

The spirit fiend is with me now,  
 I see him through the gloom ;  
 I hear him laugh exultingly  
 Over his victim's doom !

I know 'tis the drink that's killing me,  
 But I must drink again ;  
 For only when I have it not,  
 I feel this burning pain !

Drink, give me drink ; quick, quick, I say ;  
 Oh, I must have it now !  
 May, will you come, and lay your hand  
 Over my throbbing brow !

Here comes that awful fiend again ;  
 I feel his scorching breath,  
 Closer and closer yet he comes,  
 To close my eyes in death.