

Bell. W. Booth

THE LOW BACK'D CAR,

A

CHARACTERISTIC

Irish Song!

AS GIVEN BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS

Irish Evenings.

Written and Composed

by

Samuel Lober.

Pr 25¢ Nett.

NEW YORK. Published by FIRTH & HALL, N^o 1 Franklin Sq.
and FIRTH HALL & POND 239 Broadway.

Entered according to Act of Congress on the 1st day of Dec^r 1846 by Firth & Hall in the Clerk's Office of the Dist^{ct} Court of the Southth Dis^{tr} of New York.

THE LOW BACKED CAR.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

LIVELY BUT NOT TOO FAST.

When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A
Low-backed car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But

when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No

flow'r was there That could compare To the bloom-ing girl I sing. As she

sat in her low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike bar, Never

ask'd for the toll But just rubb'd his owld poll, And look'd after the low-backed car!

RALL: TEMPO. RALL: AD LIB:

Colla Voce.

2nd VERSE.

In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and migh-ty Mars With

hos-tile scythes de-mands his thythes Of Death, in war-like cars! But

Peg-gy peace-ful god-dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That

knock men down, In the mar-ket town, As right and left they fly! While she

sits in her low-backed car, Than battle more dan-g'rous far, For the

doc-tor's art Cannot cure the heart That is hit from that low-backed

RALL: *TEMPO.* *RALL AD LIB:*

Colla Voce. *Colla Voce.*

car.

3
Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage,
I do engage
Of the blooming God of Love.
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come, near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
While she sits in her low-backed car!

4
I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,*
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst† me,
On a cushion, made with taste,
While Peggy would be beside me
With my arm around her waist.
As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher.
Oh my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.

* Plenty. † Before