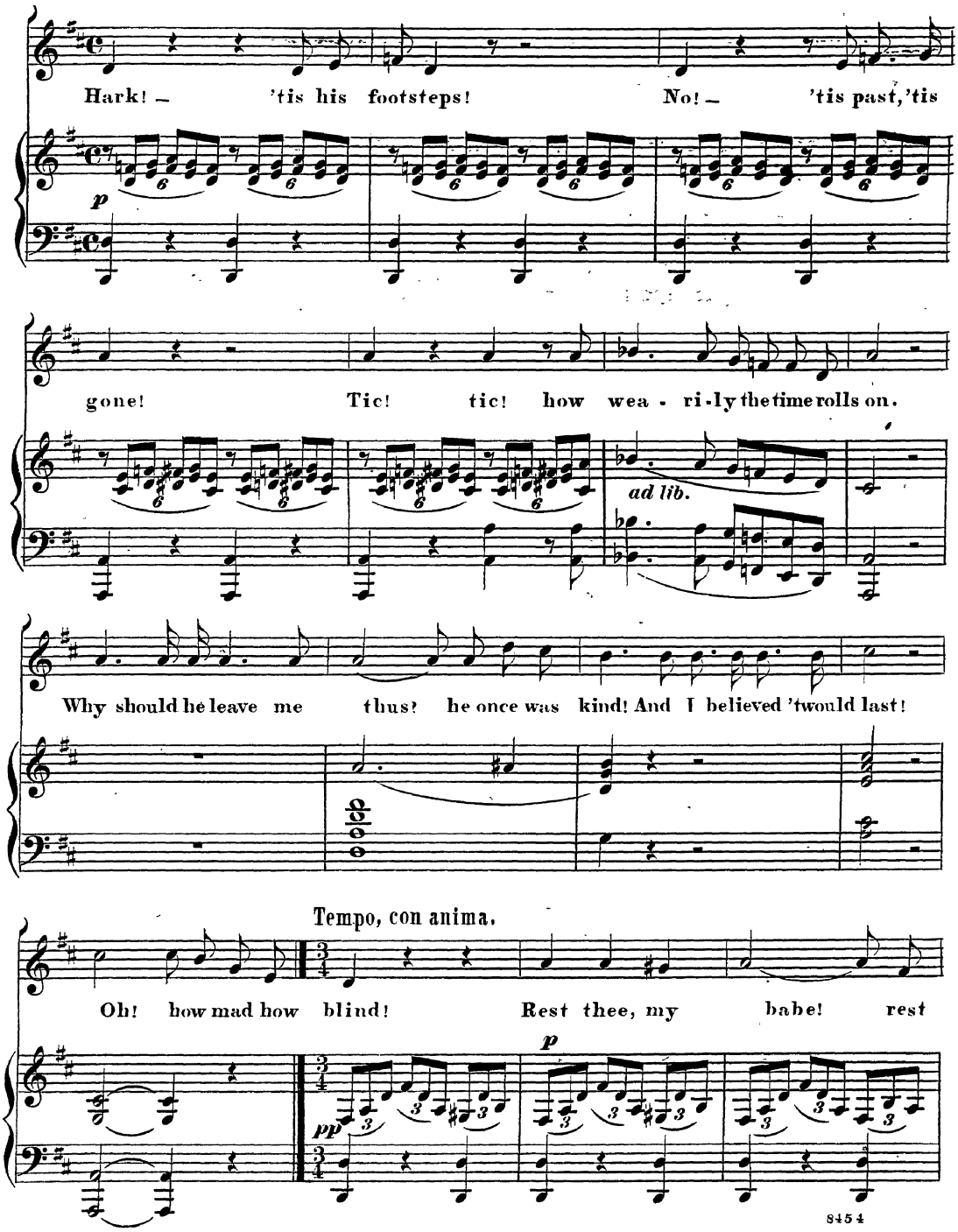


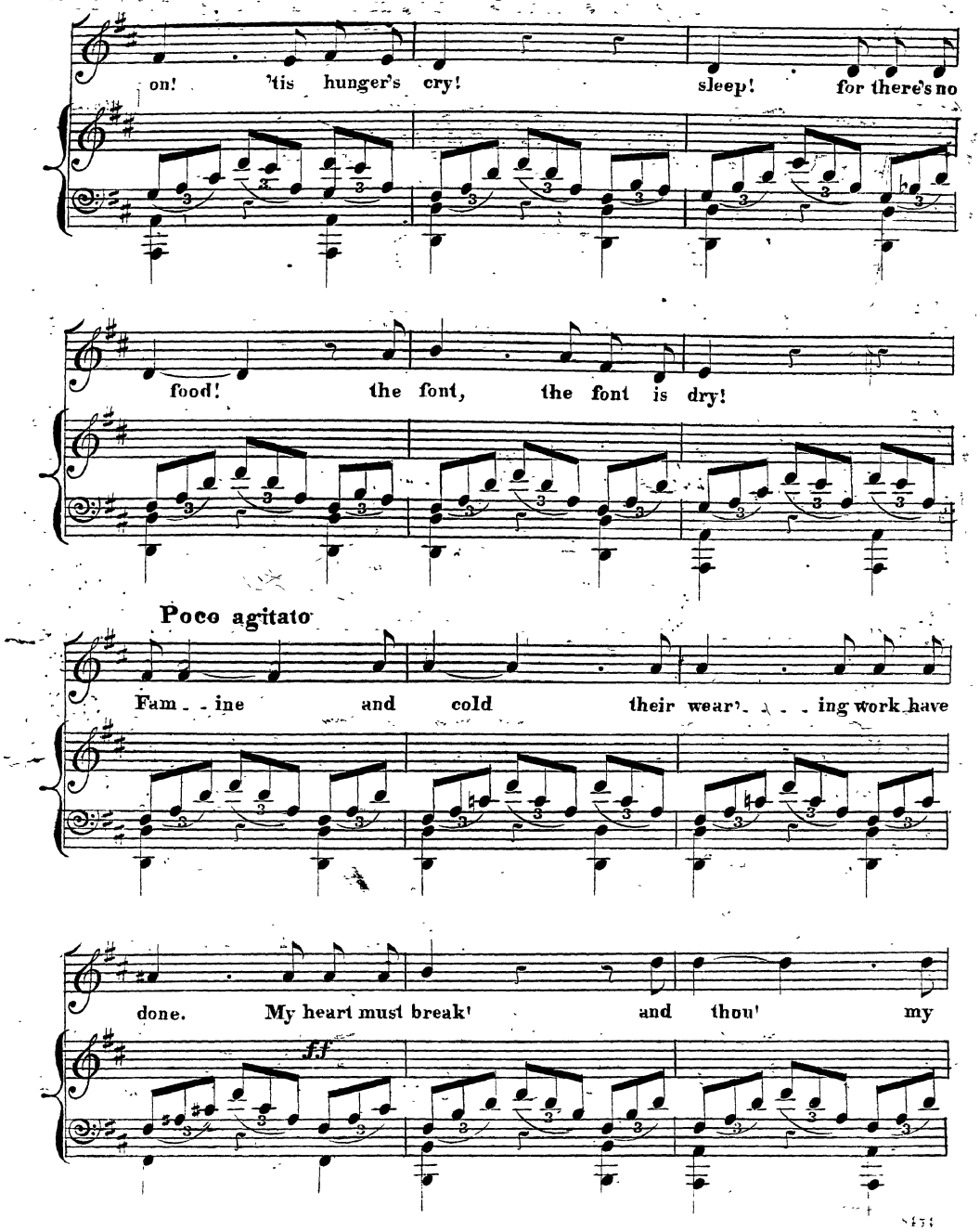
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856 by Oliver Ditson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.
Copyright 1884 by H. Russell.

