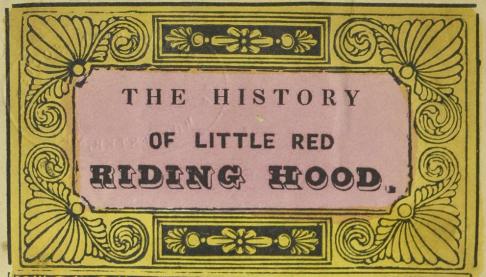


Stephen Salisbury jo





In a little Thatched Cot, by the side of a wood,
Liv'd an innocent lass, Little Red Riding Hood,
You would scarce find her equal, the
neighbours all say,

So kind and obedient, so cheerful and gay,



One day this young lass,

To her Grandma was sent,

A nice pot of Butter,

To her to present:

Besides a Cheesecake,

And a new loaf of Bread,

For Grandma was ill,

And confined to her Bed.



But her mother before,

She set out on her way,

Charge not on her journey,

To loiter or play:

This charge she neglected,
And rambled for hours,
To gather Primroses,
And other wild flowers.



So she wandered about,

Till the close of the day,

When the wicked old Wolf,

He came prowling that way;

He enquired her errand,

She soon let him know,

Ah! silly young creature,

Why did you do so?



Away ran the Wolf,
While his heart did rejoice,
And he knocked at the door,
And spoke in a feign'd voice;

The Old Dame who for,

Her Grand-Daughter did watch,

Cried pull up the bobbin,

'Twill open the latch.



Then up stairs she went,

And was struck with surprise,

When she saw his teeth,

And his great goggle eyes;

She would have cried out,

But at her he flew,

And tore her to pieces,

And ate her up too.



Nightcap on his head,

And cunningly slipped himself,

Into the bed;

And when Riding hood knocked,

As she'd oft done before;

Says the Wolf, pull the Bobbin,

'Twill open the door,



And ran up stairs with speed,
Poor Grandma was,
Very much frightened indeed,
But he tore her to pieces,
Oh! merciless beast,
To make of a poor,
Harmless Lady a Feast.

