



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,