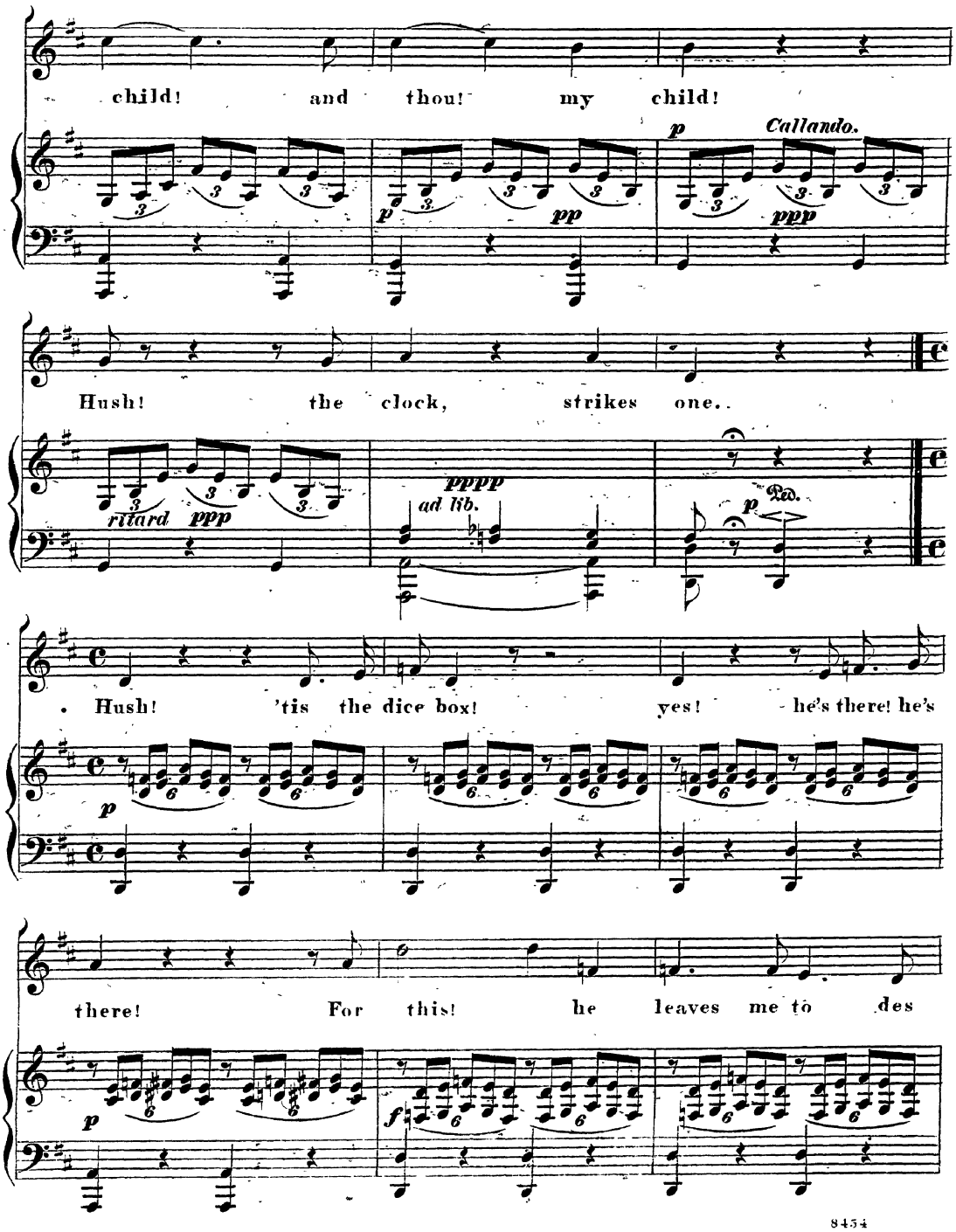

pp
f
f
f
3
p
f
p
f
p
f
p

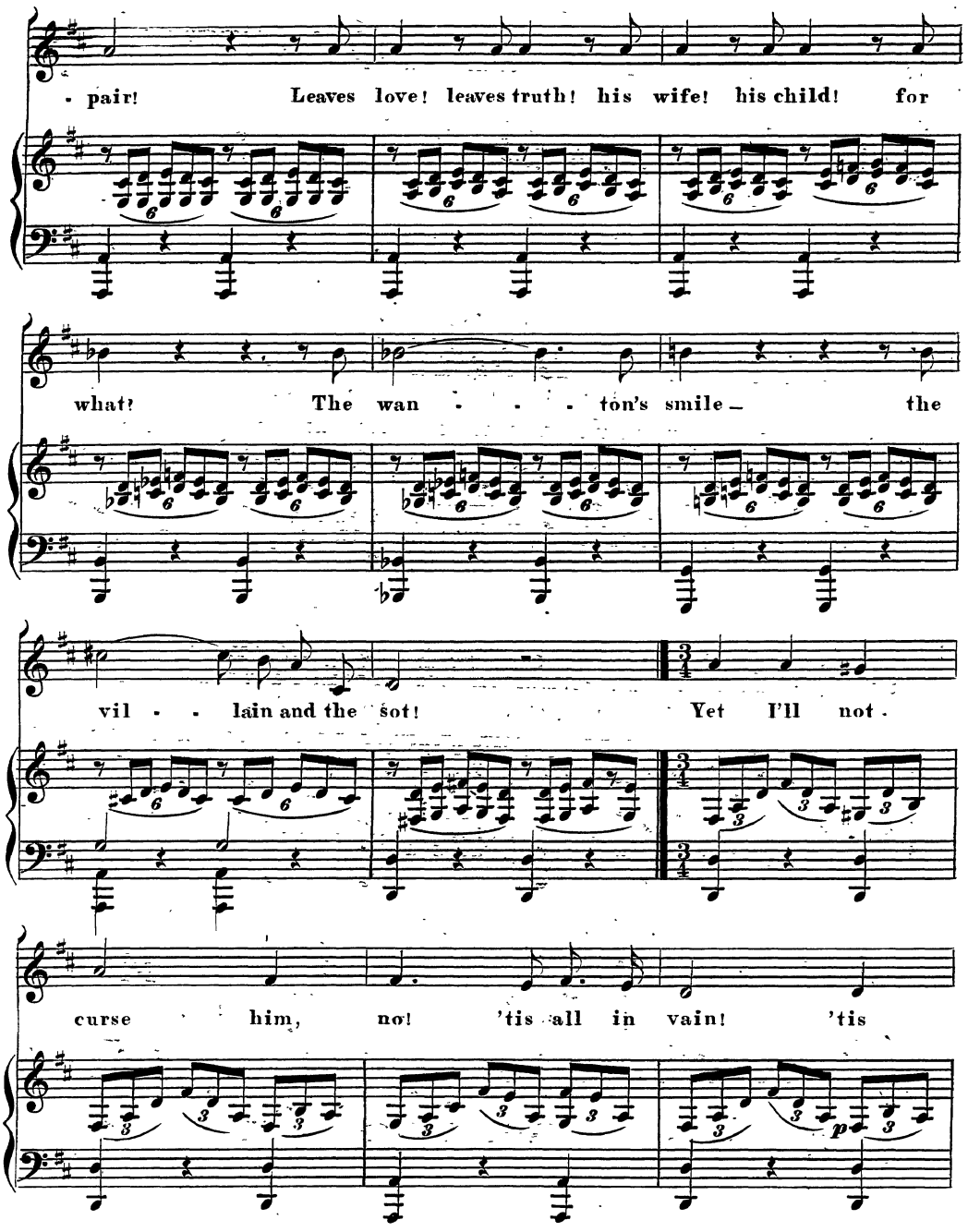

ff
p
pp
Ca - lan
do.
ppp
Dark is the night! how dark! no light! no fire!
f
p

