







FT HISTORY OF  
LITTLE RED...  
1808



37131 013 249180

III





E. B. S.  
Renowned Historian

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.





SAV

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.  
IN VERSE.

*ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.*

---

---

SECOND EDITION.

---

---

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE JUVENILE LIBRARIES OF B. TABART AND CO.  
NEW BOND-STREET, AND J. HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

Printed by E. Hemsted, Great New-street, Fetter-lane.

---

1808.

THERE dwelt in a cottage which stood on the green,  
As sweet a young creature as ever was seen ;  
With goodness, and beauty, and modesty crown'd,  
Belov'd and esteem'd by the neighbours all round.  
Her tender, kind Grandmamma nurs'd her with care,  
And bought her one day, at a neighbouring fair,  
A nice little *Hood*, which you here may behold,  
Quite *red*, I assure you, to keep her from cold.







The folks of the village to see her soon came,  
And *Little Red Riding-hood* call'd her by name ;  
She look'd in this garment so spruce and so tight,  
They view'd her again and again with delight.  
Her mother one day to this little maid said,  
“ My dear, your poor Grandmamma lies sick in bed ;  
She wants some refreshment, I wish you to take  
These cheese-cakes and butter to her for my sake.”



Now Little Red Riding-hood always obey'd  
Her Mother's commands, and observ'd what she said.  
The basket she took, and then briskly set out,  
To see her sick Grandmamma anxious, no doubt.  
But lo ! as she pass'd by the skirt of a wood,  
A Wolf quite ferocious and famish'd there stood,  
Who mark'd the poor innocent child with his eye,  
But dreaded some wood-cutters working hard by.









He lurk'd in the footpath which she had to pass,  
And silyly address'd her—" my sweet little lass,  
Pray where are you going so snug and so warm ?"  
Now Little Red Riding-hood dreaded no harm,  
And quickly replied—" In this basket I've got  
A nice pot of butter, and cheese-cakes quite hot,  
A present for Grandmamma, feeble and old,  
Now sick and confin'd to her bed with a cold."

“ And where does she live (he then ask'd) pretty dear ?”

She answer'd at once without caution or fear,

“ O 'tis a good way, when you pass yonder mill

The very first house on the side of the hill.”

“ Very well,” said the Wolf, “ suppose I should try

Who first shall arrive there, my dear, you or I.”

And thus having spoke, he then took a short way,

And scamper'd before her without moe delay.



