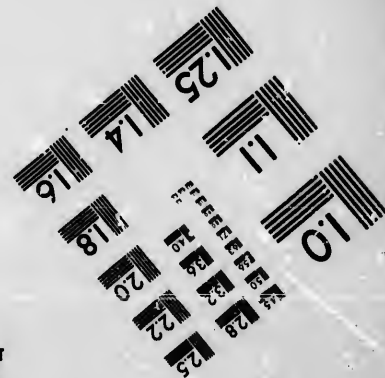
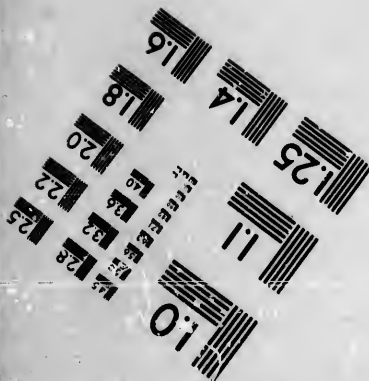
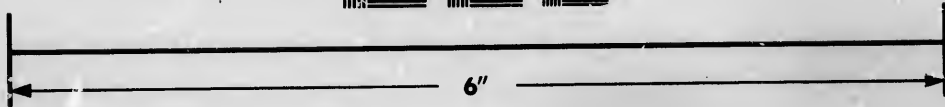
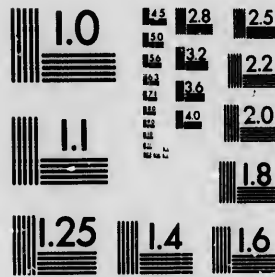


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1985

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

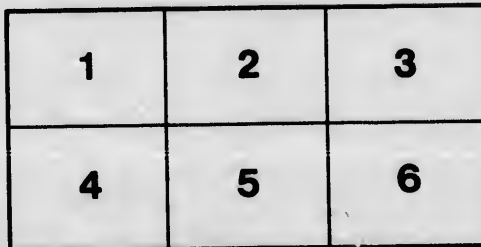
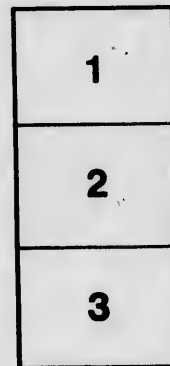
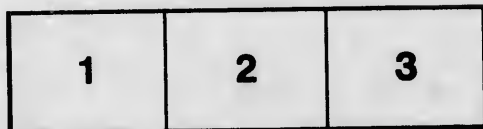
Douglas Library
Queen's University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Douglas Library
Queen's University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

rrata
to

pelure,
n à



32X

0

AT

RED RIDING HOOD

AN

W. E. Morgan

B. C. D.

OPERATIC INTERLUDE,

Lorou

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

FRANCIS W. S. REY, ESQUIRE.

THE LIBRETTO

BY

VARIOUS HANDS.

Price 7½ Pence.

QUEBEC :

PRINTED BY J. T. BROUSSEAU,
AT HIS STEAM PRESS ESTABLISHMENT, 9, BUADE STREET.

1854.

LP

PS8400

R3

First

MO
GR.

REL

WO

CHO

First performed at the Music Hall, Quebec, on
Friday 24th February, 1854.

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER, }
GRANDMOTHER, } . . . MR. KIMBER,
RED RIDING HOOD, . . . MR. F. W. SKEY,
WOLF, MR. BRAUN,
CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, &c.

310861

THE STONE BOOK

ONE

THE STONE BOOK

THE STONE BOOK

THE STONE BOOK

THE STONE BOOK

THE STONE BOOK

R

CENE

(As the
ward.)

VILLA

(Ent
ED RID

OTHER.

RED RIDING HOOD.

Act 1.

SCENE A CUT WOOD.—RED RIDING HOOD'S COTTAGE
ON THE LEFT.

(As the Curtain rises, Villagers enter right hand and come
forward.)

CHORUS.

Wake from your slumber deep
Pride of our forest glade,
Wake—from your morning sleep
Lovely and happy maid !—

See—the bright dawning sky?
List—how we sing and sigh !
Open your lattice high,

Queen of our May.

Maiden so fair and true
Long have we waited you !
Sadly your absence rue,

Whilst you delay.