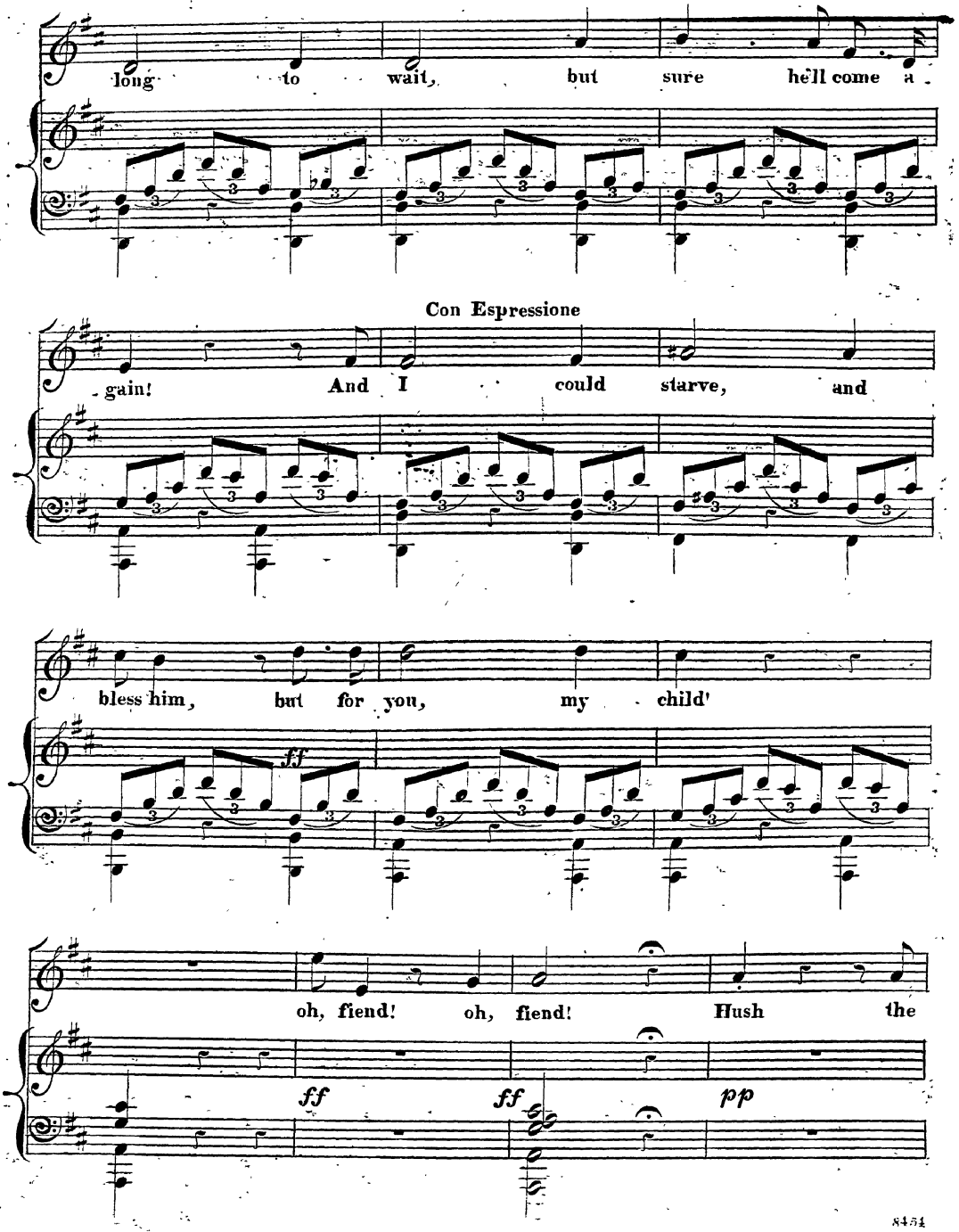

ad lib.
Cold, on the earth, the last faint spark ex - pire!
Shiv'ring she watches by the cra - dle side For him who pledged her
love last year a Bride!
pp
pp