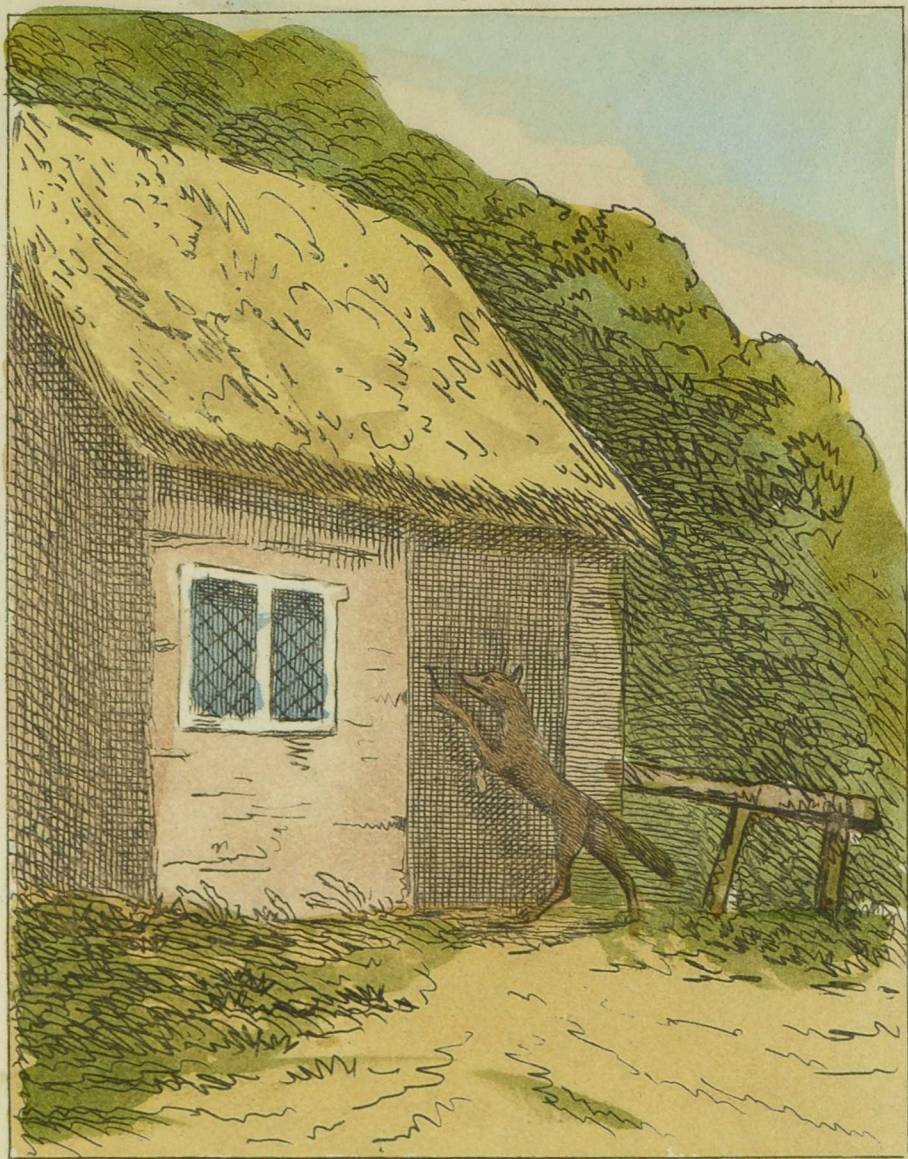




But while this rude monster proceeded so fast,  
The innocent creature pick'd nuts as she past,  
In chase of a butterfly often was seen,  
And collected some flowers which grew on the green,  
Which bound in a nosegay so blooming and bright,  
She hop'd would soon give her dear Granny delight;  
For she, who was always so kind and so good,  
With pride would receive it from Red Riding-hood.

Mean while the grim Wolf, who had scamper'd before,  
Arriv'd in a heat at her Grandmamma's door,  
And scarcely arrived when *tap ! tap !* did begin,  
“ Who's there ? ” said the feeble old woman within.  
The Wolf in a counterfeit voice did reply,  
“ 'Tis little Red Riding-hood, Granny, 'tis I.—  
Mamma sent me here, in a basket I've got  
A nice pot of butter, and cheese-cakes quite hot.”









“ Pull the bobbin, my dear (old Grandmamma said,)

For I am unable to rise out of bed;

The latch will go up, and will open the door.”

The Wolf pull'd the bobbin, and jump'd on the floor;

With hunger quite famish'd he'd fasted three days,

His appetite now he resolv'd to appease,

And seizing poor Granny, who scream'd with affright,

He quickly devour'd her quite out of his sight.



The rogue shut the door and laydown in the bed,  
And cover'd the blankets quite over his head.

With a tap, tap, tap, Little Red Riding-hood came :

“ Who's there? said the Wolf (as if 'twas the good dame.)

The voice made her start, but she soon did reply,

“ 'Tis Little Red Riding-hood, Granny, 'tis I—

Mamma sent me here, in a basket I've got

A nice pot of butter, and cheese-cakes quite hot.”







The Wolf in his heart now began to rejoice,  
While softly he spoke in a counterfeit voice :  
“ Pull the bobbin, my dear, the latch will then rise,  
And come here to bed, for the light hurts my eyes.”  
Now Little Red Riding-hood did as she said,  
She enter'd the cottage and hasten'd to bed.  
But soon when she felt the rough Wolf's hairy hide,  
Quite struck with amazement and wonder, she cried,

“ O Grandmamma dear! you have got such long arms!”  
The Wolf said, “ my love, they’ll protect you from  
harms.”

“ But O! what long ears you have got, Granny dear!”

“ The better,” he said, “ your sweet accents to hear.”

“ And O! Grandmamma, you have got such large eyes!”

“ The better to see you, my love,” he replies.

