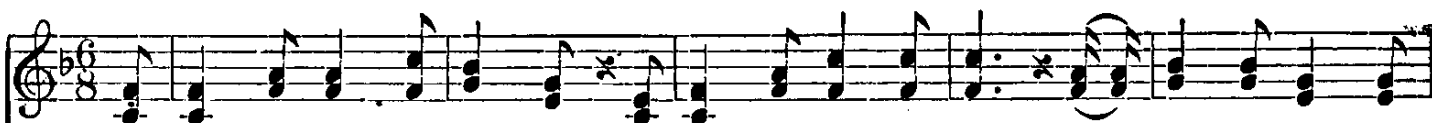


# The Low-Backed Car

SAMUEL LOVER



1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-back'd car she
2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With hos-tile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



drove, and sot Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And  
mands his tithes Of death, In war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has  
slaugh - ters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just  
gold ga-lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la-dy would sit for - ninst me, On a



deck'd with flowers of spring, No flow'r was there that would com-pare With the blooming girl I  
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket-town, As right and left they  
like a tur-tle dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of  
cush-ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be-side me With my arm around her



sing, As she sat in her low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er  
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car,—Than bat-tles more dan-gerous far, For the  
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far And  
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be mar-ried by Fa-ther Mab'r O, my



*rall.* *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

ask'd for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.  
 do: - tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.  
 en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-back'd car.  
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from  
 2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be  
 3. The mil - ler smiled and doff'd his cap: "I earn my bread" quoth he; "I love my wife, I  
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while, "Farewell! and happy be; But say no more, if

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For -  
 light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With  
 love my friend, I love my chil-dren three. I owe no debt I can - not pay, I  
 thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy

ev - er used to be, "I en - vy no one, no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"  
 voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be-side the riv - er Dee?"  
 thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"  
 mill my king-dom's feel! Such men as thou are Eng-land's boast, O mil-ler of the Dee!"