

## DARE TO DREAM

Mares and their foals; peaceful as can be  
Babies frolicking under a tree  
In the distance flying by  
Standardbreds training, anticipation is high

Tails flow gently in the breeze;  
Pacing, trotting, galloping with ease  
As day turns into night, they're off to the track  
They'll take their chances, there's no turning back

Ready to race, their heads held high  
The stars shine brightly in the night sky  
As they round the last turn, it's neck and neck  
Who is going to take home the cheque?

Here comes the chestnut from behind the pack  
So fast the jockey is flying out of her tack  
Yes! It's Cruz!! He wins his first race  
They couldn't be happier, he set the pace

Day is done, home they go  
Who will win tomorrow, you never know

*Written by Kyla Civiero from Millgrove, ON*