Awake—awake, &c.

VILLAGER.—

She comes !

(Enter Red Riding Hood and Mother.)

RED RIDING HOOD.—(recit.)

I greet ye my friends, happiness is mine this
morning, for in the smile of those glad faces I read
a kindly welcome.

OTHER.—

See daughter, already have your friends in early
morning, searched each garden bower, searched
each forest glade, to deck thee as their Queen of
-May.

RED RIDING HOOD.—

Joy, joy, joy!—Queen of the May.—Then all
my hopes and dreams are true!—

RED RIDING HOOD.—(Solo.)

Glad as this golden day
Bounds my happy heart,
Glad in these Realms of May
To act the Royal part.

The trees of haughty height
Shall bow their heads before me,
The flowers so sweet and bright
Will as their Queen adore me.

Glad as the golden day, &c., &c.

MOTHER.—(recit.)

Come, come sweet daughter, bid your kind friends
adieu—Kind Sirs, she shall attend ye to the village
green—and lead your sport.

CHORUS.

Hail to our forest Queen!
Lovely Red Riding Hood!
Never was maiden seen
Blooming so fair and good.

Hence! where our May pole high
Points to the sunny sky,
Friends—let's away!
No longer stay,

The throne prepare.

Lilies and Roses fine,
All in a garland twine,—
Friends—let's away!
No longer stay,

The throne prepare.

(Exeunt Villagers.)

RED RIDING HOOD and MOTHER, come forward.—

MOTHER.—(R. H.)

My sweetest daughter thy small heart must beat
Such kindness from thy village friends to meet,
That all the lads and lasses of the place
Should come to serenade thy silly face.
Some say thou'rt pretty, but 'tis very clear
They all talk nonsense, dont believe them dear—
Thou should'st have seen thy mother seated high
Some years ago. (not many by the bye)
Upon the May-day throne. How with a wave

7.—Then all

Majestic of my May-day wand—I gave
The sign for dance and chorus to begin,
And sports in honor of their *beauteous* Queen.

RIDING HOOD.—(L. H.)

Their *beauteous* Queen! *Mamma*, I thought you
said

That you were on the throne, their sports to head
And you although a dear, old, sweet, old Ma,
Were never beautiful—that is Papa
Said oft

MOTHER.—(aside.)

T'is well the wretched man is dead.

(Aloud.)

What put such utter nonsense in your head?
A man he was without a spark of taste
Indeed to marry him was utter waste.

kind friends
to the village

RIDING HOOD.—Without a spark of taste *mamma*! but Oh!

He showed some taste when he selected you.

MOTHER.—

No, not the least. I owned him life and limb,
He chose not me, but I selected him.

RIDING HOOD.—Selected him *mamma*!

MOTHER.—

. Of course I did.
The truth in love affairs is often hid
Beneath a world of bashful looks and sighs
Of coy behaviour—blushes—down cast eyes.

RIDING HOOD.—Oh ma, do'nt go on so,—

MOTHER.—

. Do'nt go on so!

RIDING HOOD.—I never had a love affair you know,

At least—that is—perhaps—

MOTHER.—

. Hey day what's now?

RIDING HOOD.—Pray is it wrong to blush *mamma*?

MOTHER.—

. I vow

You are the oddest girl I ere came near.

RIDING HOOD.—(Crossing to R. H.)

The oddest girl—well perhaps I am *Ma* dear,
And yet I look around—How many graces
This happy town affords—And *beauteous* faces
Radiant with smiles. Oh be it mine
To follow their example. A design
I have just formed—but I shall fail I fear
To mock such grace as that assembled *here*.

MOTHER.—

As that assembled *here*? of course you mean
Out yonder, round the May-pole on the green.

RIDING HOOD.—Oh any where you please *mamma*, but say

What must I do to win their hearts to day?

MOTHER.—

Dress well—dance well—put on your cloak and
hood,—
The color suits your face.

ward.—

must beat
s to meet,
ce

clear
hem dear—
seated high
ye,)
h a wave

RIDING HOOD.— T'was very good
Of you to give it me, my dear mamma,
But then the girls like red cloth better far
When made into a coat.

