

# FIFTY CENTS A DAY.

## I.

I am an humble soldier,  
Far from my friends and home ;  
Mid scenes of war and hardships  
I constantly must roam ;  
With many officers over me,  
And them I must obey,  
And do just what they tell me,  
For fifty cents a day.

## II.

I enlisted in the army  
To help my country's cause,  
Because I loved it dearly,  
And would sustain its laws ;  
I felt a freeman's duty,  
His country to obey ;  
I came not as a hireling,  
For fifty cents a day.

## III.

I enlisted as a soldier,  
A freeman and a man,  
To do a soldier's duty,  
As best a soldier can ;  
I hope to fight the rebels,  
And hate this long delay ;  
I came to help my country,  
Not for fifty cents a day.

## IV.

I now must yield to hardships,  
In cold, in storm and rain ;  
Perchance with scanty rations,  
Not even then complain ;  
The right of seeking com'ot,  
Long since I signed away ;  
My life I am slowly losing,  
For fifty cents a day.

## V.

Who sent the soldier to the field,  
To try his willing hand,  
With promises so plentiful,  
Of treatment like a man ?  
'Twas those who, in two days,  
Received a larger pay  
Than does the soldier in a month,  
At fifty cents a day.

## VI.

Who promised to the soldier,  
His wrongs should be redressed,  
If tyranny or officers  
Should dare his right oppress ?

Alas ! the sword may smite him,  
Or kicked around he may be,  
He finds his only re-ress  
Is fifty cents a day.

## VII.

Who promised to the soldier,  
If sickness should appear,  
Good doctors and kind nurses  
Was ready and was near,  
To aid him in his feebleness  
As quick as though his pay  
Was ten times as much  
As fifty cents a day ?

## VIII.

'Twas those who wear the shoulder straps  
With haughty air of grace,  
Who look upon the soldier  
Below the negro race ;  
Who think a soldier's duty  
Is only to obey  
His lordship, and be content  
With fifty cents a day.

## IX.

How oft I've seen the soldier,  
Near tottering to the ground,  
Seek vainly for some friendly aid,  
When it could ne'er be found,  
When told he was not ailing,  
To go and take his way,  
One week would end his suffering,  
And fifty cents a day.

## X.

Now, how many of these officers  
Would be here where they are,  
If forced to live like soldiers,  
And take a soldier's fare ?  
How few would take the treatment,  
Even with their liberal pay,  
Along the pier pitance  
Of fifty cents a day.

## XI.

Cheer up, my gallant soldiers,  
Be cheerful, gay, and smile ;  
We'll do the fighting now,  
And the voting after a while ;  
And then we'll show oppressors  
That they may feel dismay,  
Who treated us as *serviles*,  
At fifty cents a day.