LITTLE

RED RIDING HOOD

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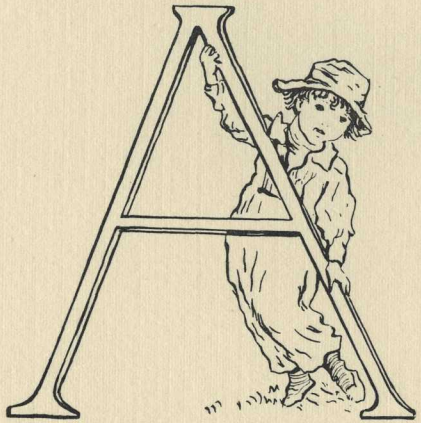

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LITTLE
RED RIDING HOOD.

A horrid tale I've got to tell!
A pretty girl in France did dwell,
Her grandmamma, so kind and good,
Gave unto her a red silk hood:
Though Celia was her right name,
This pretty hood gave her such fame,
That call'd she was 'Red Riding Hood;'
This little girl lived near a wood.

Her good mamma a basket fill'd,
With cakes and wine and chick fresh kill'd
For grandmamma, this pleased Miss;
Her hood put on, then got a kiss.
Was strictly told, for not to stay
To play or speak when on her way,
But to be quick, her errand do,
Then return home to knit and sew.

Her mamma's words she soon forgot,
Sat down to rest as she was hot:
With playfellow did pluck some flow'rs,
Form'd garlands fine and little bow'rs;
Stuck daises on the hawthorn's thorn,
Then sore she cried her hood was torn!
Next wash'd her face, her tears to hide,
In the pure brook that near did glide.

A sly old wolf, as on she ran,
Came in her path, and thus began:—
"You pretty girl, with pretty hood,
Where are you for thro' this dull wood?"
Celia now was quite afraid,
And sad she was for having staid,
She told the wolf, and let him see;
He said "Good day," then off did flee.

To grandmamma's he quick did trot,
Knock'd at the door of her small cot;
"The bobbin pull, I'm ill in bed,
Oh! cold I feel, and nearly dead."
The wily wolf the bobbin drew,
The cottage door wide open flew;
Upon the bed the monster flies,
He eat her up, then down he lies,

Red Riding Hood came to the door,
Of wild flow'rs sweet she'd quite a store;
Pull'd the latch, and ent'ring said,
"Dear grandmamma, alas! I've staid
Upon the road, and got a fright,
A wolf I met, with eyes so bright."
The sly old wolf said in reply,
"You must be tired, come with me lie."

To bed she went, ne'er thought of harm,
But wond'ring said, "what a long arm,
How hairy too; your eyes so bright;
Your ears seem long, and stand upright.
And, ah, your teeth they look so strong,
They fright me for they're huge and long."
"The better then, (the wolf did say,)
To eat you up this very day."

When over-gorged he lay to sleep,
And thus was caught when day did peep;
For Celia's mamma distressed quite,
When she returned not at night,
Sent off two men—found wolf in bed—
With hatchet sharp cut off his head;
Thus was destroyed this beast of blood,
Which killed poor Red Riding Hood!

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1840
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LIST OF BOOKS IN THIS SERIES.

1—The History of Cinderella.
2—The History of Tom Thumb.
3—Hare and many Friends.
4—Entertaining Views.
5—Robinson Crusoe.
6—Jack the Giant Killer.
7—Little Red Riding Hood.
8—Scenes from Nature.
9---Dame Trot.
10---Mother Hubbard.
11---Capitals of Europe.
12---The House that Jack built.
13---Death & Burial of Cock Robin.
14---Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.
15---Old Man and his Ass.
16---Peter Brown.

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Yorkshire J. S. Publishing & Stationery Co., Limited.