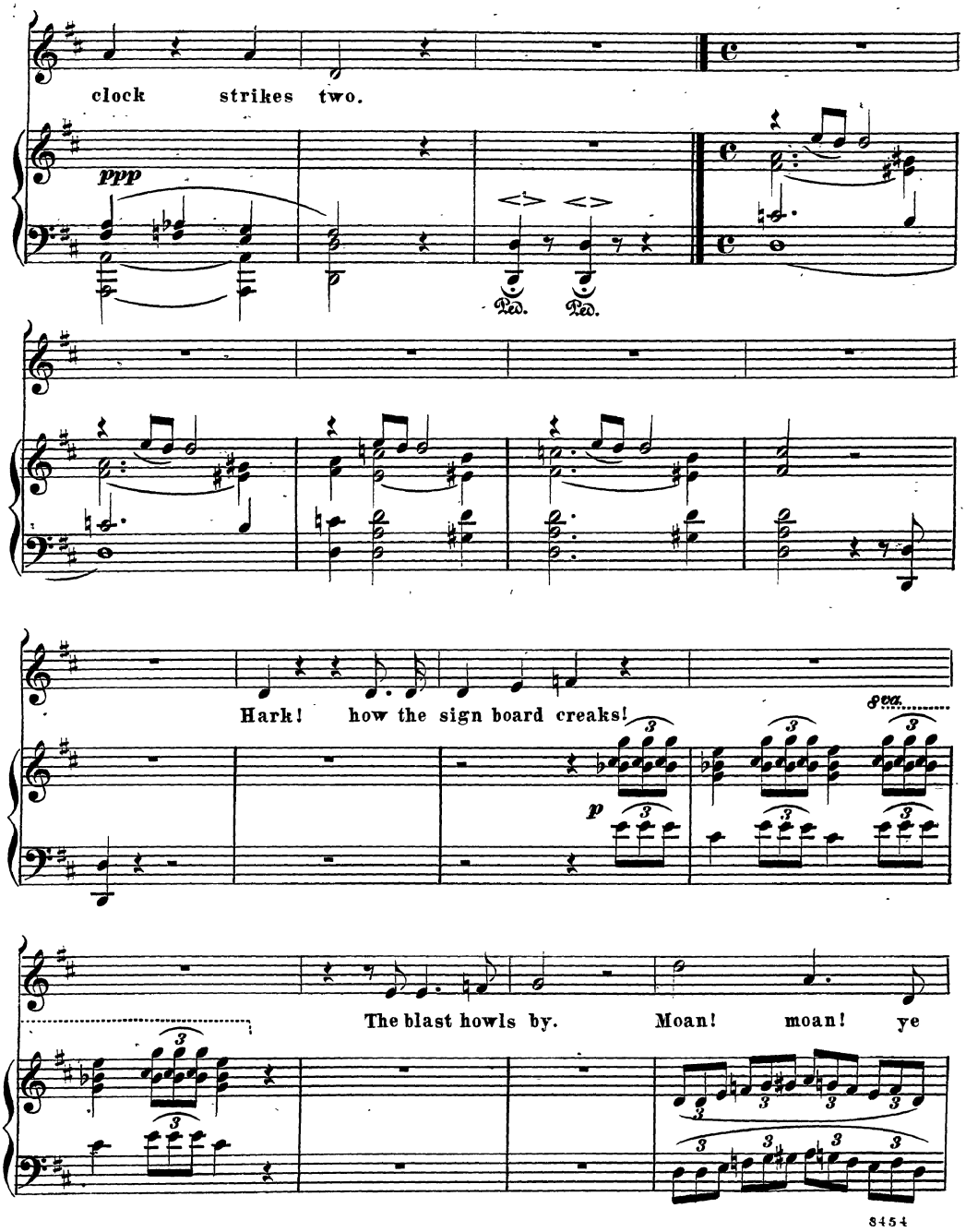

Hark! – 'tis his footsteps! No! – 'tis past, 'tis
p
gone! Tic! tic! how wea - ri-ly the time rolls on.
ad lib.
Why should he leave me thus? he once was kind! And I believed 'twould last!
Tempo, con anima.
