

TIPTREE RACES.



THE DAYS WHEN TIPTREE WAS OUR PRIDE.

AIR,—“The Days when we went Gipsying.”

IN the days when TIPTREE was our pride,
Some forty years ago,
All at Race-time in their “bettermost”
Were dress’d from top to toe.
We danced, and sung the jocund song,
Beneath the floral wreath,
And nought but mirth and jollity
Was seen upon the Heath.
And thus the Race-time e’er we pass’d—
E’en horses scarce knew *woe!*—
In the days when TIPTREE was our pride,
Some forty years ago.

Lads’ hearts were light—girls’ eyes were bright,
E’en nature’s self seem’d gay;
The tents their tempting shelter spread,
And “sweets” perfumed the way.
’Twas there we heard sweet music’s note
Sound sprightly through the air;
While every thing around seem’d form’d
To charm both beau and fair.
And thus the Race-time, &c.

We “tumbled” up to every Show,
With lass or wife so dear,
And wish’d *all* were Saint James’s Days,—
It were then a happy year.
We curst the Priory Squire outright,—
And may such subjects be
Our standing jest—all men’s beside,
And glory to TIPTREE!
And thus the Race-time, &c.

And when we yearly there again
Greet old familiar faces,
We’ll drink with both our heart and voice—
“Success to TIPTREE RACES!”
Long may they live, and o’er foes reign,
And by the “scrouging” show,
That they’re again what they were once—
The joy of high and low!
And e’er may all the Race-time pass—
No care to dull their brow—
As we did when TIPTREE was our pride,
Some forty years ago!