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.

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.”
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.