Oh! how mad how blind! Rest thee, my babe! rest
pp
p
8454

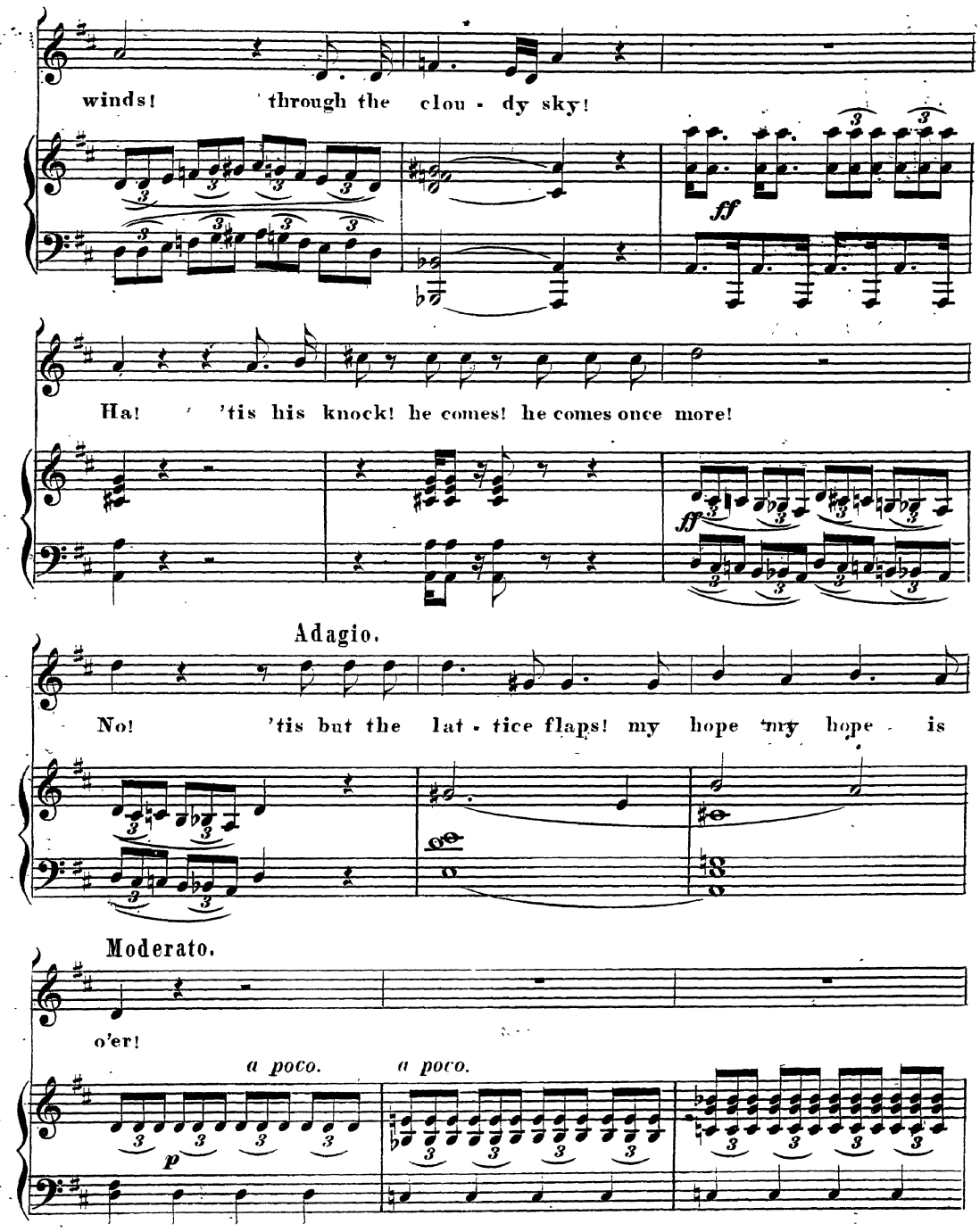

on! 'tis hunger's cry! sleep! for there's no
food! the font, the font is dry!
Poco agitato
Fam - ine and cold their wear - ing work have
done. My heart must break! and thou! my
ff

