



A NEW SONG ON PAROLE, THE GREAT YANKEE GELDING.

You turfits and you sporting gents,
Of high and low degree;
I'll give to you some good advice
If you will list to me.
Mind how you bet on the Chester Cup
Or you'll be in the hole.
For there's not a horse that's in the Race
Can come up to PAROLE.

So back PAROLE the Yankee horse
Or you'll be taken in,
For all the "Touts" and 'Prophet's' say
PAROLE is sure to win,
He'll beat Touchet and Astronomer
It's a guinea to a pin,
That PAROLE will win the Tradesman's
Cup at Chester.

Mr. Lorillard the owner
Of this famous Yankee horse,
Sent him to try what he could do
Upon the English course.
So for the Great Newmarket Handicap,
They brought him out where he,
Took off the prize quite easy boys
And beat Isonomy.

In the City and Suburban race
PAROLE he next was seen,
Where he was brought out
To run against a field of 17.

Including famed Riddotta
And Lord Wilton's Cradle too.
Who tried to beat the Yankee horse
But that they could not do.

After the City and Suburban race
He was brought out next day,
But no horse was sent to oppose him
Except Batt's Castlereigh.
Fred Archer held PAROLE
Till coming near the judges Chair,
Then he let him out and won the race
And never turned a hair.

PAROLE has come to Chester
Both healthy, well and sound,
And a finer horse upon the course
'This day will not be found.
Altho' he carries Eight stone twelve,
With Freddy Archer up,
In the Cherry jacket, and Black hoop'd
sleeves
He'll win the Chester Cup.

Good luck to Mr. Lorillard,
Altho' of Yankee birth;
He is an upright owner
And true patron of the turf.
He runs PAROLE upon the square
Mean actions he'll despise,
He'll never run PAROLE unless
He tries to win the Prize.

