

The Story of the Harness Horse

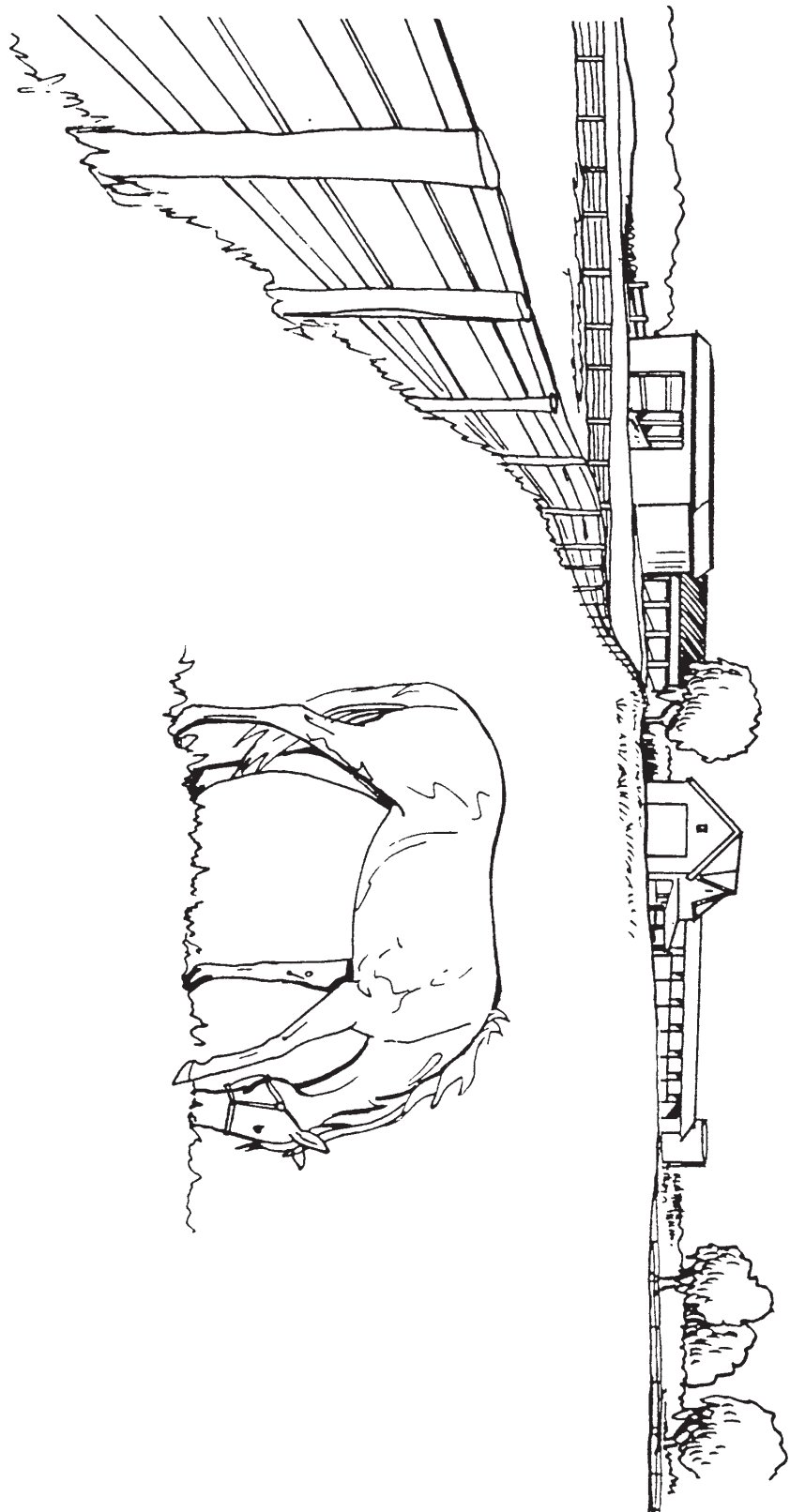
with the compliments of

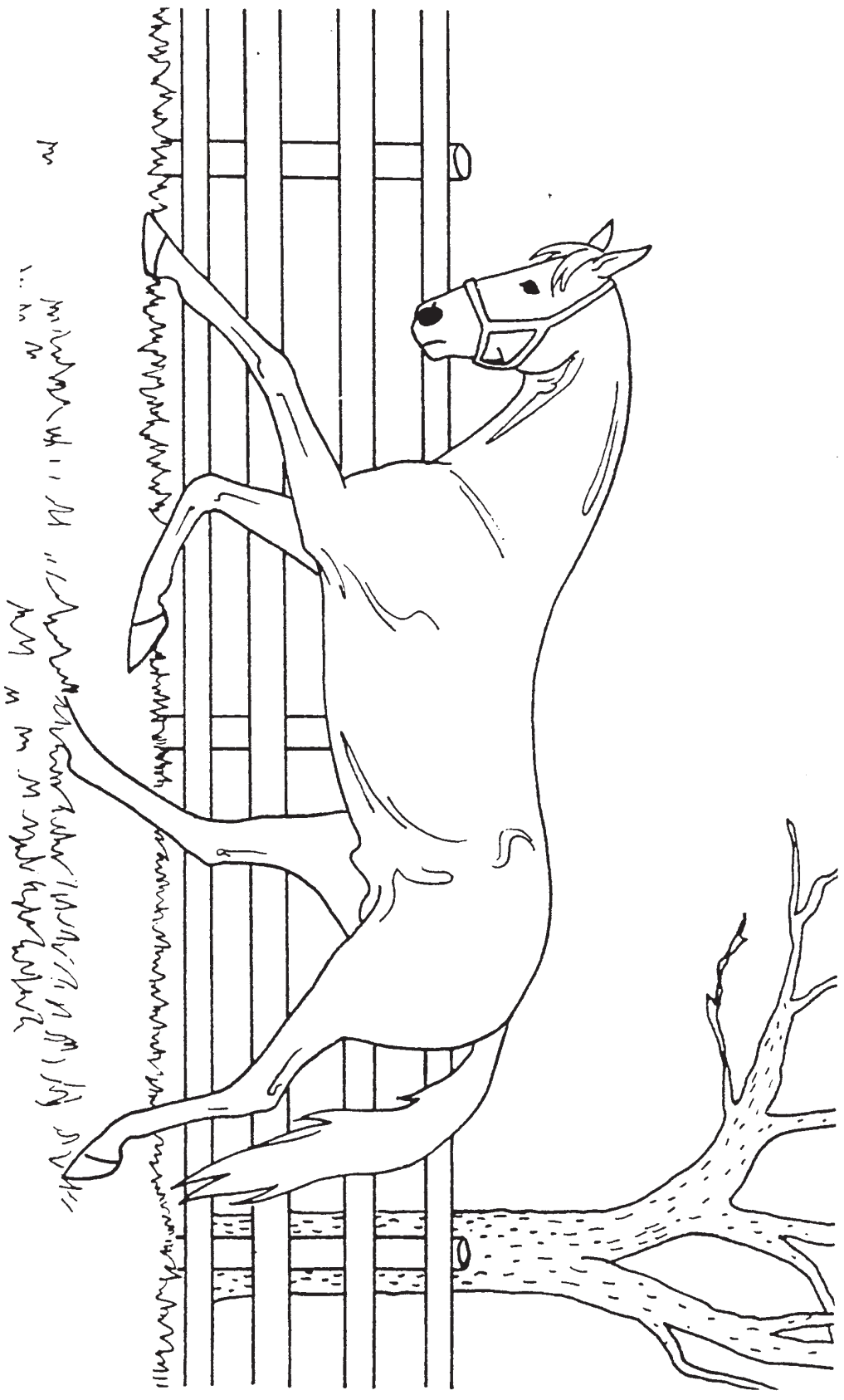
The Harness Racing Industry

Get
EXCITED
Go *Harness*
Racing



COLOURING-IN BOOK

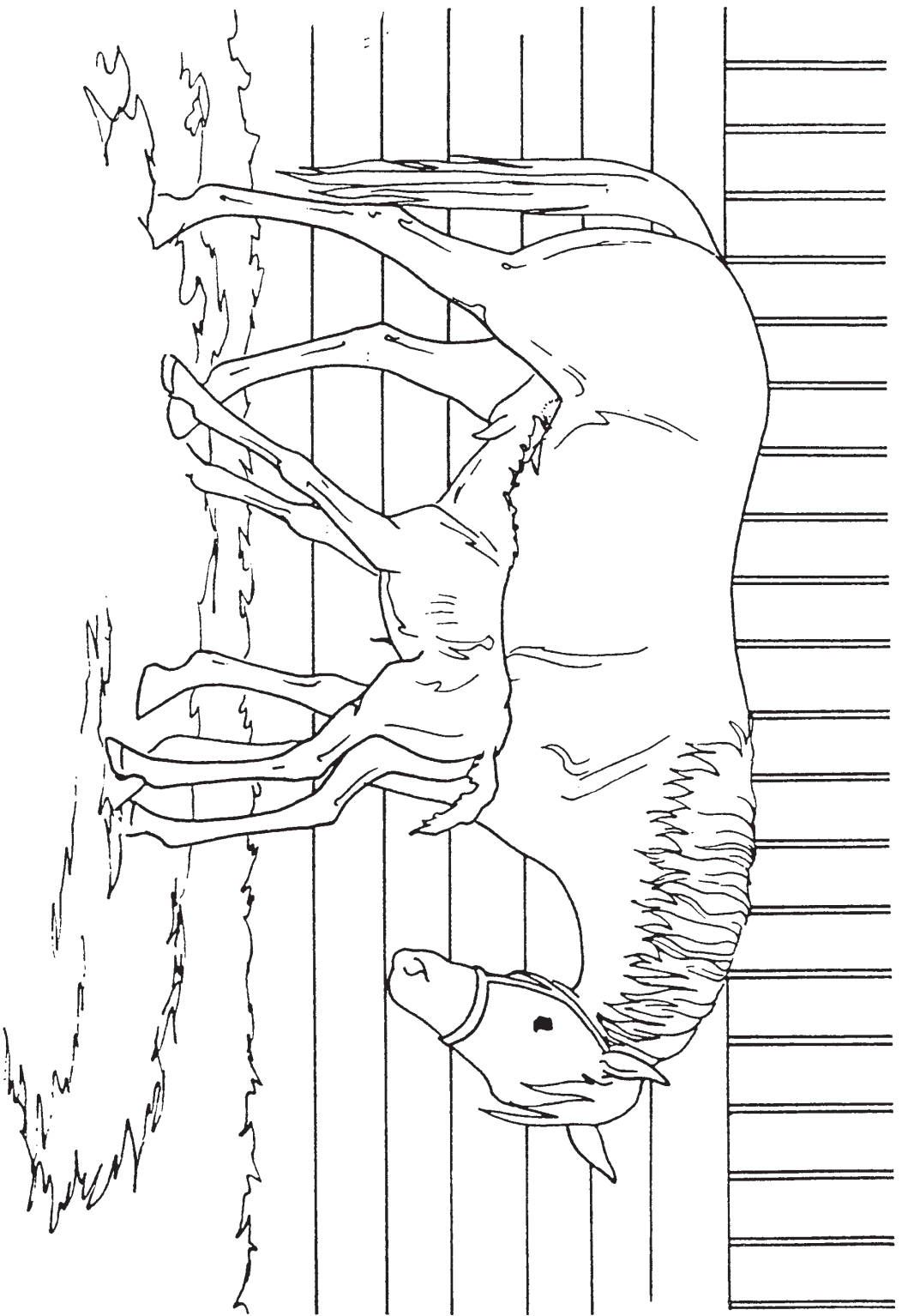




