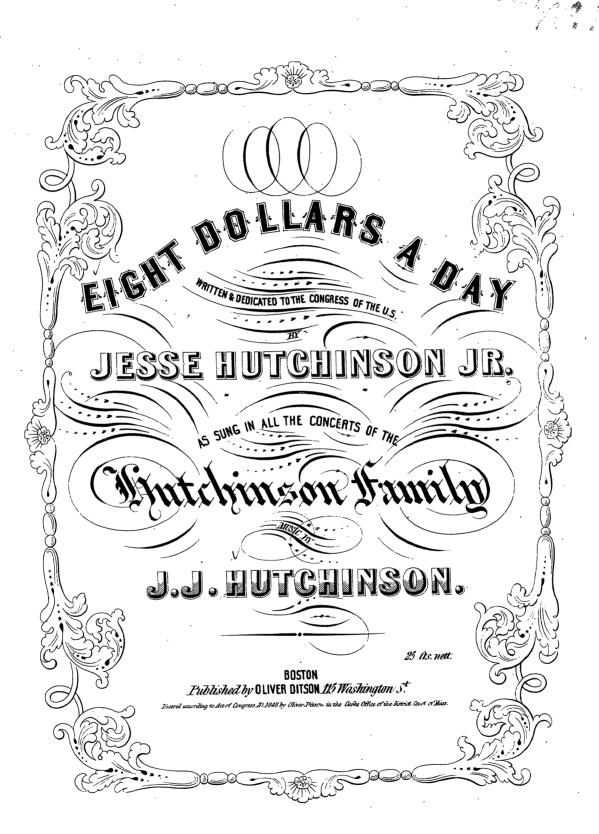
Deposite a Oct. 3.1848. \\
Recorded Vol. 23. IP. 479.







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 of! '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.

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.

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.



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.



