



The low-back'd car.

Lover, Samuel, 1797-1868; Lover, Samuel, 1797-1868
London, UK: Duff and Hodgson, No. 65 Oxford Street, 1846

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THE LOW-BACKED CAR!

SUNG BY

THE AUTHOR

IN HIS

IRISH EVENINGS;

ALSO BY

MR. BUCKLAND, MR. GENGE, MR. HUDSON, MR. LEFFLER, &c.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.

ENT. AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

London:

DUFF AND HODGSON, No. 65, OXFORD STREET.

WHERE MAY BE HAD THE SONGS IN MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS:

WHISPER LOW	2/6	BOWLD SOJER BOY.....	2/6
THE PILGRIM HARPER	2/6	WIDOW MACHREE.....	2/6
SALLY.....	2/6	RORY O'MORE	2/.
THE ROAD OF LIFE	2/6	MOTHER, HE IS GOING AWAY	2/6
THE CHAIN OF GOLD	2/6	WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?.....	2/6
WHEN THE FEAST WAS IN THE HALL	2/6	FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET	2/6
		&c. &c.	

MUSICAL INDEX OF NEW & POPULAR SONGS,

Published by

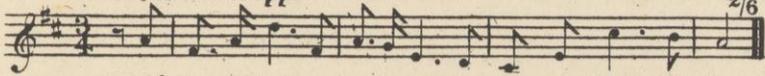
DUFF & HODGSON, 20, OXFORD ST., & 51, HANWAY ST. W.

CHARACTERISTIC SONGS.

ENGLAND. THE HAPPY VILLAGE ROSE.*

Andante non troppo.

S. GLOVER. 2/6

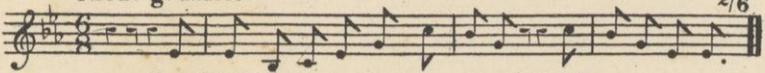


Oh! give me back my early days. For they were bright tho' few.

IRELAND. KATHLEEN AND THE SWALLOWS.*

Mod.^o grazioso.

S. LOVER. 2/6



Sweet Kathleen, bewitching young charmer, look'd cautiously round

SCOTLAND. MY JAMIE IS A FISHERMAN.*

Allegretto

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL. 2/6



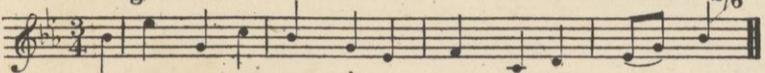
My Jamie is a fisher-man Wha bold-ly gangs to sea.

WALES.

WINNIE WINN.*

Allegretto.

MORGAN JONES. 2/6



My name's Winnie Winn, I'm the pride of the mountain

BRIGHT DAYS WILL COME AGAIN.

Moderato.

JOHN MORGAN. 2/6

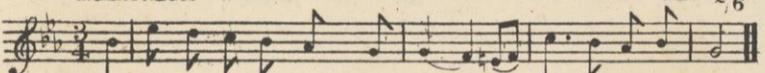


Oh! do not grieve though now we part, Let hope thy heart sustain

A. MOTHER'S GENTLE LOVE. (Posthumous Ballad)

Moderato.

A. LEE. 2/6

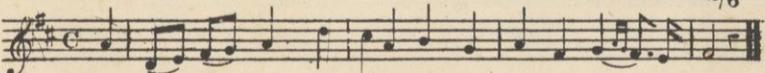


The flowers of the earth are fair, Of varied tint and hue

THE STEEL CLAD SHIPS OF ENGLAND.*

Maestoso.

W. WINN. 2/6



The steel clad ships of England Now gather on... the main

IT WAS A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

Andante.

E. L. HIME. 2/6



It was a song of other days From stranger lips it fell

SWEET VALE OF MY CHILDHOOD*

Poco Allegretto Affettuoso.

S. NELSON. 2/6



I see once a-gain, the sweet vale of my childhood

I COULD NEVER BE HAPPY ALONE.

Moderato.

S. GLOVER. 2/6



I never was one of those prudish young things And I hope that I never shall be

HOW SWEET THE LAY.

Espressione.

WALTER HAY. 2/6



How sweet the lay you sung to me... In summer hours of yore

THE FRIENDS OF OLD.

Moderato cantabile.

J. W. HOBBS. 2/6

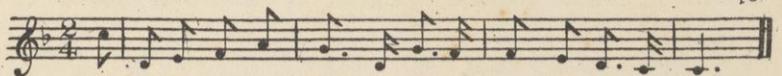


Sing me the old fa-mi-liar song, The well re-member'd strain

THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE.

