

The rabbits soon made such a "hit," a wealthy rancher said he'd fit  
Them out complete in cowboy styles with ponies that could take them miles.  
So Broncho Busters they became, and liked this manly Western game.  
It surely was a sight to see these rabbits enter Calgary  
With heads erect, in suits brand new, as they rode up Eighth Avenue.

They passed a school and heard the bell at half past one and knew it well.  
The principal was at the door, to make the late ones stay at four.  
Both rabbits bowed and asked if they could visit him awhile that day.  
"Just make yourselves at home," said he, "go where you wish and take the key."  
The rabbits heartily complied and told how very hard they'd tried  
To see Calgary's younger set, to tell them of the friends they'd met.  
From room to room they walked around—the very best of conduct found,  
And in the highest room of all they made the most extended call.  
Bob first unfurled a Union Jack and waved it forward, waved it back.  
"This flag is yours, it keeps you free, respect it always, boys," said he.  
The teacher told of early days of native Indians and their ways,  
How pioneers with one accord when Canada was unexplored,  
Worked hard to build each bridge and road to make a place for their abode.  
He told how Canada had grown to be a Nation of her own,  
With lands and riches still in store for many million people more;  
How Canada's half million men across the ocean journeyed, when  
The call came in the world's great war for soldiers British to the core;  
With right and liberty at stake, for happy homes and honor's sake.