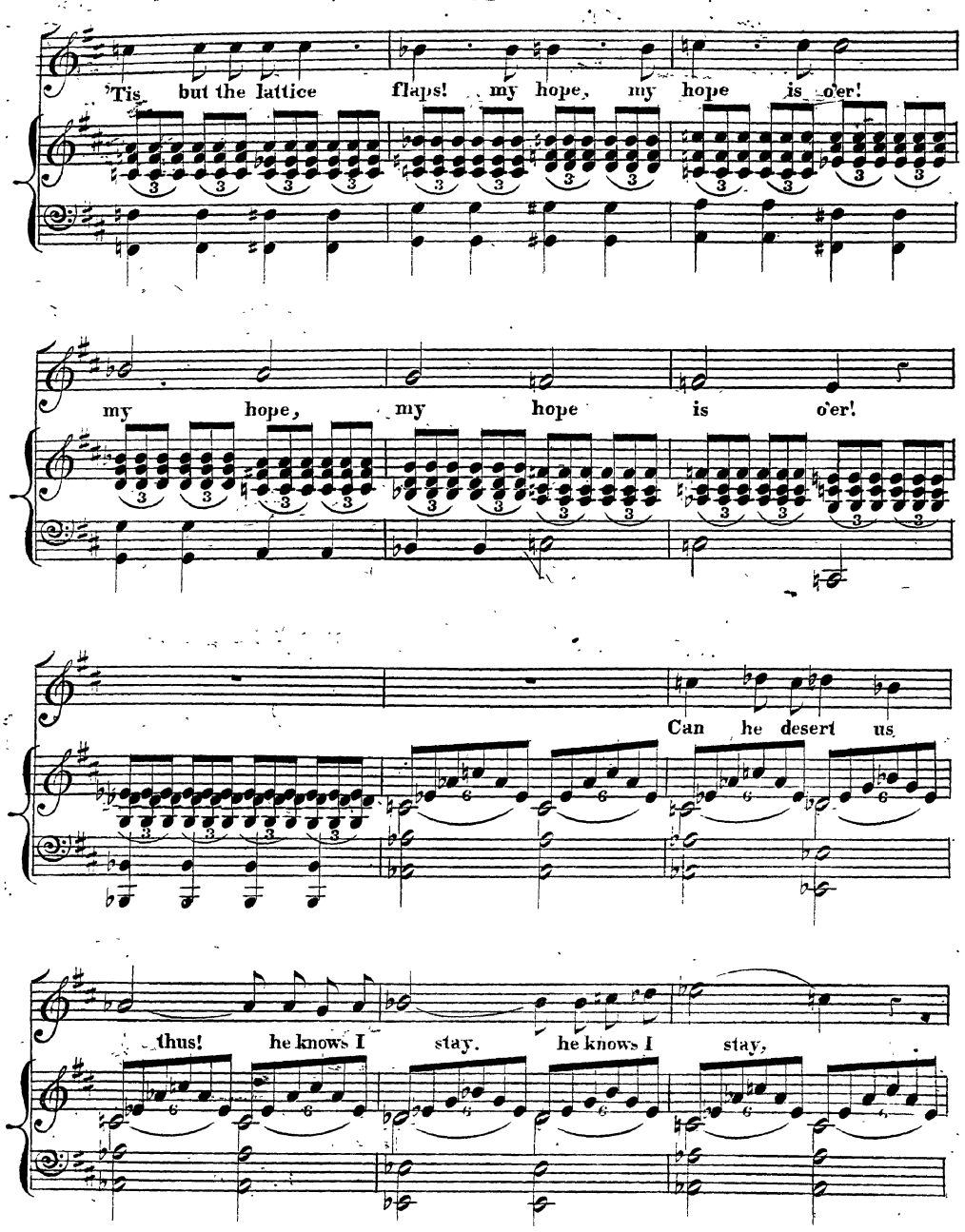

child! and thou! my child!
p
Callando.
pp
ppp
Hush! the clock, strikes one..
ritard
ppp
pppp
ad lib.
p
Ped.
. Hush! 'tis the dice box! yes! he's there! he's
p
there! For this! he leaves me to des
p
f

