

THE TALE OF A BELGIAN HARE



By
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AND
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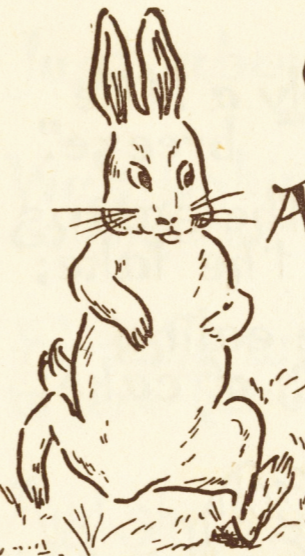
Dedication

This little book, which was the means of assisting the children of Belgium in World War I, has now been reprinted by request.

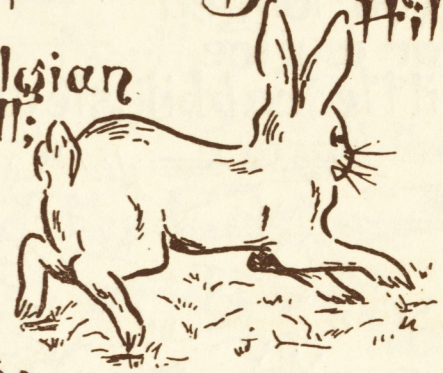
The proceeds will be sent to the Comtesse de Suzannet in appreciation of the kind acts performed by her and her late husband, the Comte Jean de Suzannet, during their ten years' residence in Victoria, and to assist her in the good work she is doing.

Third Edition.
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Once on a fine and
sunny day,
A Belgian Hare went
out to play.
He asked no leave of
his Mother dear,
And that was very
wrong I fear.
But the Belgian Hare was often
wild,
And wilful as a naughty child.
And so this day he ran along,
Singing a little rabbit song;
Till he came to the Park at Beacon
Hill,
And there the Belgian
Hare stood still;
For he heard a
sound as of
wind in the
trees,

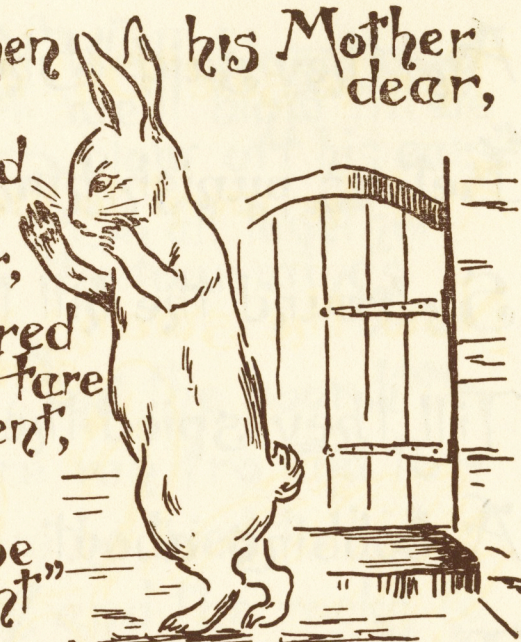


Then he said "Oh! it's only a little
breeze."
And he went to watch the swans
in the lake;
Now the swans were eating
some bits of cake;

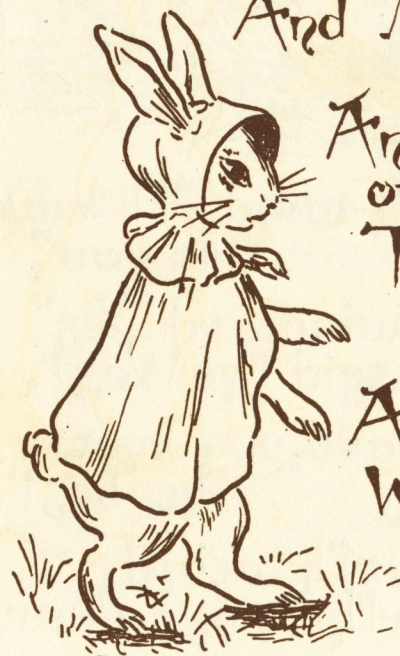


And the
Belgian
Hare
felt hungry too,
And longed
for a nice
little rabbit stew.

Just about then his Mother
dear,
Was looking and
calling far and
near,
For she wondered
where her little Hare
went,
And she sighed
"He will never be
content"
"To play in the garden
near the door,"
"He has never been gone so long
before."



And Mother Hare put
her bonnet on,
And went in search
of her wild son John.
The North wind met
her; the South
wind too,
And the East and
West winds past
her blew.



And they said "She seeks for
 that little Hare",
 "Let us punish him well for all
 this care",
 So 'round the hill the four winds
 sped,
 Till they spied the Belgian Hare's
 small head,
 A-bobbing about among the
 green,

The merriest
 truant they
 ever had
 seen.

"Now," said
 the North
 wind, "What
 shall we do?"

"Well," said the South wind, "I'll leave
 it to you",

"Yes," said the East wind, and "Yes",
 said the West,

"You are the coldest and you know
 the best."

"Then," said the North wind,
 "together, my dears,"



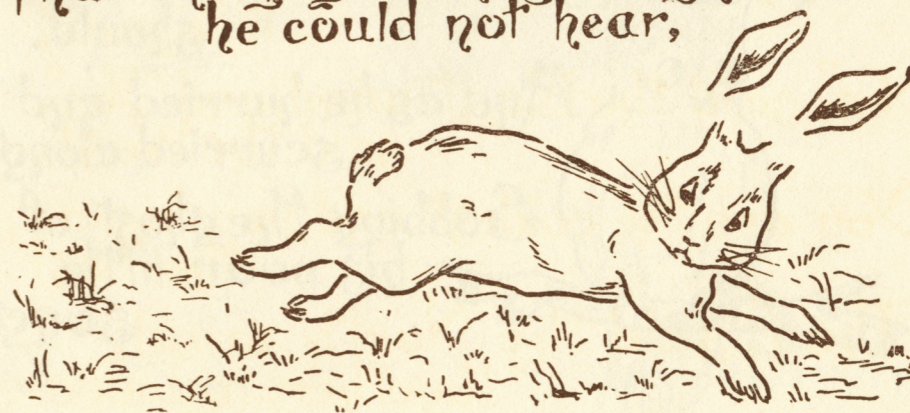
"We'll blow, and
 we'll blow till we
 blow off his ears!"
 So all together
 the four winds
 blew,

And the poor little
 Hare ran fro and to -
 Among the broom he tried to hide,
 Behind the trees and the rocks to
 glide,

But the four winds followed him
 everywhere,

And they blew off the ears of the
 poor Belgian Hare!
 He looked so funny, so round and
 queer,

That the gay winds laughed, but
 he could not hear,



Then he thought of his Mother, and
"I think I had better go home again." ^{sobbed in pain,}

So he ran to the swans
in the pretty lake,

And he asked them please
which path to take.

They croaked and hissed
out many a word,

But he had no ears, so he never heard!

Then he asked the eagles, the coon, the deer,
They all advised - but he could not hear.

Then a wise old owl, just turned his head,
"Oh, I think you are right, Sir!" the little
Hare said.

And he scampered off as fast as he could,
Home to his Mother, as little hares
should.



And as he hurried and
scurried along,

Sobbing the ghost of
his poor little
song,

He met some
children, some
good little dears,

And what do
you think? They
had found his
ears,

And they pinned his ears on with the
greatest of care,

So endeth the tale
of the young
Belgian Hare.



THE END.