My father was a fast racehorse
And now he's called a stud.
I'm nearly always born in spring
When the trees are all in bud.



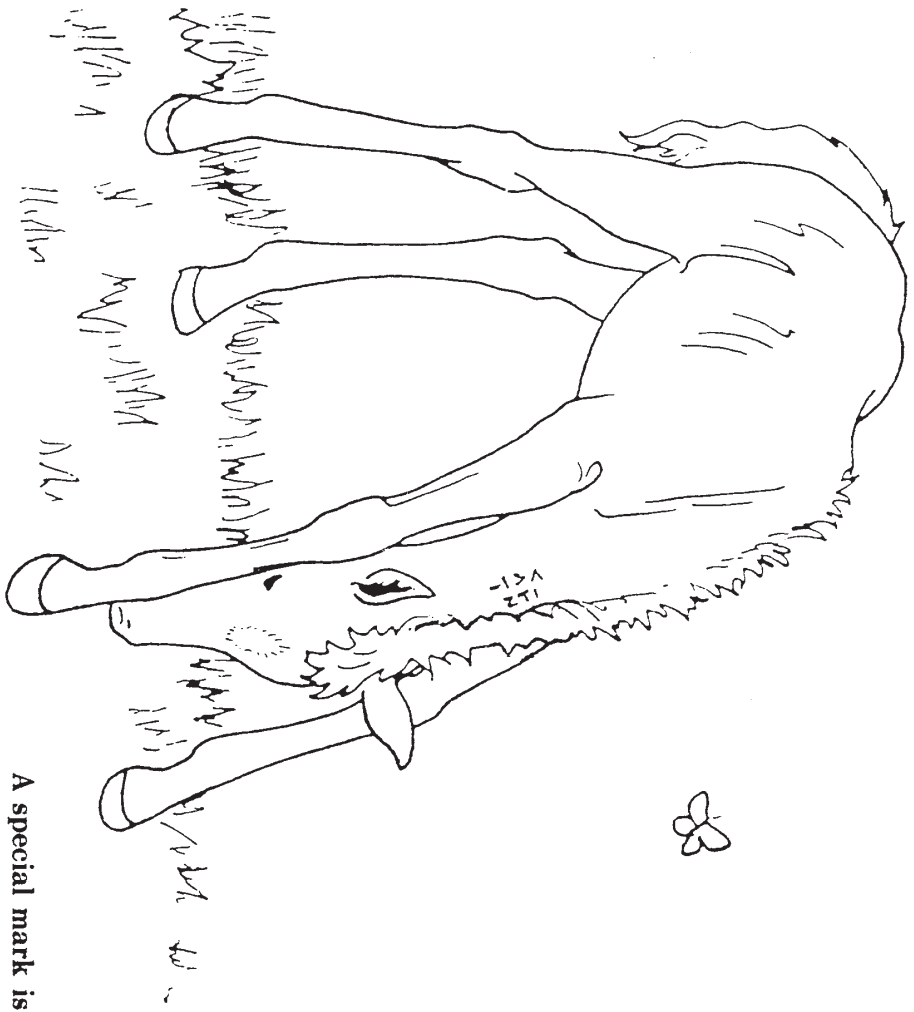
My legs are just like rubber
And at first it's hard to stand.