MOTHER.— And poor the chance
Of sober coated knaves. Why who can dance,
Or sing, or flirt—like him whose coat is red.
Oh how they flirt! Your father often said—

RIDING HOOD.—What is't to flirt mamma? I do not know.

MOTHER.— T'is better that you learn to spin and sew
Than learn to flirt just yet, t'is no use preaching,
But take my word t'will come without much
teaching.

RIDING HOOD.—It must be very nice.

MOTHER.— T'is nonsense daughter
You know far better, Miss, at least you ought to.

RIDING HOOD.—*Daughter* and *ought* to make a sorry rhyme.

MOTHER.— I could not find a better in the time
Besides I use whatever rhymes I please
Just those that come to me with greatest ease,
So Miss, don't you find fault, for I wont stand it.

RIDING HOOD.—Oh! Ma, you speak to me like any bandit—
I'm sure I beg your pardon.

MOTHER.— So you ought.

RIDING HOOD.—To offend you so, indeed I never thought.

MOTHER.— There that will do—but listen while I tell ye
How you must take some cakes, and fruit and jelly,
A bottle of sweet wine, but first decant it.

RIDING HOOD.—D'ont let us talk mamma, supposed we chant it.

(They Sing.)

DUETT.

MOTHER.—

To the cottage in the valley
Where your ancient grandame dwells,
Take this offering.—Do not dally
Midst the lonely brakes and falls.

RIDING HOOD.—

Yes!—I'll hasten to the valley
Through the woodland wild and drear,
On my way I will not dally
Nor delay,—my mother dear.

(Together)

There { I shall, } pass the flowing stream,
 { thou wilt. }
Wandering on beneath the shade
All dark and gloomy.—There no gleam
Paints with gold the grassy glade.

MOTHER.—

Take these cakes, my daughter dearest
With this cream and summer flowers
Joy is her's when thou appearest
Cheerer of her lonely hours.

RIDING HOOD.—Yes ! hasten, &c.

(Together.)

There { I shall,
 { thou wilt. } pass, &c.

(Exit mother into cottage.)

RED RIDING HOOD.—When hungry wolves their lair had made,

Beneath the thickets tangled shade,
I trembled every limb with fear—
Whene'er I pass'd that wood so drear,
But now the hunters noble trade,
Has cheered us with his timely aid ;
And glittering 'neath the sunny sky,
Our village boasts prosperity.

(Enter mother with basket containing bottle &c.)

MOTHER.—

To the cottage in the valley, &c.

RED RIDING HOOD.—

(During which, enter Wolf at back—unseen by R. R. H. or Mother)

Yes ! I hasten, &c.

R. R. H. and MOTHER.—

There { I shall,
 { thou shalt. } pass, &c.

(and while R. R. H. and mother sing the above, the wolf sings.)

(Aside.)

What do I see ? a maiden fair—
A tender morsel should be there—
Those eyes so bright ! how soft her hair !
Oh may I have her flesh to tear.

(Mother puts on Red R. Hood cloak for her.)

WOLF.—(aside.)

Yes, Yes, I see, a maiden fair
Oh may I have her flesh to tear,
But first to rid me of the dame
Then counterfeit love's wasting flame.

R. R. H. and MOTHER.

To the cottage in the valley,
I will, } go my, { mother } dear.
Thou wilt. } { daughter }

(Wolf rushes forward and plucks mother by the skirt wh
screams, and Exit—while R. R. H. screams, runs to right hand
and kneels.)

RED RIDING HOOD.—(recit) Oh mother dear where art thou gone?

WOLF comes forward to L. H.

RIDING HOOD.—Just Heaven help me!—mother, oh! my mother,
She cannot hear me. (*The wolf approaches*)

(To the wolf.) Sir I am another
Than her you seek—I do not know you, never—
Have had the—leave me—introduction ever—

WOLF.—(aside complacently.—L. H.)

Poor thing! she's agitated; how her heart is beating
These strong emotions rather spoil the eating
She'll soon be calmer—(*thinking*)

(Aloud) Say in a few hours
And then—ahem—I'll pay her my *devours*—
Dear creature!—do'nt be frightened—that's a
darling

It's all my fun, if you have heard me snarling,
Pray dont mistake me—I am not a thief
I love you tenderly, and past belief—
You're dressed with taste—and nothing is genteeler
I rob YOUR clothes!—do'nt take me for a *peeler*
I'd scorn the base insinuation to your cheek
I've got a muzzle but I'm not a *beak*
I've heard that ladies set much store on dress

(Aside.)

