

THE TALE OF A BELGIAN HARE



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By
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AND
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DEDICATION.

To the little children of Belgium,
deprived of their homes and their birth-right,
this favorite story of some other little children
is lovingly dedicated.

Victoria, B.C.

Christmas 1914.



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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

And there the Belgian

Hare stood still;

For he heard a
sound as of
wind in the

trees,



Then he said "Oh! it's only a little
breeze;"
And he went to watch the swans
in the lake;
Now the swans were eating
some bits of cake;



And
the
Belgian
Hare
felt hungry too,
And longed
for a nice
little rabbit stew.

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 blew.



And they said "She seeks for
that little Hare",
"Let us punish him well for all
this care",
So round the hill the four winds
sped,
Till they spied the Belgian Hare's
small head,
A-bobbing about among the
green,

The merriest
friend they
ever had
seen.

"Now", said
the North
wind, "What
shall we do?

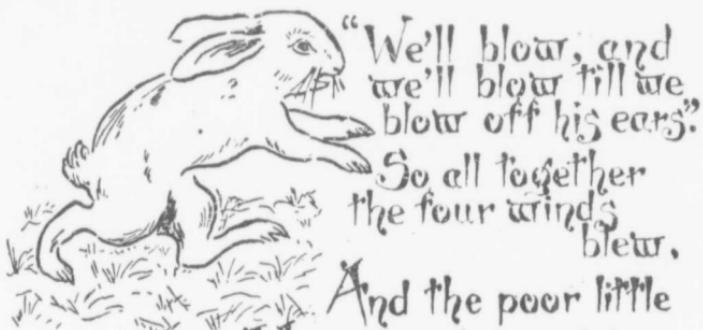
"Well", said the South wind, "I'll leave
it to you",

"Yes", said the East wind, and "Yes",
said the West,

"You are the coldest and you know
the best!"

"Then", said the North wind,
"together, my dears,"





"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,



Then he thought of his Mother, and
"I think I had better go" ^(sobbed)
home again." ^{in pain,}

So he ran to the swans
in the pretty lake,

And he asked them please
which path to take.

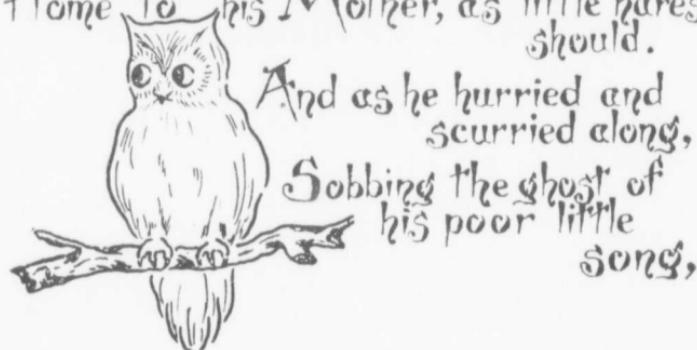
They croaked and hissed
out many a word,

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,

He met some
children, some
good little dears,

And what do
you think? They
had found his
ears,

And they pinned his ears on with the
greatest of care,

So endeth the tale
of the young
Belgian Hare.



THE END.