

The Low-back'd Car - song lyrics

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THE 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 truss of hay.
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of Spring,
No flowers were there that could compare
With the lovely girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar,
Good-natured old soul, never ask'd for his toll,
But look'd after the low-back'd car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes
Of death in warlike scars;
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly,
As she sits in the low-back'd car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-back'd car.

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.
As she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come from afar
And envy the chickens that Peggy is picking,
As she rides in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
With a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit forinst 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 the low-back'd car.