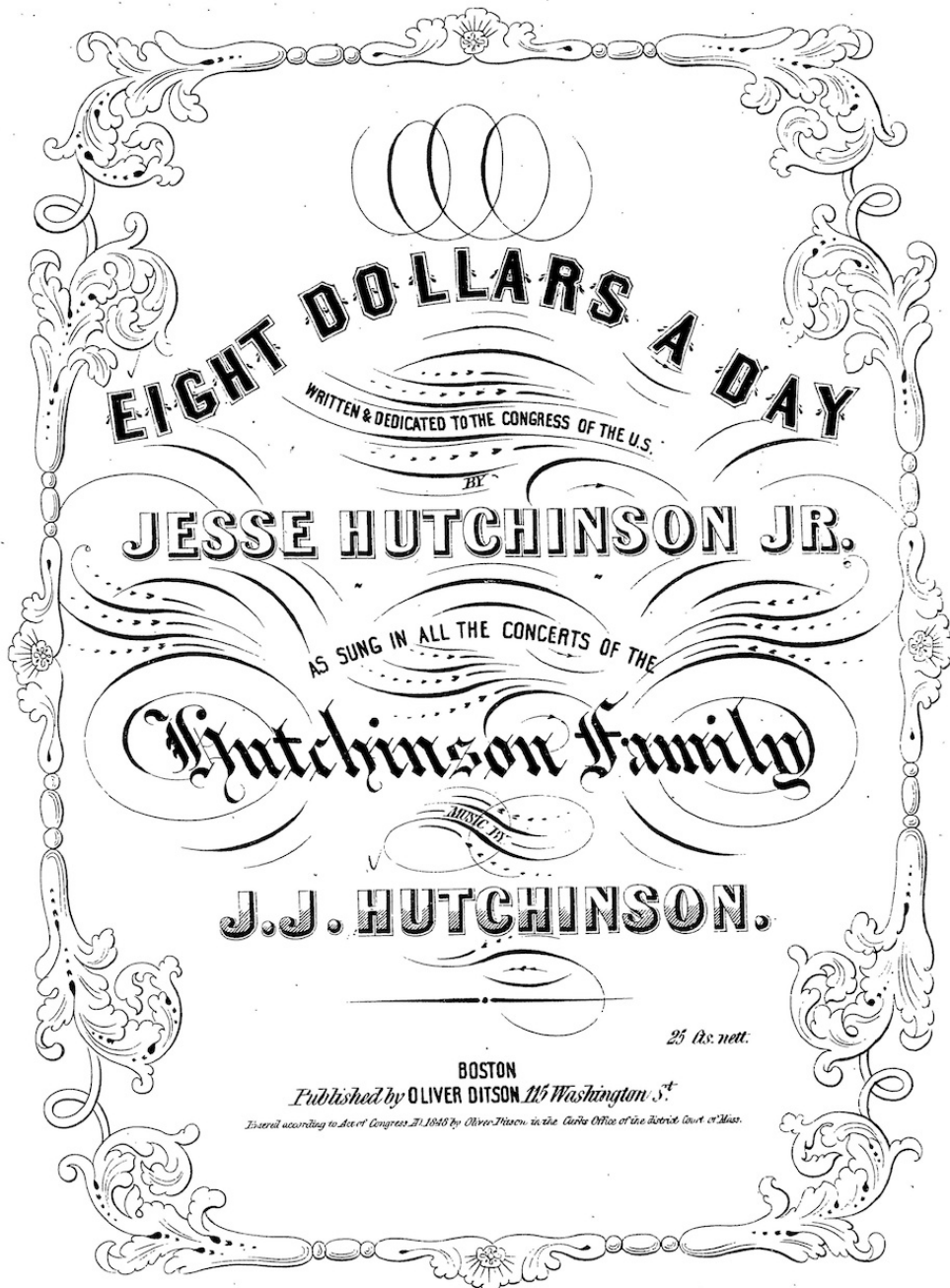


(Deposited Oct. 3<sup>d</sup>. 1848.  
Recorded Vol. 23. P. 479.)



**EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY**

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

BY

**JESSE HUTCHINSON JR.**

AS SUNG IN ALL THE CONCERTS OF THE

**Hutchinson Family**

MUSIC BY

**J.J. HUTCHINSON.**

25 Cts. nett.

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1845 by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

## EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

The vocal melody begins on the second line of music. The lyrics are: "At Washington, full once a year do pol-i-ti-cians throng Con-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and provides harmonic support for the vocal melody.

The third line of music continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "triving there by various arts to make their sessions long; And many a reason". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

The fourth line of music concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics: "do they give why they're obliged to stay, But the clearest reason yet adduced is". The piano accompaniment continues to the end of the page.

At Washington, full once a year do pol-i-ti-cians throng Con-  
triving 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





2

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

3

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.

4

All Washington now is wide awake, and all the big hotels  
Are fill'd with Representatives, and O! 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.

5

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.

6

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.

7

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.

8

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.



4 NINTH VERSE.

Then the cry of war runs through the land for Vol-unteers to go, And

*Tremolo.*

fight in the war for slavery on the plains of Mexi-co; 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.

10

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.

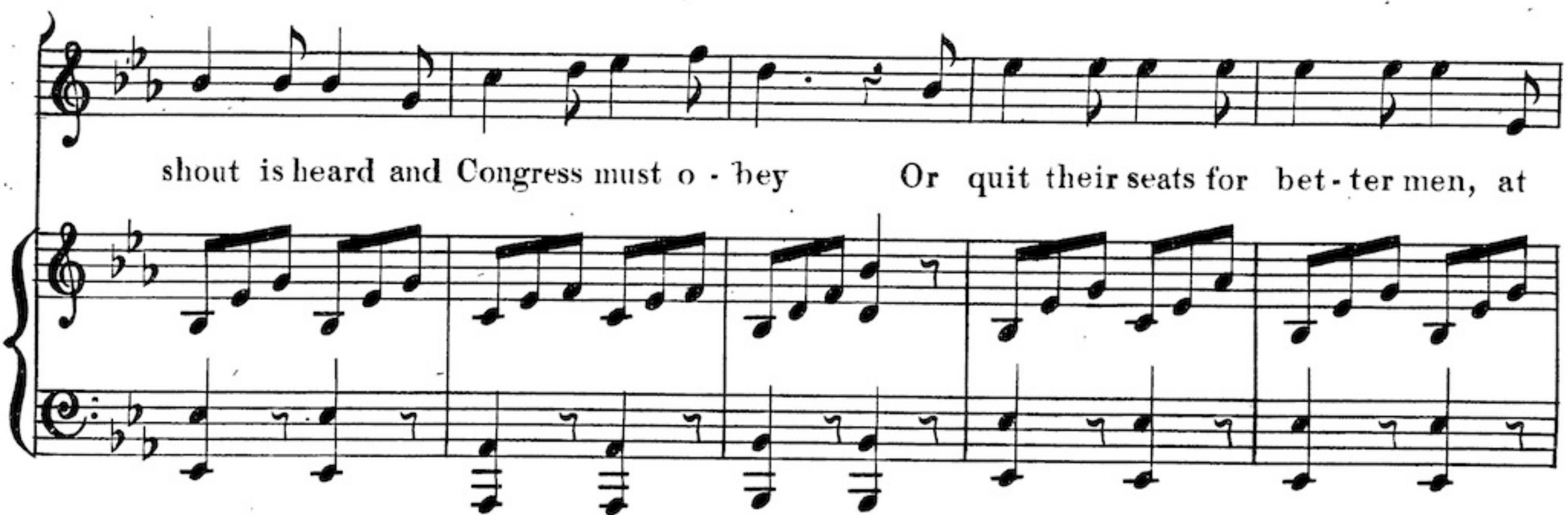




But a day of reckonings coming on be - hold the gath'ring storm For the



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



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



Eight dollars a day.