

# *The Hare and the Partridge*

La Fontaine

French

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*Easy*

*1 min read*

A field in common share  
A partridge and a hare,  
And live in peaceful state,  
Till, woeful to relate!  
The hunters' mingled cry  
Compels the hare to fly.  
He hurries to his fort,  
And spoils almost the sport  
By faulting every hound  
That yelps upon the ground.  
At last his reeking heat  
Betrays his snug retreat.  
Old Tray, with philosophic nose,  
Snuffs carefully, and grows  
So certain, that he cries,  
"The hare is here; bow wow!"  
And veteran Ranger now,—  
The dog that never lies,—

“The hare is gone,” replies.  
Alas! poor, wretched hare,  
Back comes he to his lair,  
To meet destruction there!  
The partridge, void of fear,  
Begins her friend to jeer:—  
“You bragg’d of being fleet;  
How serve you, now, your feet?”  
Scarce has she ceased to speak,—  
The laugh yet in her beak,—  
When comes her turn to die,  
From which she could not fly.  
She thought her wings, indeed,  
Enough for every need;  
But in her laugh and talk,  
Forgot the cruel hawk!

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