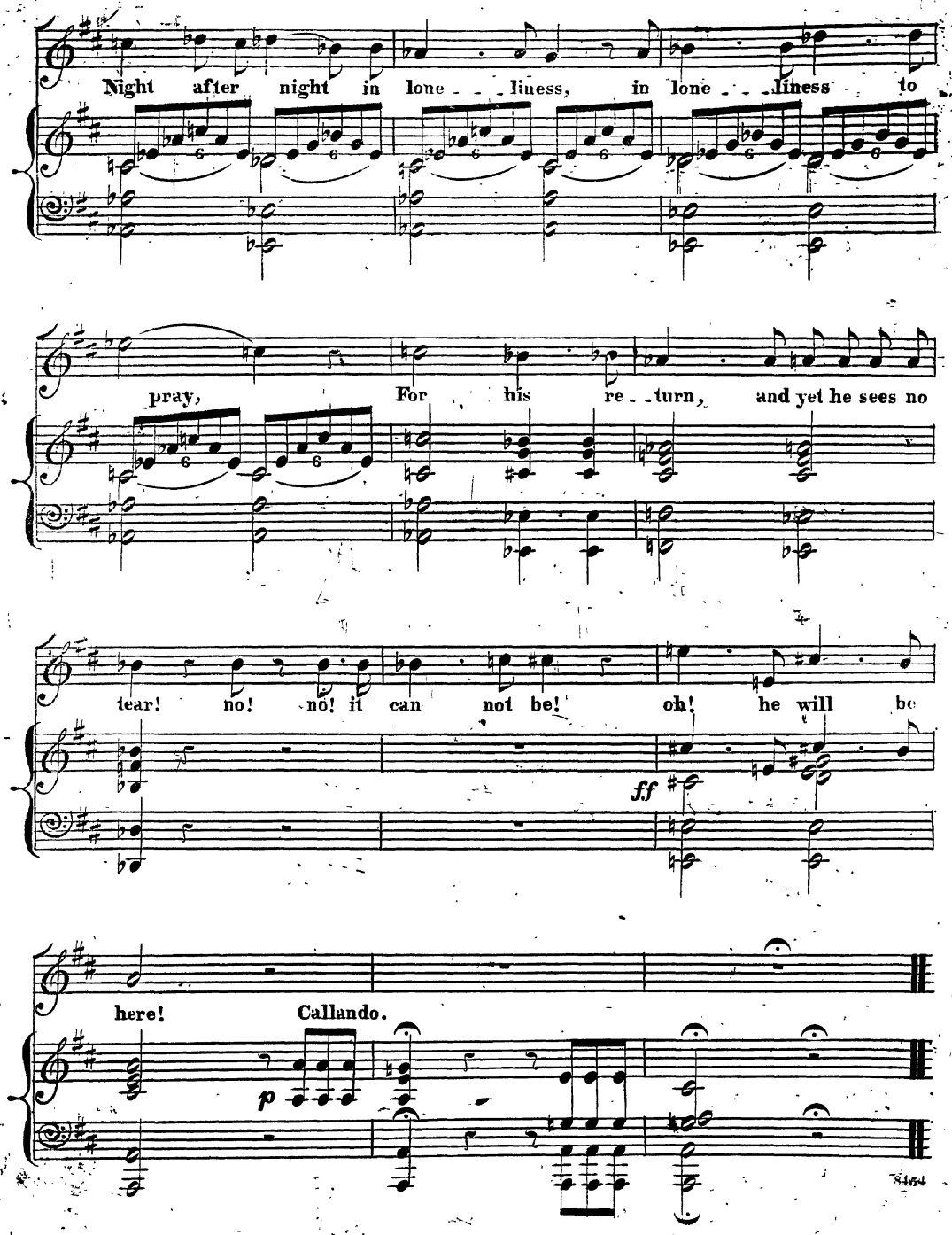

- pair! Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for
what! The wan - - - ton's smile — the
vil - - lain and the sot! Yet I'll not.
curse him, no! 'tis all in vain! 'tis
p

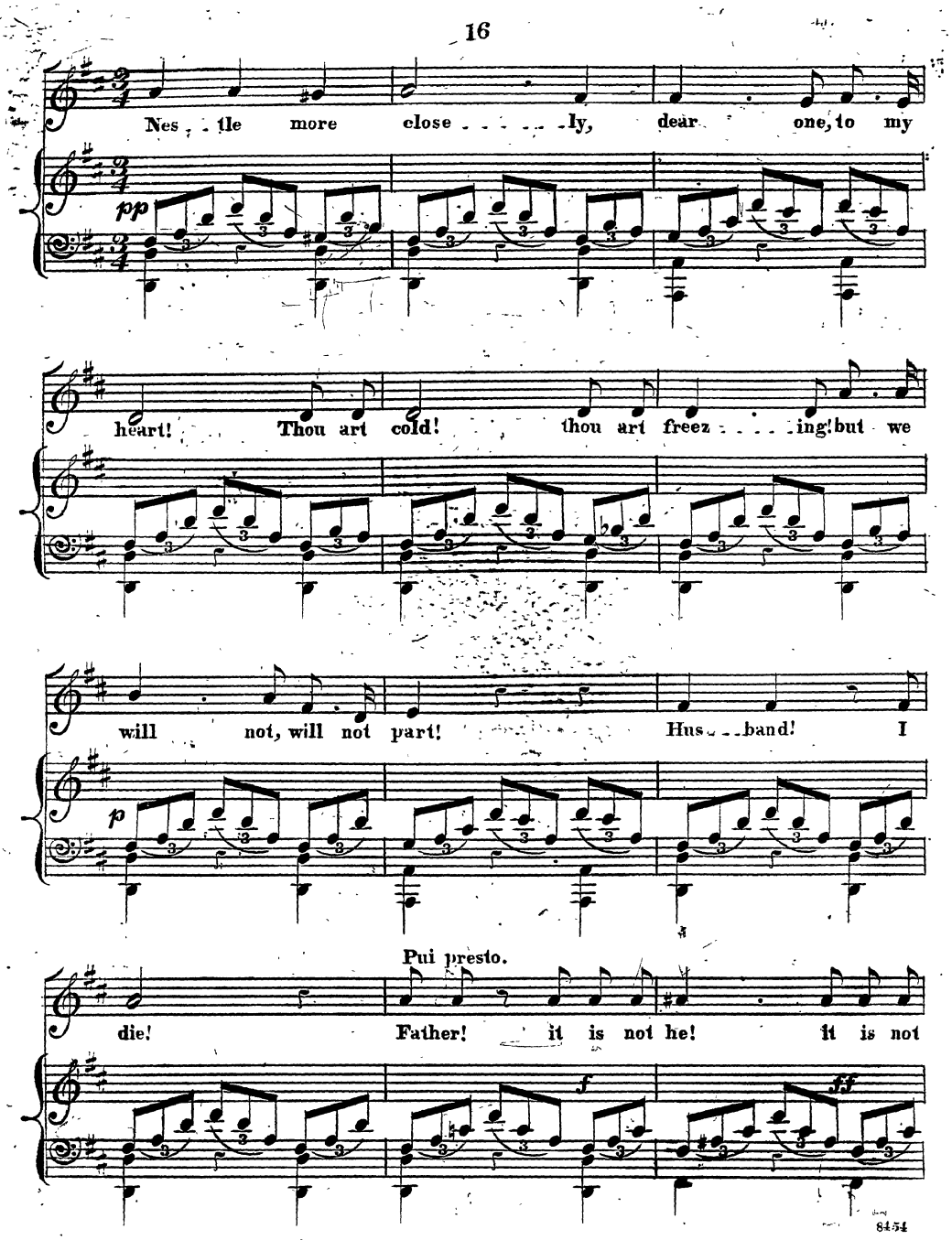

long to wait, but sure he'll come a -
Con Espressione
-gain! And I could starve, and
bless him, but for you, my child'
ff
oh, fiend! oh, fiend! Hush the
ff
ff
pp

