



"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,

