

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



Lith. of Savoy & Major XX.

WORDS BY

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MUSIC BY

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Price 50 Cts. Nett.

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The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

Get up, my dear child, 'tis a beautiful day, Yet here you lie sleeping the sunshine away; Your

p

The musical notation for the first line of lyrics shows a treble clef with a melody of eighth notes and a bass clef with a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Grandmamma's ill, and I wish you to take This pot of fresh butter, this nice oaten cake; You'll

The musical notation for the second line of lyrics continues the melody and accompaniment from the first line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

breakfast with her, so your journey begin, Make haste to her cot, lift the latch and walk in: If

The musical notation for the third line of lyrics continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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 curtsy 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

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

mother's wish the Grand-mamma she lov'd, And like a lit-tle i-dle girl a-

mong the flowers rovd. When

Andante.

once we lose sight of our du-ty, We never know how it may end: There's

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

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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.

Allegretto.

They chat-tered to-gether and laugh'd by the way, Till sud-den-ly
 sempre stacc:
 starting, he wish'd her "good day;" She was holding a but-ter-cup close to her chin When he

hound-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

feast shall be mine, I've fasted long but to-day I'll dine." "What beau-ti-ful

cres. *rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

flowers— what beau-ti-ful flow'rs, I'll gather just one garland more!"..... She

loit'ed a-bout but the Wolf gallop'd on Till he came to her Grandmamma's door.

Moderato.

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

Più presto e agitato.

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

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

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

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

1 "Granny — Granny dear" "Pull the hobbin, come in — I've been waiting — I've been waiting you

Allegro Vivace.
 here." *accel.* "Dear Grandmamma, I've come at last, I'll pull the curtain
cres. *f* *p*

up, And show you these bright daisies and this love-ly but-ter-fly" "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

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

better to en-fold you?" "How big your eyes are and how bright?" "the better to be-hold you?" "What

great, long ears?" "yes they were made that I may bet-ter hear?" "What frightful teeth you've

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

foes contends, And he was kill'd as he deserved... and there the sto-ry ends..... and there the sto-ry

ends... and there the sto-ry ends.