

# The Front Side of a Hare

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Here are two different ways to harmonize the melody. The one on the left works with guitar chords, and it's a straightforward, consonant harmonization. The one on the right works with two singers and no instrument, and its dissonance (or crunchiness) is reminiscent of the harmony style of the Watersons. It does not work to combine them, that is, to play these guitar chords with this vocal harmonization.

With measured step (♩=120)

With mea-sured step we tread our way a-mong these mos-sy rocks  
 Where gla-cial ice fore-told this fear-ful clime.  
 Through half the year we still our hearts to live by fro-zen clocks;  
 We thus have learned to stretch the cords of time.  
 Pro-cee-ding towards e-ter-ni-ty through years be-yond my share,  
 Al-though I've stored in me-mo-ry some sights the world calls rare,  
 I think that I shall ne-ver see the front side of a hare.

With measured step (♩=120)

With mea-sured step we tread our way a-mong these mos-sy rocks  
 Where gla-cial ice fore-told this fear-ful clime.  
 Through half the year we still our hearts to live by fro-zen clocks,  
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 Al-though I've stored in me-mo-ry some sights the world calls rare,  
 I think that I shall ne-ver see the front side of a hare.

Complete words overleaf

## The Front Side of a Hare

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With measured step we tread our way among these mossy rocks  
Where glacial ice foretold this fearful clime.  
Through half the year we still our hearts to live by frozen clocks;  
We thus have learned to stretch the cords of time.  
Proceeding towards eternity through years beyond my share,  
Although I've stored in memory some sights the world calls rare,  
I think that I shall never see the front side of a hare.

As nights of autumn frost transform the maple trees to gold,  
As oaks fade brown, and sumac glows with red,  
I cease my summer travels to prepare for winter's cold,  
And seek a muddy bottom for my bed.  
The beaver pond is still and deep, its dams in good repair.  
Its waters grow a skin to keep away the icy air.  
For six long months of silent sleep my dreams are of the hare.

Aurora-studded darkness separates the warming days;  
The sun returns to end the winter's chill.  
The melting snows form rivulets; I wander in their maze.  
The hares have sought the dryness of the hill.  
Through pleasant days of summer heat I sit on rocks and stare,  
I sometimes catch one in retreat: how quickly they do scare!  
I wish someday that I could meet and greet a fleet-foot hare.

One year I walked the Aesop race to represent my kind,  
Competing with a hare of brown and white.  
I faced front at the starting line; he hopped up from behind.\*  
The signal rang; he disappeared from sight.  
Some hours passed; behind a fern he slept without a care.  
The laurel wreath I wished to earn; no moment would I spare.  
I did not take the time to turn and face the sleeping hare.

As old as any race that still leaves footprints on these shores,  
Our fathers stopped to hear the loons first cry.  
An ancient riddle mentions that my dwelling has six doors  
And yet I cannot leave it. Who am I?  
At home alone inside my shell I'm safe, I'm warm, but there  
Are times I'd like a friend as well. I've so much time to spare.  
If you should see one, please retell my story to a hare.

*\*You may wish to sing part or all of this line and the next line at a faster tempo than you sing the rest of the song.*

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