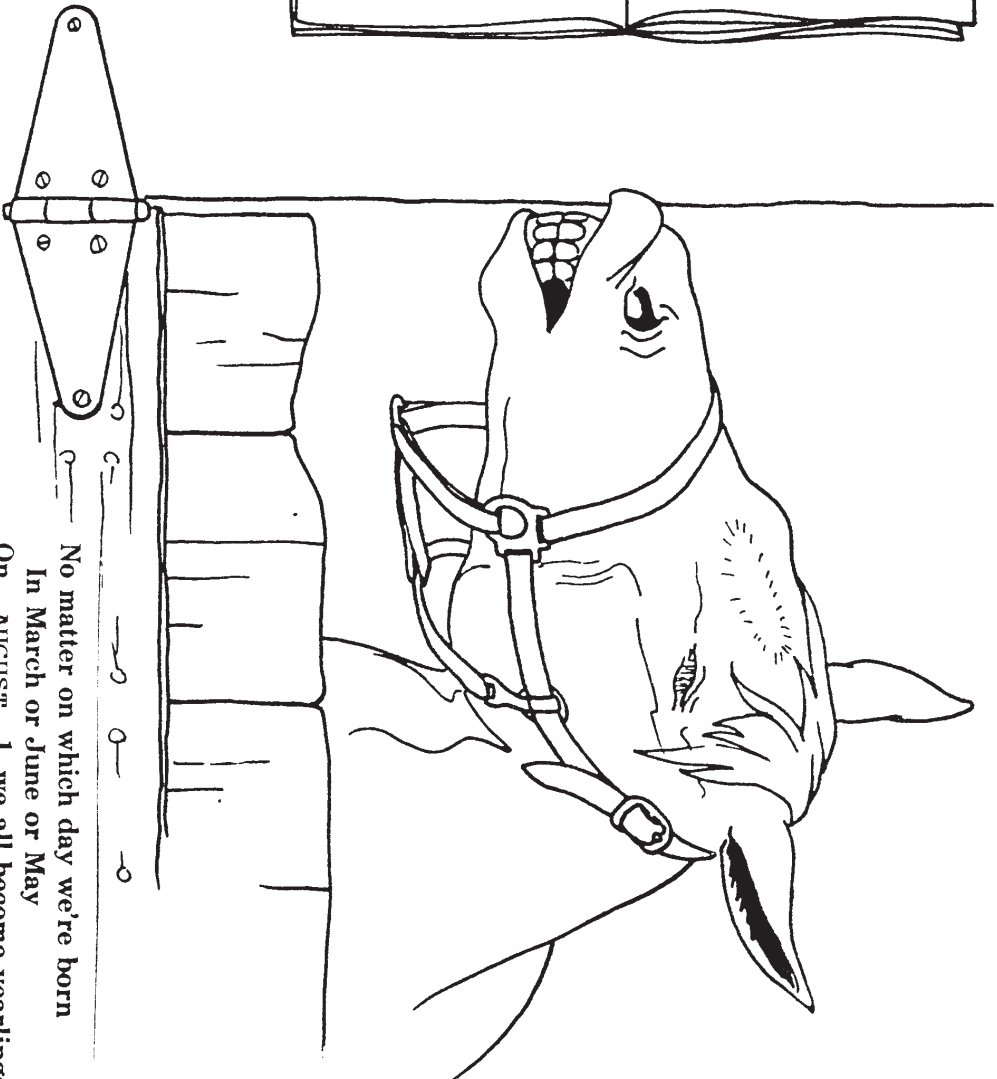
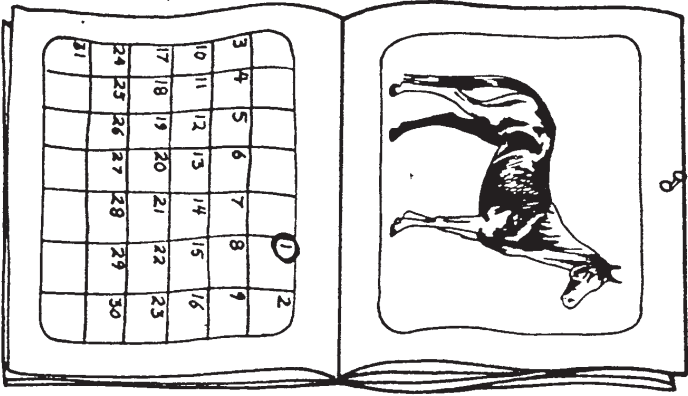
But when I've had a drink of milk
I begin to feel just grand.



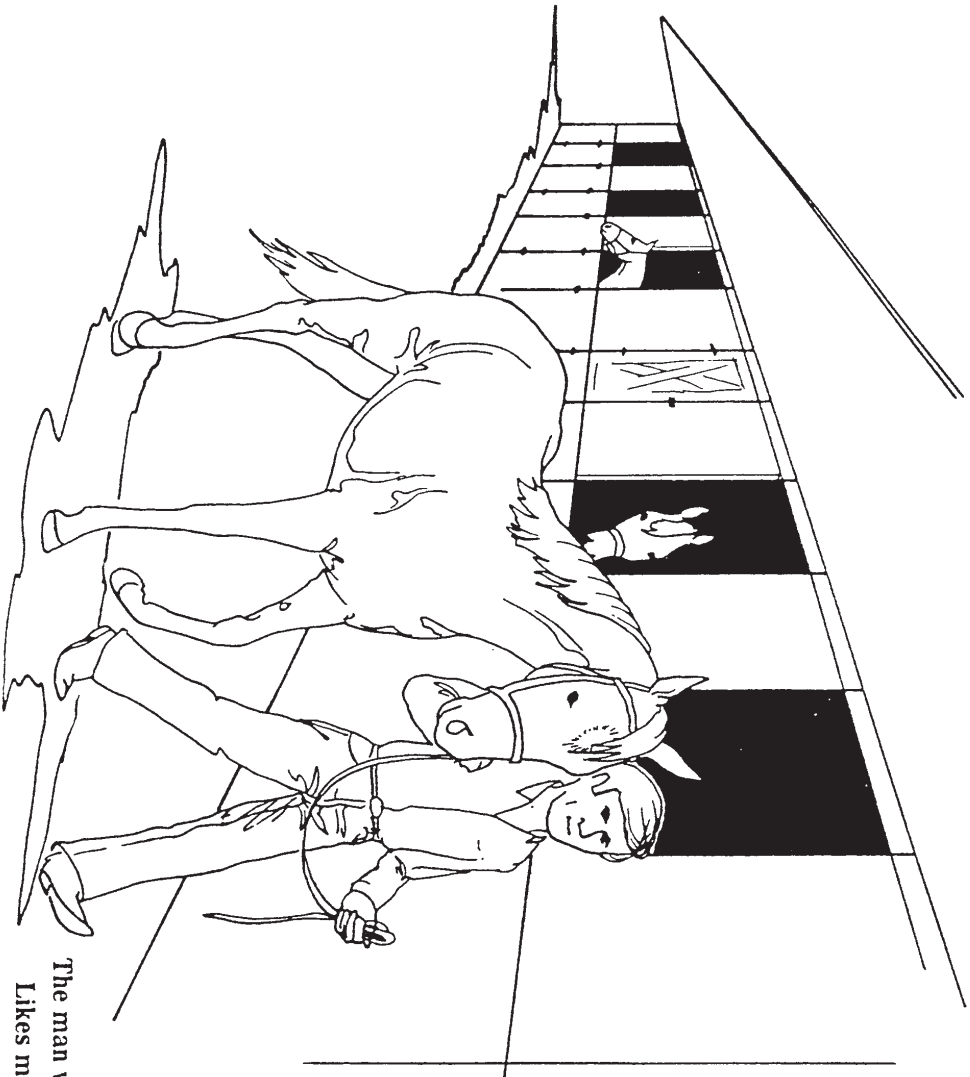
I sleep a lot and eat a lot
And grow just like a weed.