I've re-assured her on that point—I guess.
RIDING HOOD.—In every nerve of my frail frame I tremble—
If I would live, I must my fears dissemble
Must soothe this savage beast so false of tongue
Subtle with age, deceitful to the young,
Must veil the sickening horror that I feel
And this poor palpitating bosom steel?

(Aloud.) Sir.—this encounter—is quite unexpected

Is this path often by your grace selected?
WOLF.— Oh very oft! for I like you—shun all
And love a quiet constitutional

(Kneeling.) To-day, sweet Riding Hood the path of love—
Be mine—be mine—together we shall dwell
In some lone flower-wreathed, and, quiet dell
There shall we eat in bliss profound and deep
The ruddy apple, and the tender sheep,
And though we'll share our morsels, thin or thick,
With you I'll never have a bone to pick.

RIDING HOOD.—My Lord is witty.—t'is a foud conceit
Of such attention, I am hardly meet—

WOLF (aloud) You're *meat* enough for me—(aside) forsooth—
She's no idea how I speak the truth.

RIDING

WOLF.—

(A

RIDING

WOLF.—

(A

RIDING

WOLF.—

RIDING

WOLF.—

RIDING

WOLF.—

RIDING

WOLF.—

RIDING

WOLF.—

WOLF.—

RIDING

RIDING HOOD.—My Lord,—I have a mother—tenderly beloved
 From her to-day I have unduly roved
 Let me go seek her ere the dark come on
 To let her know the fortune I have won
 To ask her blessing on our mutual vows
 And print fond kisses on her anxious brows—

WOLF.—(aside.) I know the Lady, rather fond of snuff,
 A widow—most respectable—but tough!
 (Aloud.) Yes dearest Riding Hood,—the lengthening day
 Warns you—no longer out of doors to stay—

RIDING HOOD.—Then of your presence I must be bereaved;
 How glad I am! I mean—how much I'm grieved.

WOLF.—(smiling.) My person pleases you—my words beguile
 (Affectedly) They tell me—I've a captivating smile.

RIDING HOOD.—(aside.)
 An odious leer.—(aloud.) indeed it is most merry
 A smile of sunshine—captivating—very!

WOLF.—And do you like my whiskers dear?

RIDING HOOD.—. A few,
 I see you've joined the moustache movement too.

WOLF.—Of course I have—so juvenile and dashing
 You'd wish to see your lover in the fashion?

RIDING HOOD.—Yes dear—but—hem! there yet remains one clause.
 Can you support me?

WOLF.—. What love! with my paws?

RIDING HOOD.—No with your purse—

WOLF.—. How dearest can you ask?
 With my long purse t'will be a grateful task
 Through a long life with shade and sunshine
 To show what *pursy*-verance can effect. [flecked

RIDING HOOD.—(aside.—crossing L. H.)
 Oh I'm so thankful! can it be a dream?
 That this is real I can hardly deem
 I fear I'll wake up in his cruel claws
 And hear my bones all crackle in his jaws
 But no—the Wolf is love sick—really smitten
 An illustration of the bitter bitten.

WOLF.—(aside.) I've a plan—Two meals are more than one
 I'll hurry onward thro' the twilight dun,
 And when successful—o'er my glass of wine
 On three generations, in three courses dine.

WOLF.—(aloud.) Now go my love—go seek your grandma's home
 The path is straight, nor have you far to roam—
 No cruel beasts within the forest prowl
 No ugly bat, nor Cochin-China fowl.—

RIDING HOOD.—And there no double-headed eagle flies
 With blood stained beak and dull red cruel eyes

WOLF.— Eager to swoop upon it's helpless prey
 And gorge till powerless to move away;
 No cruel brigands who may rob or burk ye,
 Nor Bear to bully a defenceless Turkey.
 Go, go my love nor longer linger here,
 Your grandma waits you (crossing to L. H. and
 taking bottle,) and the bottled beer
 I see you carry does not long keep clear
 Here let me taste it (takes the bottle and drinks)
 villainous by Gad!

