

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,