

HISTORY OF
LITTLE
RED RIDING HOOD;
IN VERSE;
WITH THE
MORAL OF THE TALE.



London :

Printed, Published, and Sold by G. B. PIM,
124, Bishopsgate Street, Without.

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HISTORY OF
THE
RED RIDING HOOD;
IN THREE
VOLUMES
MORAL OF THE FAIRY



LONDON

Printed and Sold by
The Author



Down in a pleasant village, far from town,
A neat and homely straw-thatch'd cottage stood,
Where dwelt a pretty lass, to all well known
By name of Little fair Red Riding Hood—
Simple, obedient, artless, gay, and mild,
She was her doting mother's darling child.



“ Get ready, child,” one day her mother said ;
“ Put on your hood—this custard you shall take
To your poor grand’ma, who lies ill in bed ;
This pot of butter too, and this cheesecake—
And mind, be sure attend to what I say —
Make haste, and do not loiter on the way.”



Straight on her errand young Red Riding Hood
Went, with her heart as blithe as birds in May ;
When as she pass'd a dark and gloomy wood,
Out popp'd grim Gaffer Wolf, and thus did say :
“ Where are you trudging, pretty little maid ? ”
“ Only to my grandma's, she trembling said,



“ Indeed !” said he ; “ where does the dame reside ?”

“ Near yonder hill, beside the old oak tree,
The cottage stands,” the artless maid replied ;

“ She’s very ill, and is expecting me.” [good day,

“ I know the house,” says Wolf ; “ sweet child,
My business calls me quite another way.”



When he was gone her little heart was glad,
And went on hoping ne'er to meet him more.
He took another road—ran off like mad—
Soon reach'd the spot, and knock'd at granny's door.
"Who's there?" she said. "Red Riding Hood,"
says he.
"Then pull the bobbin, and come in," cried she.



He pull'd the bobbin—up the door-latch flew,
And with a savage growl he seiz'd the dame—
She cried aloud, yet he'd no mercy show,
But ate her up—O cruel Wolf, for shame !
Then put poor granny's night-cap on his head,
And crept quite close and snugly into bed.



Soon at the door tapp'd Riding Hood : " Who's there ?"

The grim wolf cried, with voice well feign'd and low
"'Tis I, your grandchild"—"Come in," said he,
" my dear ;

The bobbin pull, and up the latch will go."

She enter'd—got in bed—and with surprise,

Cried, " What large arms and ears ! What glaring
eyes !"



“They are the better, are they not, my dear ?
To hug thee close, to see well, and to hear.”

“But, what great teeth ! they look so fierce
and grim !”

“Better to eat thee up !”—then limb from limb
He tore poor little hapless Riding Hood,
Then ran and hid himself within the wood.



MORAL OF THE TALE.

The Moral to be drawn from the preceding Tale is intended to convey to the youthful mind, the consequence of their not attending to the advice of parents and persons older than themselves. I hope my young friends will carefully attend to what they are directed; by which they will avoid many evils their youth and inexperience otherwise would lead them into, and which their elders having knowledge of, are able to caution

them against. My young readers are aware that no kind of beast can talk or act as the Wolf in the preceding Tale is represented to do. The Tale was written to caution young persons against the danger of listening to the voice of allurements. Let no one tempt you to do any thing without first considering what your parents would have you do respecting it if they were present. The best way is, not to proceed in any undertaking until you have asked their advice.



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