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TIPTREE RACES.

(Established Upwards of Two Centuries Ago!)



A SUMMONS

FOR ALL
LOVERS OF THE TURF AND GOOD
OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

"I SUMMON YE FROM SILENCE AND FROM SHADE!"

AIR,—*"Blue Bonnets over the Border."*

COME! COME!—be stirring, ye Sporting Boys!
Hither be moving—here show us your faces;
Come! Come! nor want any courting, Boys,—
Never desert famed old TIPTREE RACES!
But ever remember, pray,
When again 'tis St. James's Day,—
(Though full often *the weather* did prove but so-so)—
What joys you did owe to them,
When we used to go to them,
In the days of their glory, "a long time ago!"
COME! COME!

Come from your mansions, ye 'Squires and ye Ladies!
Come, each good Yeoman—each Mary and John!
Come to the Heath, in your best, on those gay days,
And partake of the pleasures still offer'd thereon!
There, while nothing perplexes,
Is e'er found for both sexes,—
All ages—all fancies—of joys such a store;
That the wish still increases—
(As Pats say in their leases)—
That old TIPTREE may flourish "for ever and more!"
COME! COME!

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