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# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

WORDS BY

## CHARLES JEFFERYS.

MUSIC BY

## STEPHEN GLOVER.

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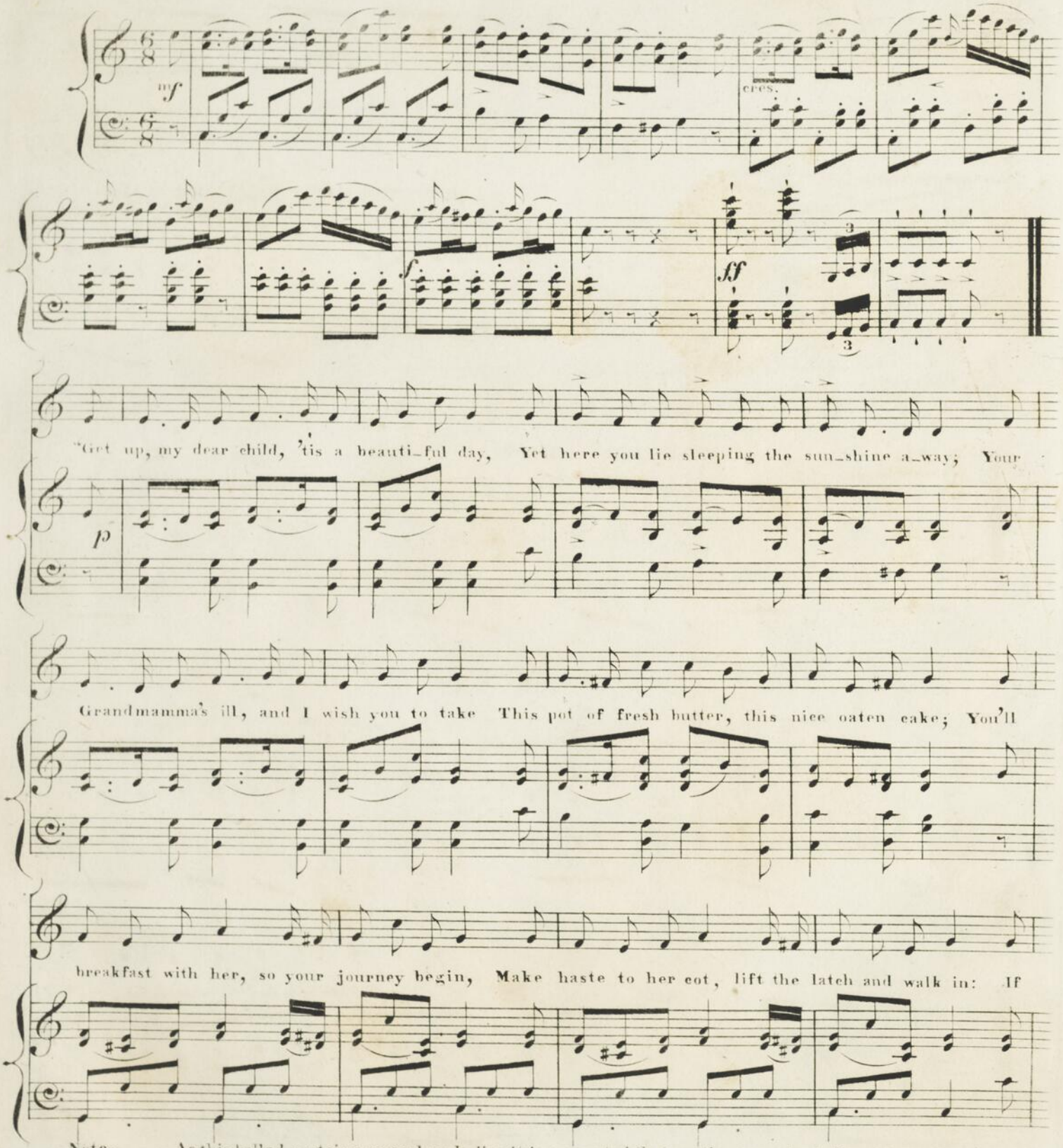


Note. As this ballad contains several melodies it is suggested that portions may be delivered by different singers: much dramatic effect may thus be given to it. C. J.