A special mark is put on my neck
When I'm a few months old
To ensure that if I'm ever lost
My owners will be told.



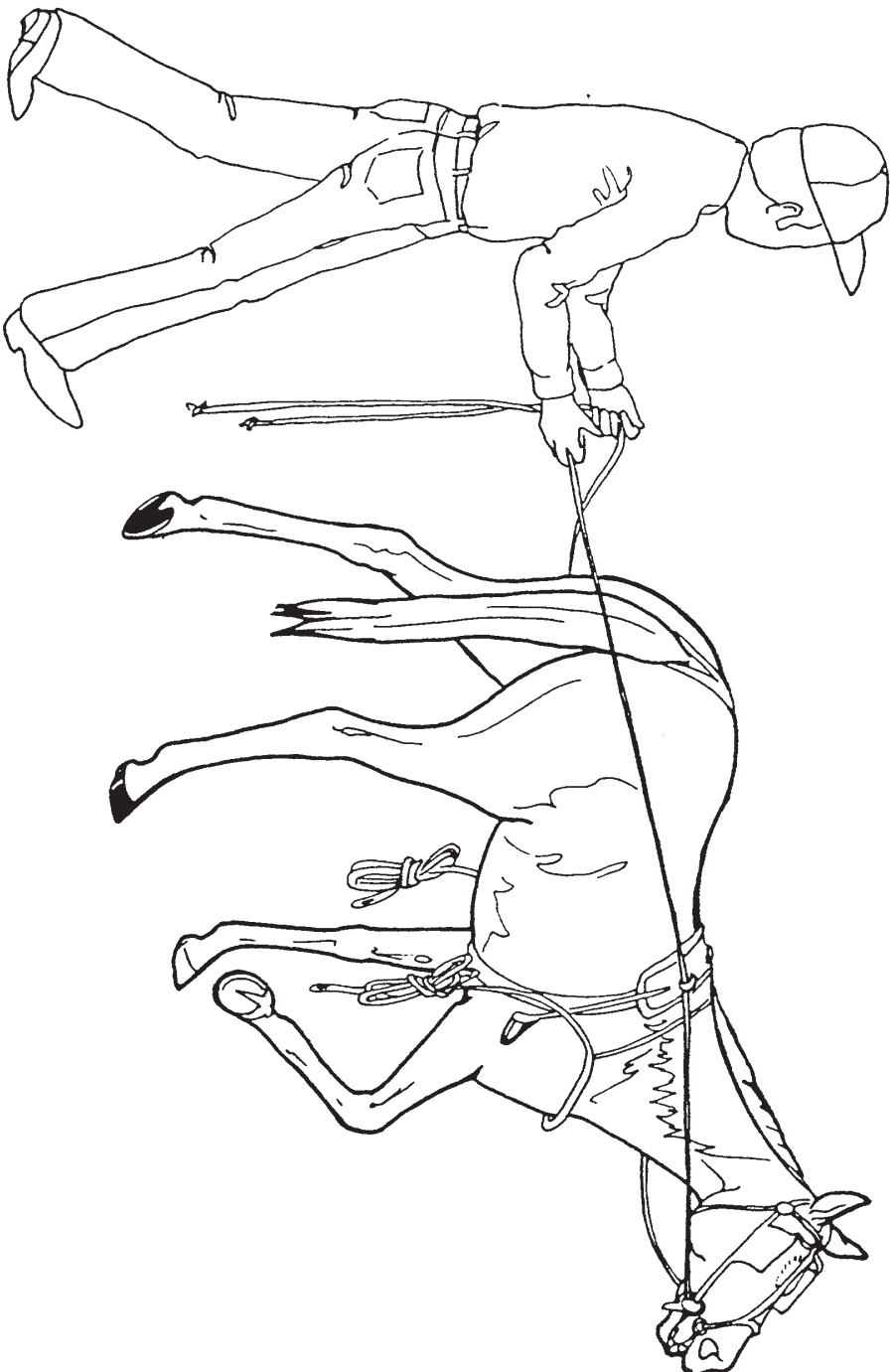
No matter on which day we're born
 In March or June or May
 On AUGUST 1, we all become yearlings
 It's known as our birthday.



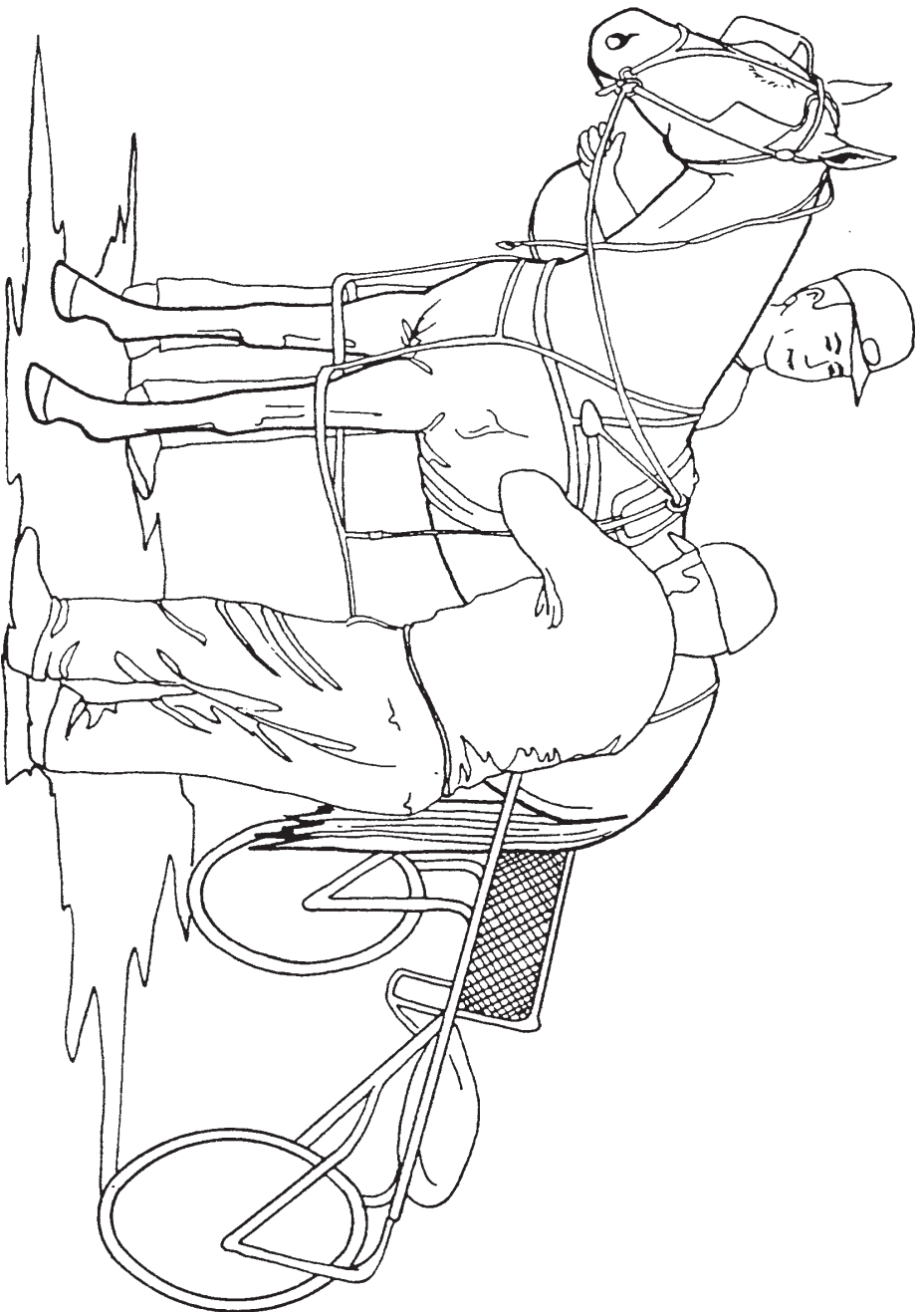
The man who is my trainer
Likes me to be brave and bold;
But he teaches me my manners
And to do as I am told.