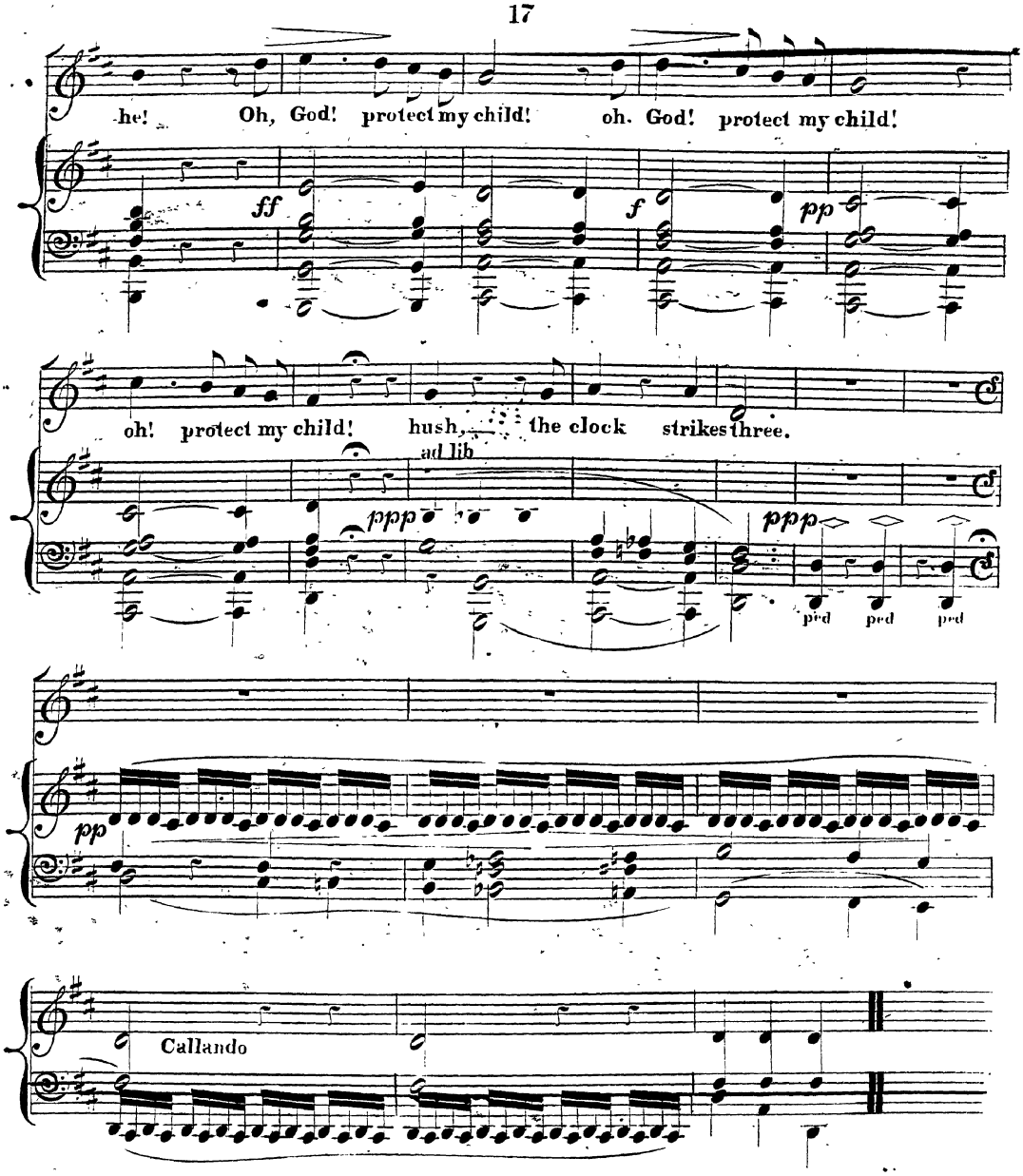

clock strikes two.
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
Hark! how the sign board creaks!
8va.
p
The blast howls by. Moan! moan! ye


winds! 'through the clou - dy sky!
ff
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!
ff
Adagio.
No! 'tis but the lat - tice flaps! my hope my hope is
Moderato.
o'er!
a poco.
a poco.
p


'Tis but the lattice flaps! my hope, my hope is o'er!
my hope, my hope is o'er!
Can he desert us
thus! he knows I stay. he knows I stay,


Night after night in lone - - liness, in lone - - liness to
pray, For his re - turn, and yet he sees no
tear! no! no! it can not be! oh! he will be
ff
here!
Callando.
p


Nes - tle more close - - - - - ly, dear one, to my
pp
heart! Thou art cold! thou art freez - - - - - ing! but we
will not, will not part! Hus - - - band! I
p
Pui presto.
die! Father! it is not he! It is not
f
ff



They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are number'd with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last — but all was o'er
Dread silence reign'd around — the clock struck four!