

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 bleat.