“ And O! what long teeth!” she exclaim’d in affright:

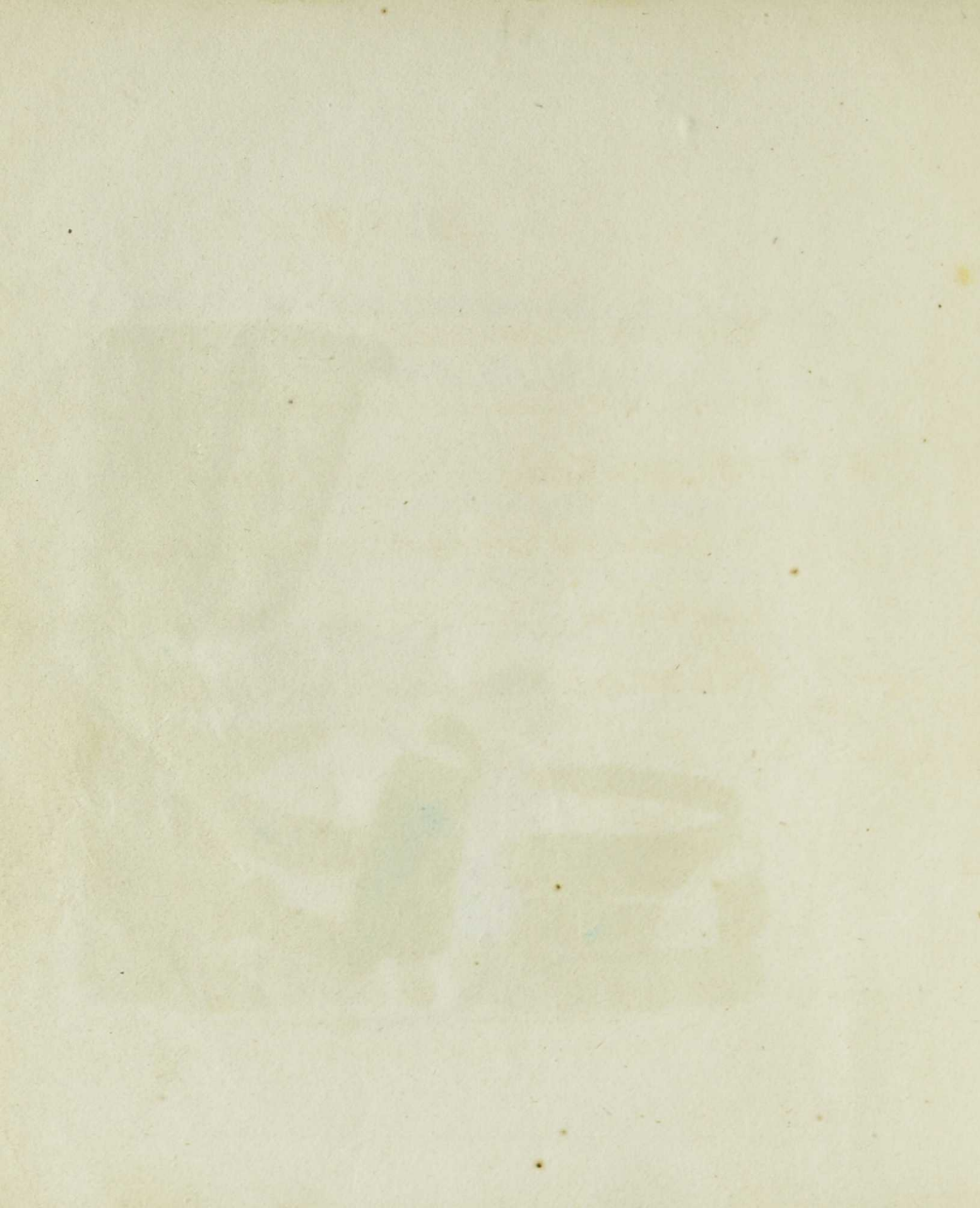
“ The better to eat you”—he said with delight.

And so without further delay or advice,

Ate Little *Red Riding-hood* up in a trice.







## *M O R A L.*

This Story demonstrates that Children discreet  
Should never confide in each stranger they meet;  
For often a Knave, in an artful disguise,  
Will mark out an innocent prey for his prize:  
Take warnfng, dear Children, before 'tis too late,  
By Little Red Riding-hood's tragical fate.







