

# Thirty Cents a Day!

♩ = 100

2 3 4 *f*

In a  
From  
By the  
She  
Too

5 6

*mf*

dim - light - ed cham - ber a dy - ing mai - den lay; The  
ear - li - est child - hood, she'd toiled to win her bread; In  
rich, she wastempt - ed to eat the bread of shame, But her  
cried in her fe - ver, "I pray you let me go For my  
late, Chris - tian la - dies! You can - not save her now. She

7 8

tide of her puls - es was ebb - ing fast a - way; In the  
hun - ger and rags, oft she wished that she were dead; She knew  
moth - er dear had taught her to val - ue her good name; Mid  
work is yet to fin - ish: I can - not leave it so. The  
breathes out her life: see the death - damp on her brow. Full

flush of her youth, she was worn with toil and care, And star -  
naught of life's joys or the plea - sures wealth can bring Or the  
want and star - va - tion, she waved temp - ta - tion by; As she  
fore - man will curse me and dock my scan - ty pay. I am  
soon she'll be sleep - ing be - neath the church - yard clay While you

va - tion showed its tra - ces on the fea - tures once so fair.  
glo - ry of the wood - land in the mer - ry days of spring.  
would not sell her hon - or, she in pov - er - ty must die.  
starv - ing a - mid plen - ty up - on thir - ty cents a day."  
smile on those who killed her with thir - ty cents a day.

*mf* No more the work - bell calls the wea - ry one.  
*mp*

15 16

Rest, tired wage slave, in your grave un-known. Your

17 18

feet will no more tread life's thorn-y, rug-ged way. They have

19

murdered you by inch-es Up-on thir-ty cents a day! thir-ty cents a day!