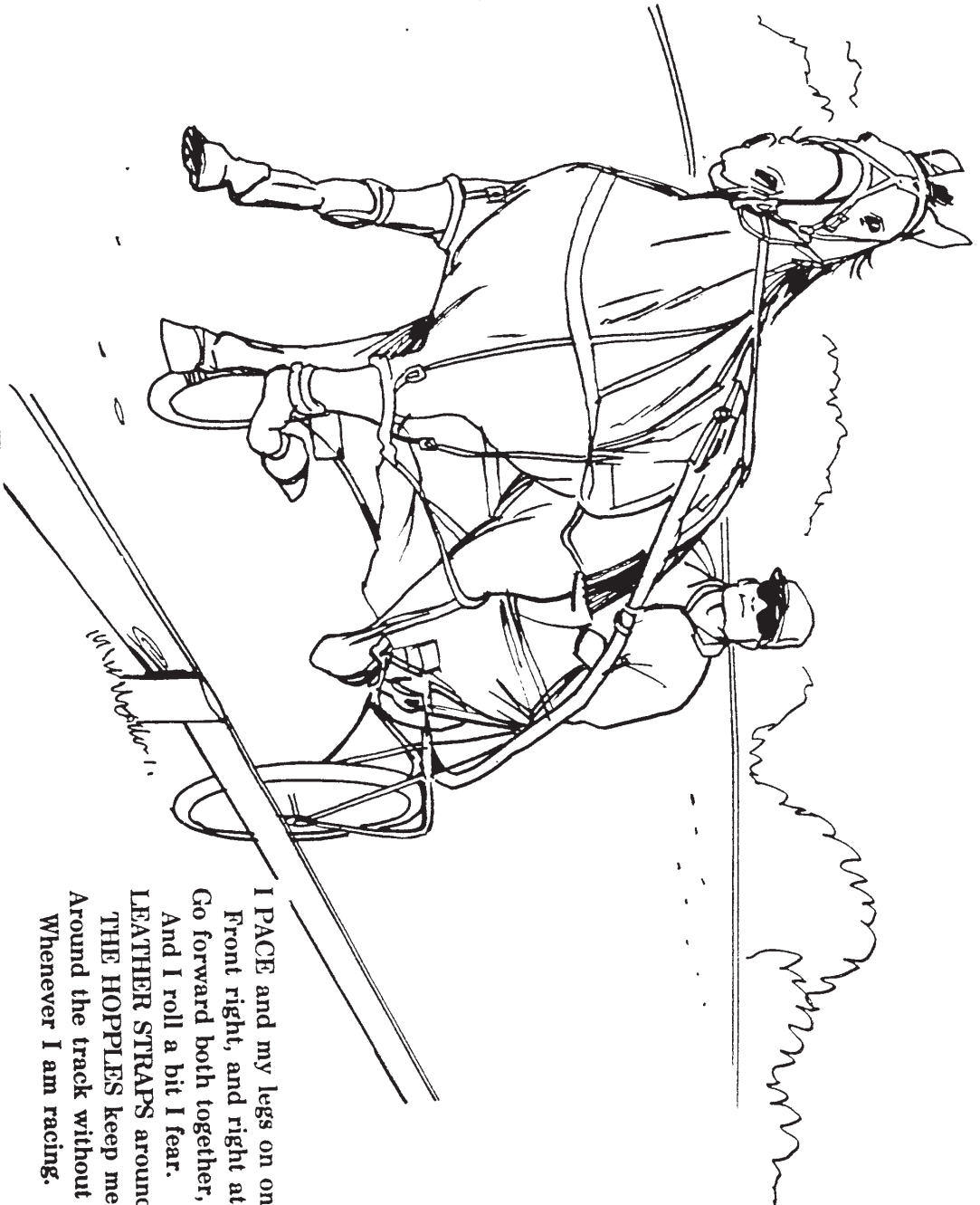
He lets me see some leather straps
And puts them on my back.
A BIT goes in between my teeth
And he leads me to the track.



