





LITTLE
RED RIDING HOOD.

No. 30



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The James Gordon-Wilson
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The gift of
Michael Keefer



Here's little Biddy on her knees
Saying of her prayers,
She always does as she is bid
Never shewing any airs;
For which mamma made her a
 cloak,
She was so very good,
From its colour she was call'd
 Little Red Riding-hood.



Now her riding-hood is on,
 How pretty she does look,
 Mama made it to keep her
 warm,

Because she learn'd her book.
 Mamma a pot of butter made,
 Also a nice plumb cake,
 Which Biddy to her Grandma'
 Next morning was to take.



The morning came, the hood
 put on,
 The pot and cake she took,
 Biddy, good-bye, good-bye ma'
 And then her hand she shook ;
 She set off for Grandmama's
 Mamma stood at the door,
 Watched her little Biddy 'till
 She could not see her more.



Now little Biddy's drest
 In her red riding-hood,
 The fields she cross'd along
 With all the haste she could ;
 For she knew Grandma' was ill
 And kindly wouid it take,
 Besides she hoped to see her eat
 A bit of the plumb cake.



Now in the road to Grandma's
A lonesome wood there lay,
Gossip wolf popp'd from a bush
And stopped her in her way;
He was a fierce cruel beast
And would have eat her there,
But turning of his head about
He found he did not dare.



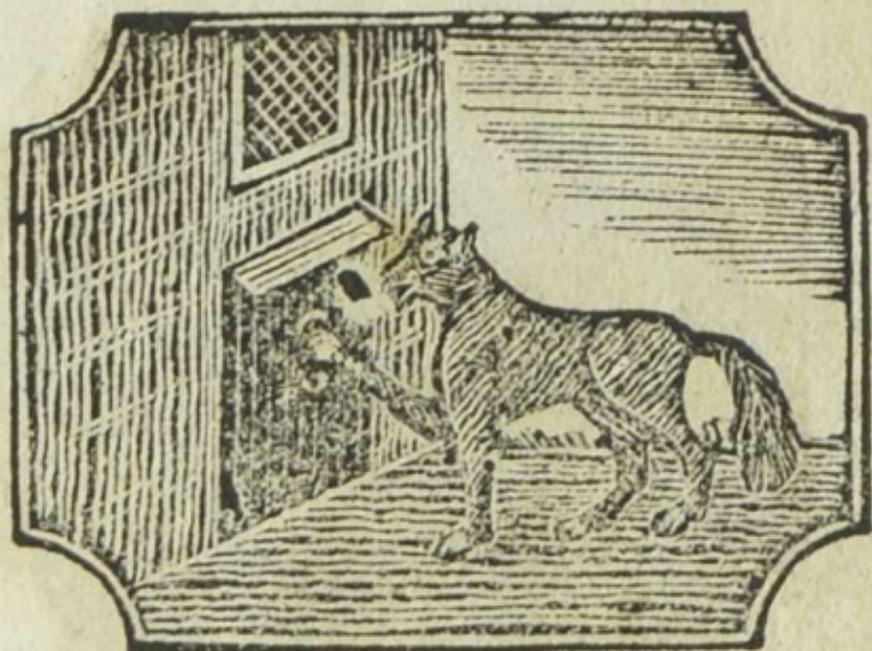
There he saw some faggotmen
 Working in the wood,
 And knew they'd take the part
 Of poor Red Riding-hood;
 So then he looked very kind,
 And unto her he said,
 Where are you going so early
 This morning pretty maid.



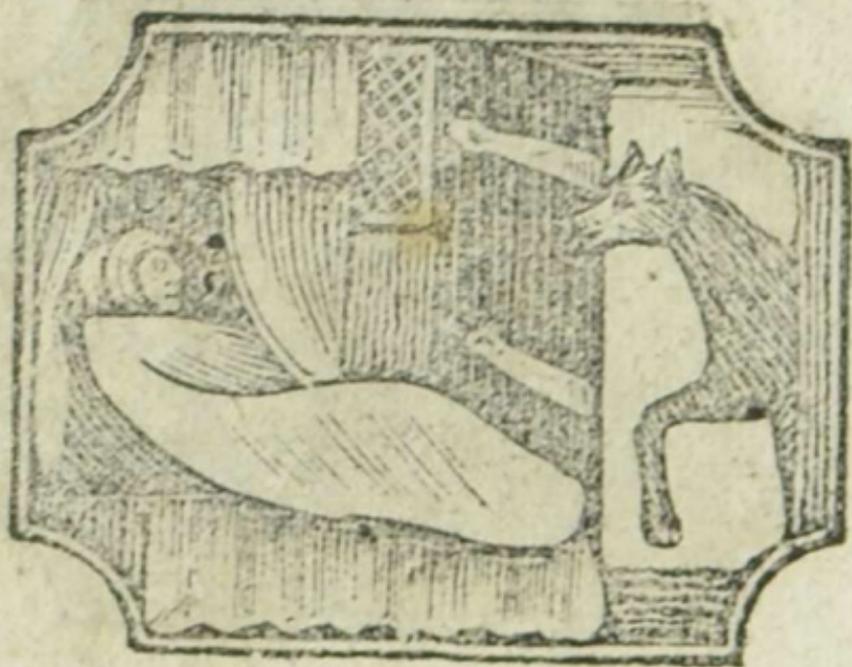
Im going to my Grandmama's
 She is not very well,
 With cake and pot of butter,
 Says wolf, where does she dwell
 In yonder house by yonder mill
 Good-bye, I cannot stay,
 So with her pretty finger then
 She pointed out the way.



Little Biddy crossed the field,
 Where pretty flowers grew,
 The cowslip that was yellow,
 The violet that was blue;
 Her little lap she gather'd full
 A bow-pot for to make,
 To give unto her Grandmama,
 With butter and with cake.



The wolf got first at grandma's
 And rapped, toc, toc, toc,
 Who's that said Grandmama
 Who at the door doth knock?
 'Tis your Granddaughter said
 the wolf,
 He mimic'd Biddy's voice,
 Mamma has sent a plumb-cake.
 And pot of butter nice.



Now Grandmama was very ill
 And on her bed did lie
 She called out the bobbin pull,
 And up the latch will fly;
 The bobbin pull'd up flew the
 Wolf popped in his head, latch
 He soon eat up Grandmama
 And then got into bed.



Toc, toc, at Grandma's door,
 Knock'd little Red Riding-hood
 Who's there says wolf and with
 a voice

Like Grandma's as he could,
 It is your Grandchild little Bid,
 With cake and pot of butter,
 The bobbin pull, & lift the latch
 The wicked wolf did mutter,



She went to bed, cry'd grandma
 Bless me what two great ears,
 What great ears, and what legs,
 They fill me full of fears ;
 My great ears will better hear,
 My arms you close embrace,
 And as for my two great legs
 They'll run a better race.



What great eyes, and long teeth
 I hope abroad you sup,
 They're better for to see you,
 And for to eat you sup:
 So saying then the cruel wolf
 That was for nothing good,
 Fell foul upon and eat up all,
 Little Red Riding-hood.





