EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY

WRITTEN & DEDICATED TO THE CONGRESS OF THE U.S.

BY

JESSE HUTCHINSON JR.

AS SONG IN ALL THE CONCERTS OF THE

Hutchinson Family

and

J.J. HUTCHINSON.

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EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY.

At Washington, full once a year do politicians throng Cont-

ivating there by various arts to make their sessions long; And many a reason

do they give why they're obliged to stay, But the clearest reason yet adduced is

1880
Eight dollars a day.

Just go with me to the Capitol, if you really would behold -
All that imagination craves, and more than e'er was told;
D'yee see the City av'nue swarms with members grave and gay
And what d'yee s'pose they're thinking off 'tis Eight dollars a day.

There is an axiom known to all and rather old given
For 'tis a common household phrase and very often seen;
That those who're fools enough to dance the fiddler too must pay
So Congress fiddles us the tune—of Eight dollars a day.

All Washington now is wide awake, and all the big hotels
Are fill'd with Representatives, and of how liquor sells;
It cannot well be otherwise for think you men will play
The National tune without their grog—of Eight dollars a day.

A startling scene will now be play'd before the gazing world
For from the nation's Capitol her banner is unfurl'd;
The Congress men are trudging on, each in his chosen way
And all keep time to the glorious tune of Eight dollars a day.

Now to the Senate chamber first, then to the House we'll go
And learn a lesson while we may of patriotic throe;
The roll is called and quorum form'd when the Chaplains rise to pray
And then the National work begins at Eight dollars a day.

Then every member takes his seat in the velvet chair of state
Thinking that in his dignity's embodied the nation's fate;
A flaming speech is made by one when the call is yea or nay
But all are agreed when the question comes of Eight dollars a day.

And next in the order of the day comes the mad cry of war,
While very few of the longest heads can hardly tell what's for
But 'War exists' all parties cry and th'enemy we must slay
So Congress backs the President—at Eight dollars a day.
NINTH VERSE.

Then the cry of war runs through the land for Volunteers to go, And

fight in the war for slavery on the plains of Mexico; Seven dollars a month and to be

shot at that is the common soldiers pay While those who send the poor fellows there get

Eight dollars a day.

This Verse is sung to the music of the first verse.

Thus ring our Legislative halls from year to year the same
Tariffs and Banks and Treasury acts and glorious deeds of fame;
Our country's great and rich withal, and must be taxed to pay
And Uncle Sam must foot the bills at Eight dollars a day.
But a day of reckoning's coming on be-hold the gathering storm For the

People are the Sovereigns yet, and they demand re-form; From North and South the

shout is heard and Congress must ob-yey Or quit their seats for bet-ter men, at

Eight dollars a day.