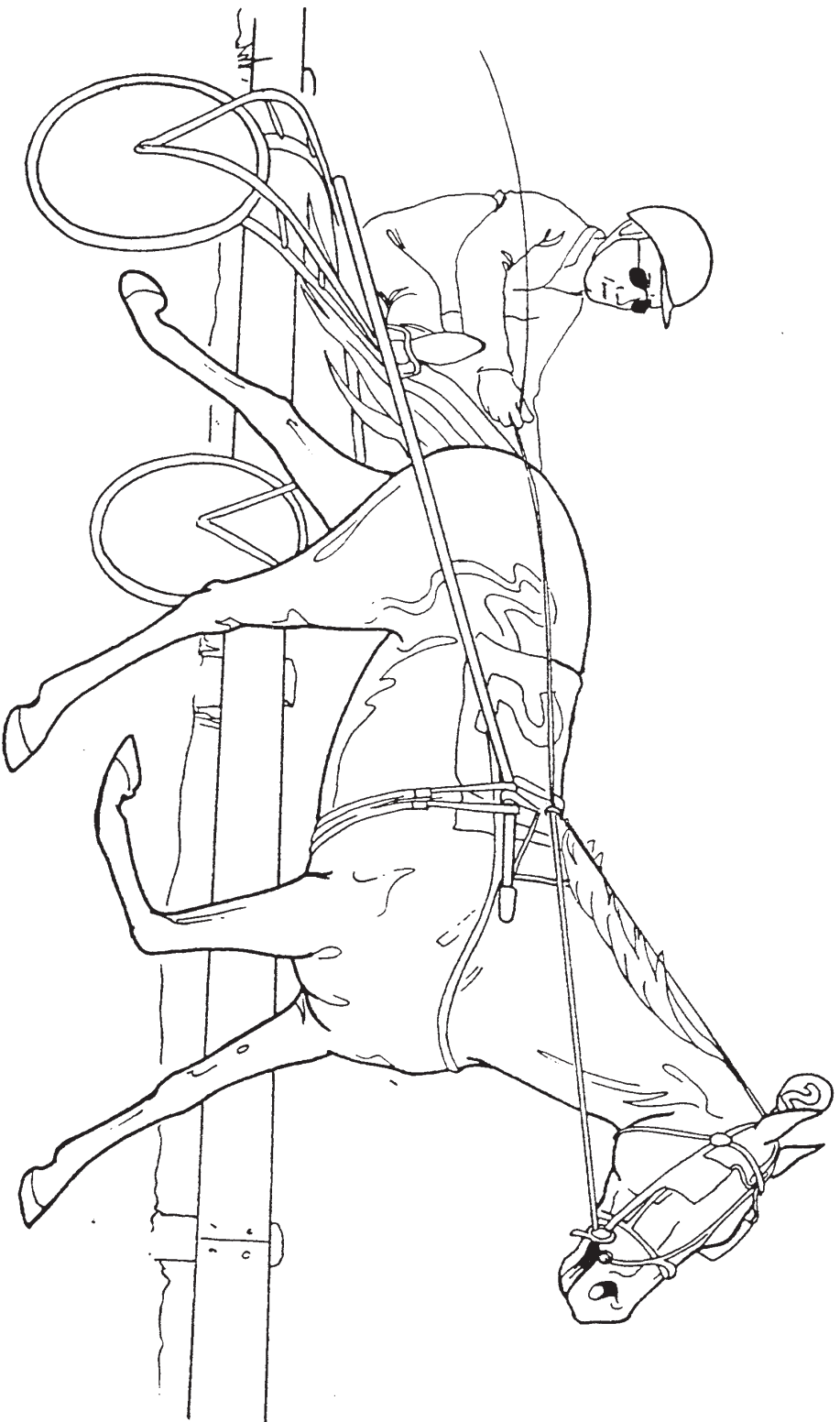
Walking behind with big long lines
He turns me to and fro
Until I understand the pull
That tells me where to go.



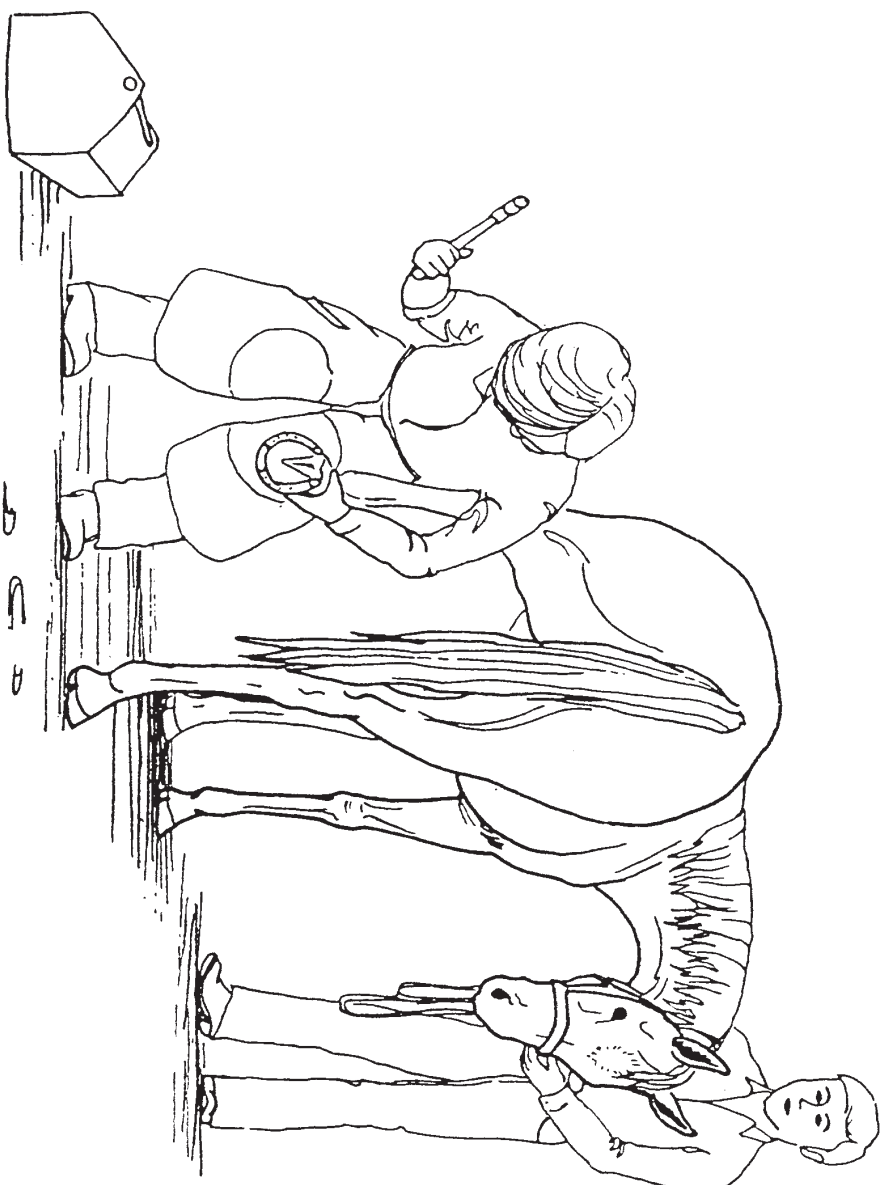
In a little while a jog cart
Is hitched up to the shafts
And we go around the oval track
Laps and laps and laps.



I PACE and my legs on one side
Front right, and right at rear
Go forward both together,
And I roll a bit I fear.
LEATHER STRAPS around my legs,
THE HOPPLES keep me pacing
Around the track without a break
Whenever I am racing.



The TROTTER goes quite differently,
Front right and left behind
Go forward both together
Then left front and right behind.