Moderato.

FRANZ ABT. 2/0

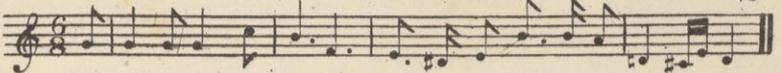


The golden sunshine sheds its ray To cheer the fleeting hours

THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING.

Andantino con moto (Sung by Madlle Titiens)

FRANZ ABT. 2/6

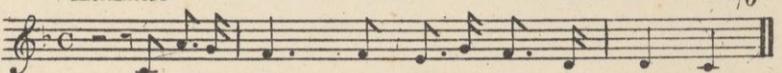


The nightingales are singing, Leaflets are dancing to mu-sics spell

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

Andante

FRANZ ABT. 2/0

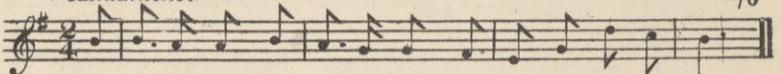


A-mid the grove when nightingales are sing-ing;

GOOD NIGHT MY LOVE GOOD-NIGHT.

Andantino.

FRANZ ABT. 2/0

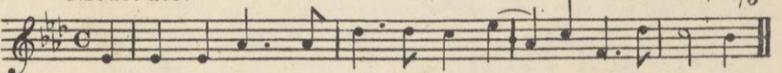


The radiant stars are beaming bright, The moonshin soft and clear

SUNDAY.

Moderato.

FRANZ ABT. 2/0

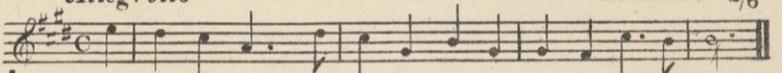


The soothing sound of distant bells up-on the ear is stealing

FOR BRIGHTER DAYS PREPARE.

Allegretto

ARABELLA. 2/6



Tho' fortune frowns up-on thee now, Let not thy heart dis-pair

YES I LOVE THEE.

Andante affettuoso.

By the Author of "Will you love me then as now?" 2/6



Yes! I loveth thee tho'a-nother owns the heart that once was mine

HE'S THE MAN FOR ME.

Maestoso.

J. W. HOBBS. 2/0



Give me the man who is kind to his neighbour I care nothow humble or

THE HEART'S DREAM.

Andante.

HENRY SMART. 2/6



I lin-ger on the well-known spot

THE LAUGHING MORN.

Allegro con anima.

MEYERBEER. 2/0

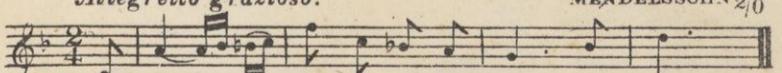


The laughing morn with sil'ry light awakes her gladdning song

A JOYOUS STRAIN OF SWEETEST MELODY.

Allegretto grazioso.

MEYERBEER. 2/0



A joy-ous strain of sweetest me-lo-dy

WHY DO YOU BRING THIS GEM TO ME.

Andante ma non troppo.

By the Author of "Will you love me then as now?" 2/6



Why do you bring this gem to me, Stranger from o-ther climes?

N.B. All those marked with asterisks have elegant illustrated Titles.

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

VOICE.

PIANO -
FORTE.

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice part is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. It contains three measures of whole rests. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes with slurs, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. The voice part remains a whole rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and rhythmic patterns as the first system, showing some dynamics and articulation marks.

The third system concludes the piece. The voice part is still a whole rest. The piano accompaniment features a final melodic phrase in the right hand and a corresponding bass line in the left hand, ending with a fermata.

When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar- ket

day, A low-back'd car she drove, And sat up--on a truss of

hay; But when that hay was blooming grass And deck'd with flow'rs of

spring No flow'r was there that could compare With the blooming girl I

sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car, The

Colla voce.

man at the turn---pike bar, Nev-er ask'd for the toll but just

Rallentando. *Rall: ad lib:*

rubbd his old poll, And look'd af-ter the low-backd car.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR!

I.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of Spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car—
The man at the turnpike bar—
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

II.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands the tithes
Of death, in war-like cars;
While Peggy, peaceful Goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down, in the market-town,
As right and left they fly—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car.

III.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
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 the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love,
While she sits in the low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'—
As she sits in the low-backed car.

IV.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and goold galore
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit fornenst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist.
While 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,
Though it beat in a low-backed car!