(Finishes bottle and hands it back.)

(Gasping.) Was ever stuff so poisonous and bad!
 I'm glad your grandame did not taste such liquor
 T'would only make the poor old creature sicker.

RIDING HOOD.— My Lord, it is the best of bottled beer,
 Strengthens the system, makes the voice more
 clear.

WOLF.— What! clears the voice? come on—I'll chant a
 stave,

RIDING HOOD.— (Hesitating and blushing.)
 Choose you the subject—loving, gay or grave?

Loving—my Lord—(aside.) I'd sing my own
 death dirge

WOLF.— To rid myself of such a hateful scourge.
 Sing out then boldly—music is a feast.

RIDING HOOD.— With charms to mollify the savage beast.

(They Sing.)

RIDING HOOD.—
 Your words out pouring
 Of love adoring
 My peace restoring
 Made me relent.

WOLF.—
 Blest be our meeting!
 When at my greeting
 And fond entreating
 You blushed consent.

BOTH.—
 Hearts beat with pleasure
 Loud to one measure
 Love is a treasure
 From Heav'n sent.

How could I dream of other eyes
 Or think that life was gay,
 How could I praise the golden skies
 When thou wer't far away!—

SCENE
 d
 le
 INTRO
 GRANDM

All other eyes are dim to me
 No smile but thine is gay
 My very life is dead to me
 While thou art far away!
 How could I dream, &c.

ACT DROP FALLS.



Act 2.

SCENE interior of Grand-mother's cottage—door in flat also cupboard door on right hand, low couch, right hand—table with chairs left hand.—

INTRODUCTION.—Grandmother discovered knitting at table.—

GRANDMOTHER.—

Degenerate world I say—I've great misgiving—
 That after all 'tis not the place to live in,
 All gratitude is gone, this life's a bother.
 My very daughter has forgot her mother—
 Where is the cake, and wine she promised me?
 The morn's quite past, and now its half past three,
 Her time was ten,—where is Red Riding Hood?
 It really puts one in a testy mood,
 To wait all day.—The girls of modern days
 Are quite degenerate in their ways—
 They'll not make grandames such as I, I fear
 I scarce look *forty* in my *seventieth* year,
 So says the parson's son, a handsome youth.
 (A parson's son *must* always tell the truth,)
 And if he says I look quite young and charming
 Why not believe him?—there can be no harm in—
 Your modern men are always out of doors
 Up to some nonsense, really horrid boors.
 And to their mills each pleasure must be grist,
 Clubs where they eat beefsteak and clubs for whist,
 Give me this quiet vale where all is cosey
 Where *you* know all, and every body knows ye—
 Degenerate world I say—now let me peep out,
 The girl that comes so late must mean to sleep out.
 (goes to door and looks out.)

No, no, she's not in sight—I cannot see her,
 Some harm has happen'd to the girl I fear!
 She may have tumbled souse into the brook,
 And there be drown'd—I'll have another look—
 No she's not there—Oh may her life be spared
 Degenerate girl!—I'll have the spare bed aired—

And though her conduct to me's rather cruel
 A dash of brandy in a cup of gruel
 Although it seldom does become a *Miss*
 May well *become* her supper—but of this
 Take my advice all ye I have my eyes on
 Avoid the bottle as ye would rank poison !
 Degenerate world !—once more I've great misgiving
 That after all t'is *not* the place to live in.
 Oh ! for a grand Trunk Railway, that would take us
 Straight to the moon—I fear the *sun* might bake us,
 But her *pale rays* would *raise* our spirits quite
 Beyond the *Pale* of Sorrow, day and night—
 But for the present I must waste my worth
 And live—Alas !—upon degenerate earth.
 The Rail I fear is useless till next spring,
 So to console me, I'll begin to sing.

(Sings.)

BALLAD.

Within a bower so gay,
 That beauties hand had made,
 A lovely rose one day,
 Hung blushing in the shade—
 A maiden fair pass't by,
 With foot steps tripping light,
 With modest down cast eye,
 And smiles divinely bright,
 She pluck'd that lovely flower,
 But little thought the maid,
 That e'en in one short hour
 Heighho ! Heighho !
 Beyond all earthly power
 T'would languish droop and fade
 Heighho ! Heighho ! Heighho !

