

LOW BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a Market Day,
A low Back'd Car she drove and sat,
Upon a tuft of hay,
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of Spring,
No flowers were there, that could compare
With the lovely girl I sing.
As she sat in that Low Back'd Car,
The man at the Turnpike bar,
Good natured old soul,
Never asked for his toll,
But looked after that low Back'd Car.

In battles wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tythes,
Of death in warlike sears,
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knocks men down, in the Market Town,
As right and left they fly;
As she sits in that Low Back'd Car,
The battle more dangerous far.
For the doctor's art cannot heal the smart,
That is hit from the Low Back'd Car.

Sweet Peggy round her Car, sir's,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far out number these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth a cage, I do engage,
With the blooming god of love.
As she sat in her Low Back'd Car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chickens, that Peggy is picking,
As she sits in her Low Back'd Car.

I'd rather own that Car, sir's,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
With a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
As we rode in that Low Back'd Car,
To be married by Father Magar,
Oh my heart would beat high,
At each glance of her eye,
As we rode in her Low Back'd Car.

T. M. Seroggy, Publisher, 443 Vine st. below 13th.
Where all the new songs can be obtained, wholesale & retail.