

ATTEMPTED SUPPRESSION OF
TIPTREE FAIR AND RACES,
FORTY YEARS AGO.

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SONG.

[About forty years ago, several attempts were made by interested parties to suppress Tiptree Fair and Races altogether; and, on one of these occasions, the conduct of a respectable individual, long since deceased, who resided near the fair-ground, was so offensive to the frequenters of Tiptree, as to give rise to the following Song of six stanzas, which became very popular in the neighbourhood among the humbler classes. The immodesty displayed in some parts of it forbids its being here reprinted entire.]

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COME, listen awhile, and my ditty now hear,  
'Tis of a proud farmer that lives very near;  
He hath a young wife, and a fine woman too,  
But ah! she is plagued \* \* \* \*

When he first came to TIPTREE, the Fair it did suit  
To get in his harvest without more dispute;  
The money was handy to pay off his men,  
Or, at the week's end, he must not be seen then.

If the Fair had consisted of none but the grand,  
He'd have bow'd and have scrap'd with his hat in his hand;  
But he saw many poor standing close by his gate,  
And these are the people the ——— doth hate.

Tho' he's took the *King's* daughter and made her his wife,  
She ne'er can enjoy the sweet pleasure of life;  
For he is but a ———, do all that he can,  
And cannot perform "the Whole Duty of Man!"

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To wind-up my ditty,—all's true what I state,  
Such pleasure as this the young women hate;  
For they all love a kissing, I vow and declare,  
So—the deuce take the ——— who'd put by the Fair!