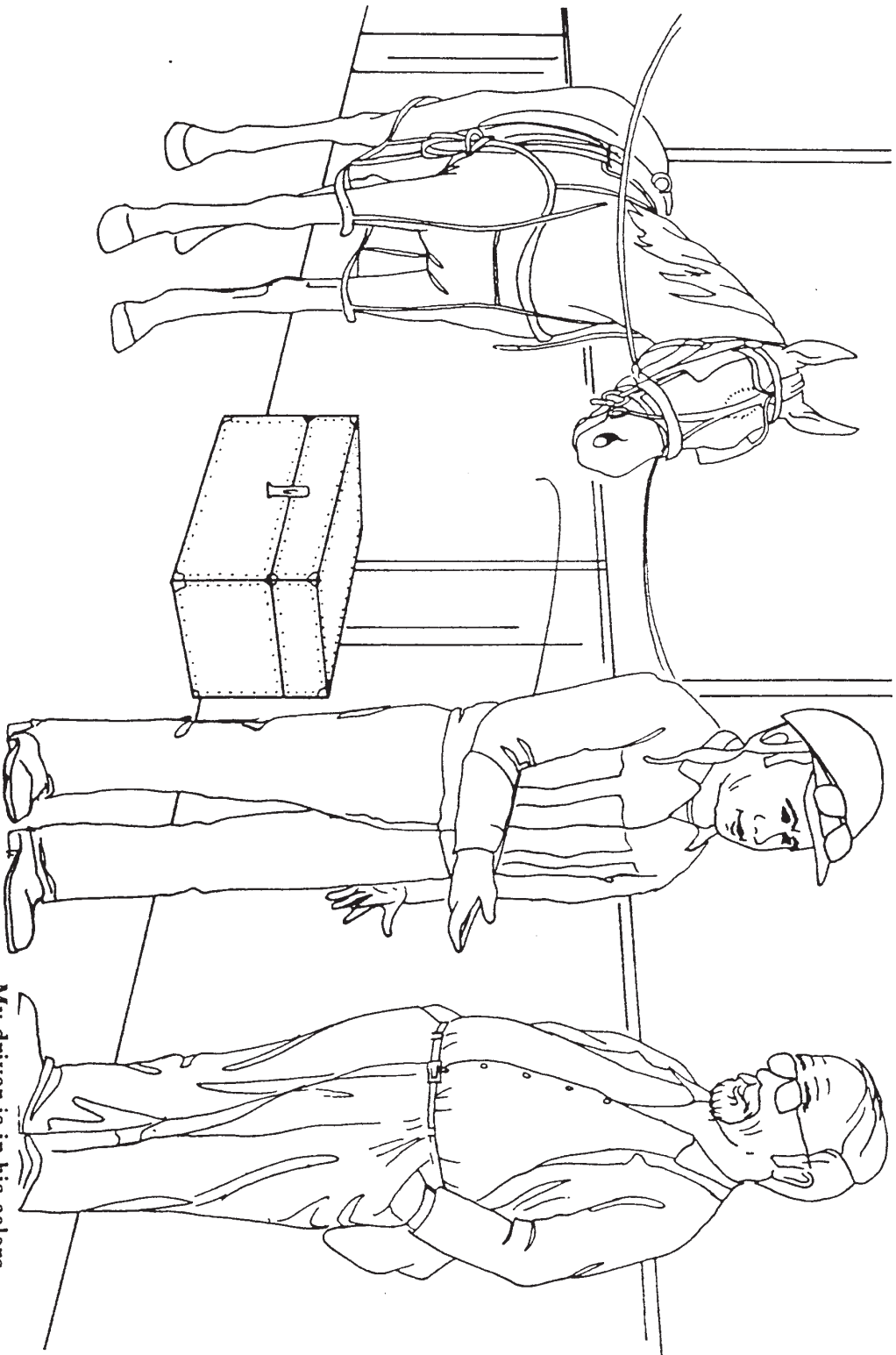
The blacksmith I have seen before
As he always trimmed my feet
Now fits me out with brand new shoes
And don't my hooves look neat!



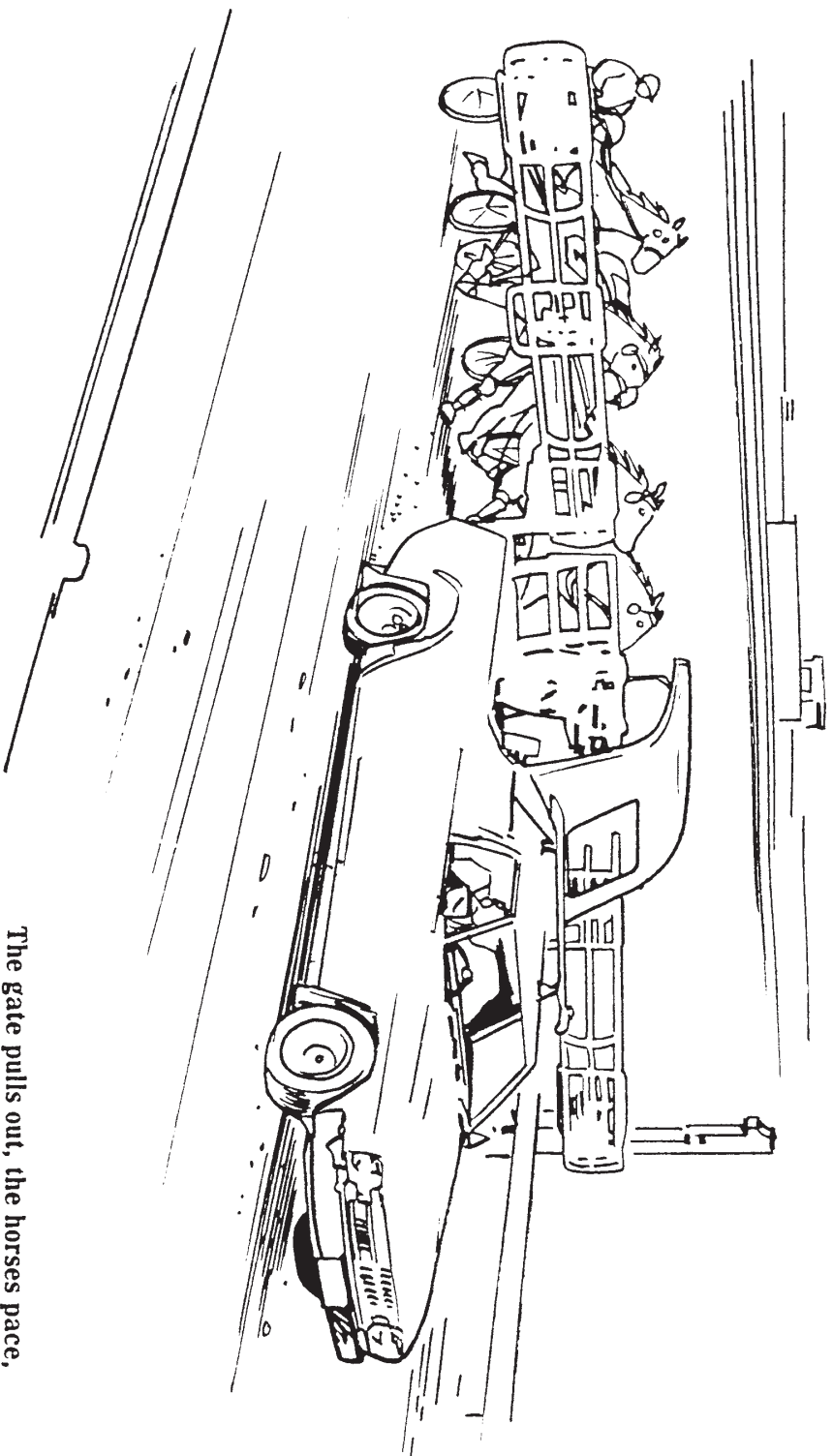
**For months and months we keep it up
Build the miles day by day.
I breath in deep, my muscles grow
I'm strong in every way.**



