

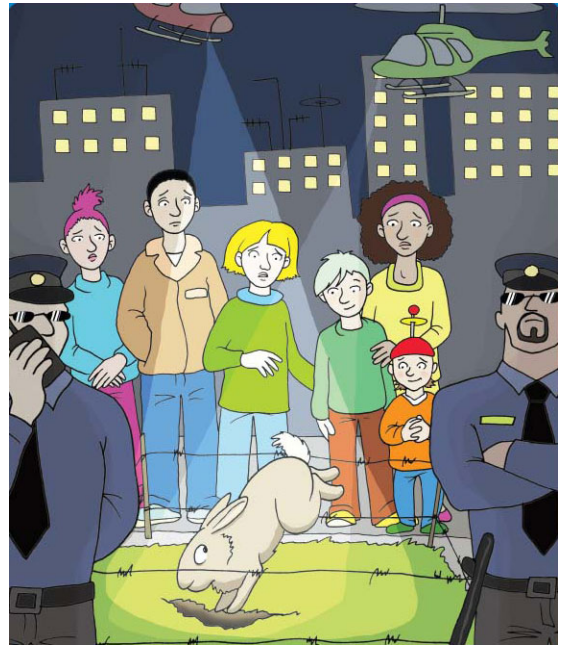
# We're Going to See the Rabbit by Alan Brownjohn

We are going to see the rabbit.  
We are going to see the rabbit.  
Which rabbit, people say?  
Which rabbit, ask the children?  
Which rabbit?  
The only rabbit,  
The only rabbit in England,  
Sitting behind a barbed-wire fence  
Under the floodlights, neon lights,  
Sodium lights,  
Nibbling grass  
On the only patch of grass  
In England, in England  
(except the grass by the hoardings  
Which doesn't count).  
We are going to see the rabbit  
And we must be there on time.

First we shall go by escalator,  
Then we shall go by underground,  
Then we shall go by motorway,  
And then by helicopterway,  
And the last 10 yards we shall have to go  
On foot.

And now we are going  
All the way to see the rabbit,  
We are nearly there,  
We are longing to see it,  
And so is the crowd  
Which is here in thousands  
With mounted policemen  
And big loudspeakers  
And bands and banners,  
And everyone has come a long way.

But soon we shall see it  
Sitting and nibbling  
The blades of grass  
In – but something has gone wrong!  
Why is everyone so angry,  
Why is everyone jostling  
And slanging and complaining?  
The rabbit has gone,  
Yes, the rabbit has gone.  
He has actually burrowed down into the earth  
And made himself a warren,  
Under the earth,  
Despite all these people,  
And what shall we do?  
What can we do?



It is all a pity, you must be disappointed,  
Go home and do something for today,  
Go home again, go home for today.  
For you cannot hear the rabbit, under the earth,  
Remarking rather sadly to himself, by himself,  
As he rests in his warren, under the earth  
'It won't be long, they are bound to come,  
They are bound to come and find me, even here.'