gossips you meet, give a curtsey and say, "You've buisness to mind, and you cant stop to play, You've

Allegro Vivace.

buisness to mind, and you cant stop to play." As merry as a cricket, with her

*f* *p*

basket on her arm, The little girl, Red Riding Hood, went bounding from the farm; Down

hill, and o'er the meadow, thro' the greenwood and the glade, There ne_ver was a bet_ter, or a

happier lit_tle maid: But well_a_day — ah! well_a_day, there was a field close by Where

but_ter_ cups and daisies look'd so charming to the eye, That she for_got her

cres.

mother's wish the Grand_mamma she lov'd, And like a lit_tle i_dle girl, a_

mong the flowers rov'd. When

*f*

Andante.

once we lose sight of our du_ty, We never know how it may end: — There's

*p*

always some Wolf in sheep's clothing, Some foe in the garb of a friend. So

*f*

Moderato.

'twas with poor Red Ri_ding Hood, she told the Wolf her tale, How she was sent, with

basket stor'd, to pleasant Holly_Dale; And how her Grandmam_ma was ill, what dainties she had

got; How a_ny one might lift the latch and walk in to her cot.

*f*

Allegretto.

They chat_ted to_gether and laugh'd by the way, Till sud_den_ly

sempre stacc:

*p*

starting, he wish'd her "good day:" She was holding a but_ter_cup close to her chin When he

eres.

bound_ed a_way with a nod and a grin. Now he had been watching for ma_ny a

day, Prowling and prowling in search of his prey: "Ho! ho!" growl'd he "what a

cres. rall. a tempo. p

feast shall be mine, I've fasted long but to_day I'll dine." "What beau_ti_ful

cres. rall. f p a tempo.

flowers what beau_ti_ful flow'rs, I'll gather just one garland more:"..... She

loiter'd a_bout but the Wolf gallop'd on Till he came to her Grandmamma's door.

cres. f

Moderato.

Knock! knock! "Who's there?" "Good Granny I'M here" "Pull the hobbin"

*p*

Più presto e agitato.

Pull the hobbin the latch will go up, my dear! In! in the Wolf was

*p*

piti-less He gave a savage roar: a scream, and all was o-ver soon, For

*f*

eres.

*f* *p*

rall. più lento.

never spake she more. The Wolf dress'd himself in Gran's nightcap and gown, And

rall. *p*

ritard. *p* a tempo.

in the bed stealthily laid him-self down. Knock! knock! "Who's there?" "it's

ritard. *p* a tempo.

I Granny Granny dear" "Pull the bobbin, come in I've been waiting I've been waiting you

Allegro Vivace.

here."

accel.

cres.

"Dear Grandmamma, I've come at last, I'll pull the curtain

*f* *p*

up, And show you these bright daisies and this love_ly but_ter_cup" "No!

no! I can_not bear the light, un_dress and come to bed" Cried out the Wolf; she

dim. ritard.

lit_tle thought her Grandmamma was dead. Red

dim. ritard. lento.

Moderato.

Riding Hood fell fast asleep, for she was ve_ry tired, The Wolf had eaten just before as

much as he de_sired; And so he let her sleep until he hungry grew a_gain, Then

cres.

p Agitato. cres

hugging her, she woke at last and cried out with the pain, "How rough and long your arms have grown" "the

cres. f p cres

better to en_fold you" "How big your eyes are and how bright" "the better to be_hold you" "What

p cres. p

cres. p

great, long ears" "yes they were made that I may bet_ter hear" "What frightful teeth you've

cres. p

accel. agitato.

got "They were made_they were made to eat you up, my dear." It was no sooner said than done; oh!

accel agitato.

più lento and con espress.

dim.

bitter, bitter fate! She thought of all her Mother's words_She thought of all her Mother's words: a_

dim.

p

ritard.

Tempo primo.

las! a_las! a_las! it was too late. But now a noise_a noise was heard_the Wolf with stronger

p

foes contends, And he was kill'd as he deserved_and there the sto_ry ends..... and there the sto_ry

sf

cres

ends_and there the sto__ry ends.

f

f

Ped

ff