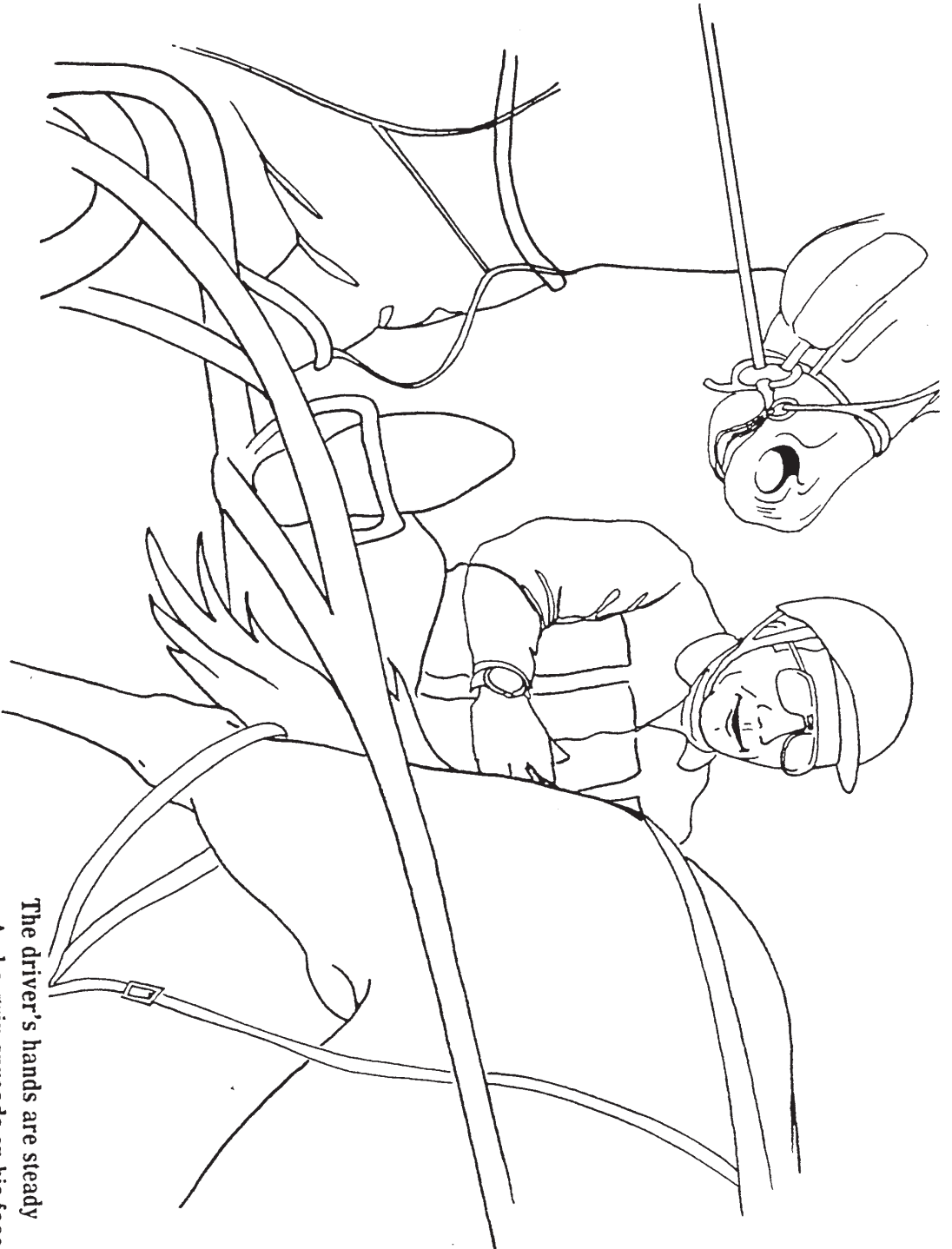
When winter snow is melting
And spring is showing green,
I start to pace much faster
Than I have ever been.



*My driver is in his colors
And we're waiting for the race.
To bring them in some money
I must win or show or place.*



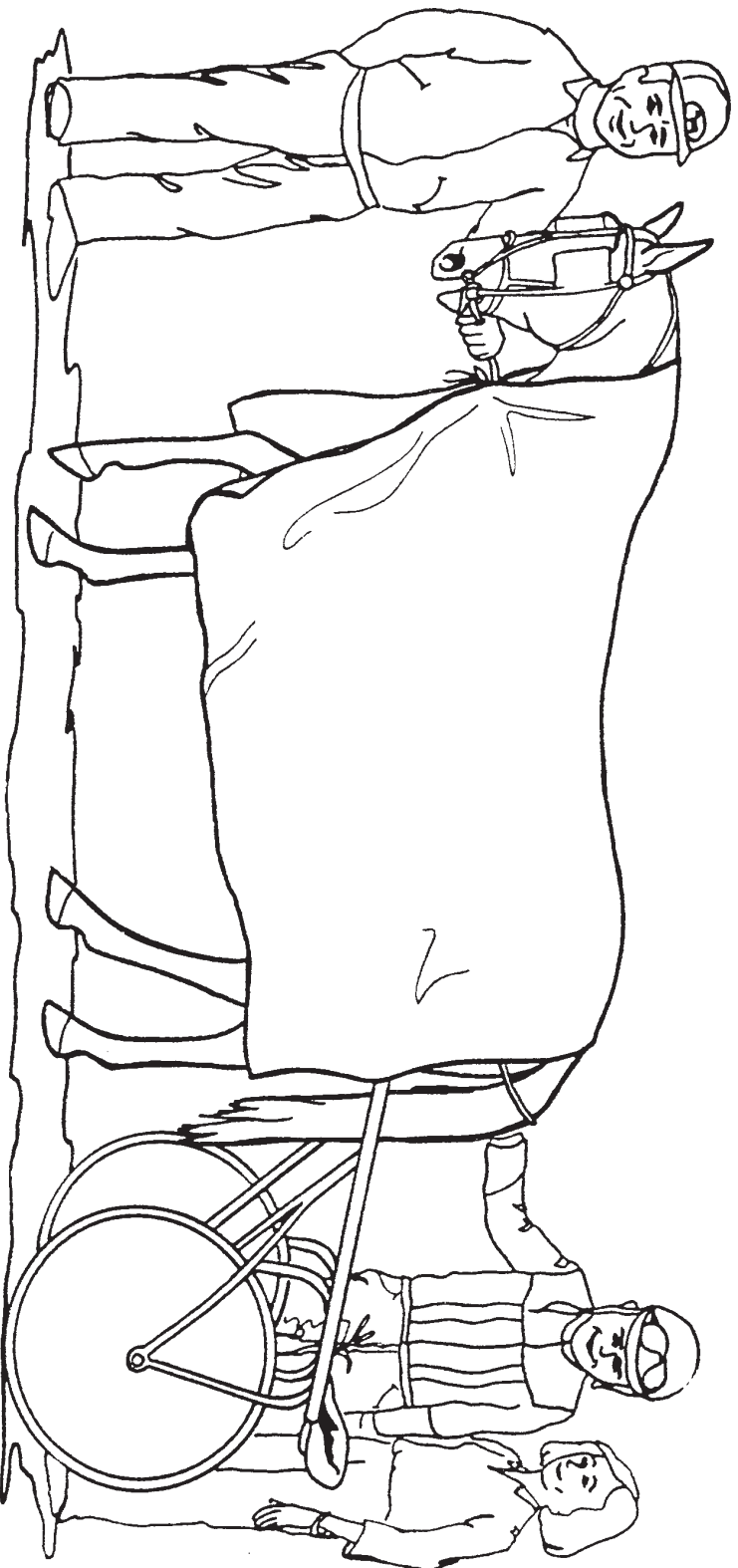
The gate pulls out, the horses pace,
The starter yells a "go"!
And I do the job I've trained for
Through the dust and mud and snow.



The driver's hands are steady
And a grin spreads on his face.



The people cheer, the stop watch clicks,
I've won my first real race!



The owners are quite gleeful
And I hear them whisper "STAKE"
As they stand beside the sulky
For the picture that they take.