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CHELMSFORD.

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE RACE-GOERS.

IF THERE ARE SOME ASSES WOT WILL NOT GO!

A Parody.

AIR: "If I had a Donkey."

“Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more
cakes and ale?” —Shakespeare.

If there *are* some Asses wot will not go,
D’ye thin they’ll hinder *us*—no, no, no;
But to the RACES we’ll speed, d’ye see,
‘Cause we love their harmless revelry!

If now such saints enough are back'd,
They'll soon get their Agnew's Sabbath Act:
Some creatures are becoming so crack'd

In the head!

But—if there *are* some Asses wot will not go,
They never shall hinder *us*—no, no, no:
We'll haste to the RACES, and cry, “Hurrah!”

And “Come here, Neighbours!”

Wot makes us mention this, —just now,
There's about our RACES such a row;
Whilst some still aim—(Ten sour-faced “greens,”
Whose head to wollop we'd use all means!) —
To overthrow all our Course supplies,
And to place but *Bibles* before our eyes;
But, at last, our blood begins to rise,

And we say—

If there *are* some Asses, &c.

We've turn'd and said to these dolts, —“Perhaps,
You're some of those *over-righteous* ‘chaps,’
Wot now are working—oh, curst vocation! —
To rob poor Bull of all relaxation!”
Though this they slyly did deny,

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We rose and at once gave them “the lie;”

And much inclined felt to let fly

At each head—

For— If there *are* some Asses, &c.

If sometimes we *do* break the peace,

To us come up the New Police;

We’re soon lugg’d off, and ‘tis our fate

To atone afore some magistrate;

Though, well his worship knows, such spree

Is wink’d at in *nobility*:

I wish he would *their* failings see!

While we say—

If there *are* some Asses, &c.

To aid those RACES none we’ll court,

That long have caused a deal of sport;

They’ll flourish still and gain applause,

As if to mock spite’s venom’d jaws.

—Attract (or we’re uncommon blind)

They’ll still the gentry—the refined,

Till nearly all are of one mind,

And ‘tis said—

If there *are* some Asses wol will not go,



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D'ye think they'll hinder *us*? —no, no, no;
But to the RACES we'll speed, d'ye see,
'Cause we love their harmless revelry!

C.

TIPTREE HEATH, AUGUST, 1844.

