

# THE TALE OF A BELGIAN HARE



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By  
FRANCES EBBES - CANAVAN  
AND  
LILLIAN GLARKE SWEENEY

## 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 Hill,

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 bleat.



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  
truant 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 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,



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.