





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 woud 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.



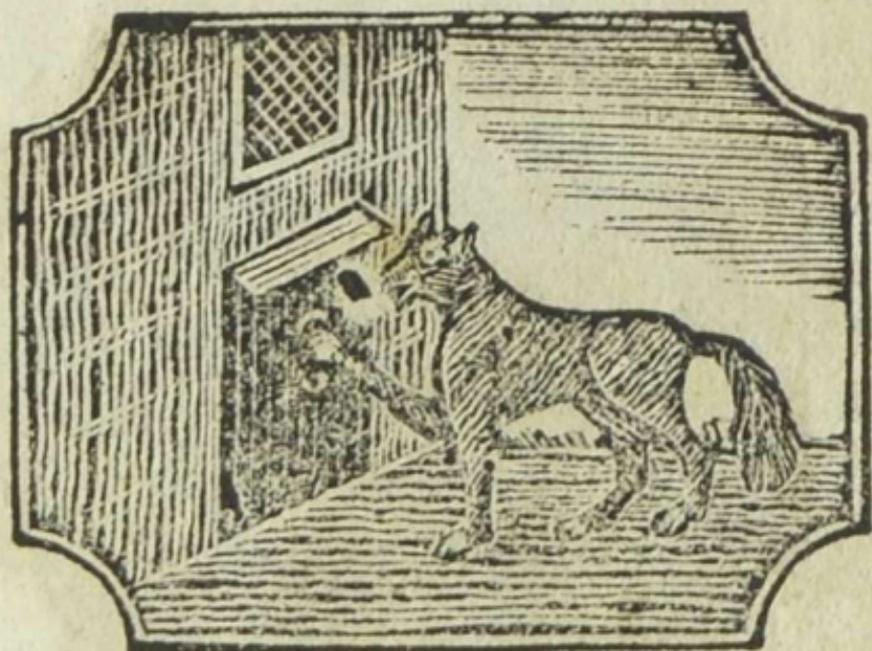
There he saw some faggotmen  
 Working in the wood,  
 And knew they'd take the part  
 Of poor Red Riding-hood;  
 So then he looked very kind,  
 And unto her he said,  
 Where are you going so early  
 This morning pretty maid.



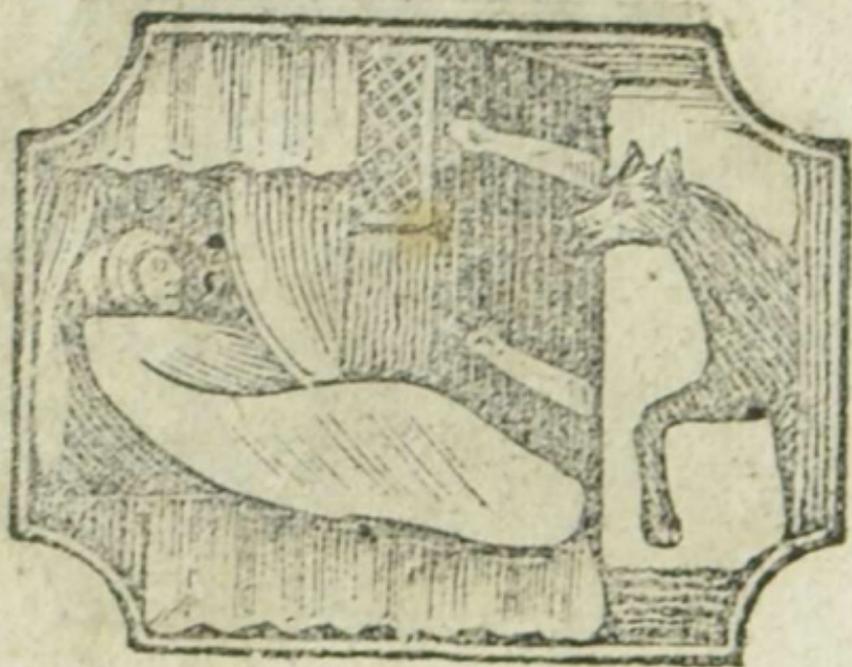
Im going to my Grandmama's  
 She is not very well,  
 With cake and pot of butter,  
 Says wolf, where does she dwell  
 In yonder house by yonder mill  
 Good-bye, I cannot stay,  
 So with her pretty finger then  
 She pointed out the way.



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 Grandaughter 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.