She pluck'd that fragrant rose
 She twined it in her hair
 And nought more beauteous grows,
 Than rose and maiden fair—
 But soon all beauty pass'd
 That flower she loved so well,
 All scatter'd by the blast
 In fluttering circlets fell
 Alas, alas she cried,
 Tho' maids like roses bloom
 And sadly thus she sigh'd
 Heighho ! Heighho !
 Borne on by natures tide
 We sink into the tomb
 Heighho ! Heighho ! Heighho !

(Sings.)

Why I'm quite out of breath, what can it be?
 I'll *lave* my sorrows in a cup of tea,
 And I would *lave* them altogether there,
 Had I the power—for I've lots to spare.
 Now for the tea-things. (Goes to cupboard.)

(Enter Wolf.)

WOLF.—(aside.) Hurrah! the door's not locked,
 I rather guess the old one will be shocked
 To see a visitor, just now, like me—
 Ahem!

GRANDMOTHER.—(not seeing him.)

Now then I'll have a cup of tea.

(She turns round, runs against the Wolf, drops tea things,
 rushes out at a side door and slams it after her.)

WOLF.—(coming forward.)

Ha, ha! she's safe, there she may lie and bellow
 Before I let her out from yonder cellar—
 I fear she'll make a toughish piece of meat,
 Unless like tough beef steaks, she's first well beat.
 But what to do with her? Aye there's the rub!
 I know—I'll send her to the beef-steak club
 Or as they now are called, St. Hamel's Monks,
 Who eat beef-steaks and bread in mighty hunks,
 As did their ancient brethren without question,
 Yet he who swallows her with good digestion
 Altho' a monk—and doffs the monkish frock
 a while,

Must have a stomach like a Crocodile—

WOLF.—(picks up tea pot.)

What have we here?—(*tastes its contents.*)

. A most mysterious fluid
 Mawkish and sweet—like luke warm mutton suet
 Does the old beldame quaff aught else I wonder?

(Looks round him.)

Ha! can it be?—no—yes—a bottle yonder
 A large black bottle (takes and smells it) what a
 perfect treasure!

Brandy—a quart—Hurrah! imperial measure
 No *gills* for me—just now two *highly* prized
 They make a fellow horribly disguised,
 Half measure never set the soul on fire.

I go the whole thing *Meux* and co's entire,
 (*Takes a chair places his feet on table and drinks*)

How pleasant is it with extended feet,
 So quaff one's *bitters* ere one taste the *sweet*,
 And then *such* sweets! the joy half makes me wild,

To dine on grandmama, mama, and child ;
 Oh tender Riding Hood so soft and mellow
 ('Tis true the rest's but leather and prunella)
 A most substantial banquet for a sinner,
 A quiet unpretending *family* dinner.

I saw once seated at her cottage door
 This wretched woman smoking—she has store
 Of all things needful to produce that smoke,
 Which folds the dreamer in it's gauzy cloak ;
 (Indignantly.) I woul'dnt *steal* for all the world—ahem !—
 But all must act to me, as I to them

I gave the crone full many a sturdy rap,
 And in return I've tasted of her *tap*,
 She *piped her eye* because I drank her swipes
 It's only fair now I should *eye her pipes* ;

(Takes pipe, lights it, smokes, having first lit candle, then
 coming forward with bottle in hand, Sings :—)

SONG—WOLF.—

Fill, fill the cup before ye,
 Brave Bacchus I adore ye,
 Then drink—let us drink,
 Let us drink for tomorrow we die,
 Our souls we'll bathe in rosy wine,
 And quaff it to the god divine,
 Then drink—let us drink
 In the cup we will drown every sigh, ;
 Cares may oppress ye,
 Sorrow distress ye,
 Then drink mortal drink !
 In the goblet wash down every woe,
 Hence with all sadness
 Come mirth and gladness,
 Drink mortal drink !
 Bid the nectar in torrents to flow.
 Drink ! drink ! drink !
 Drink, for tomorrow we die,
 &c., &c., &c.

(Looking out of the window)

She's coming—good ! my dinner's on the road,
 From off my mind it takes a heavy load ;
 Dear little dinner for which so long I've fished
 You little know how soon you're to be dished ;
 Ah perseverance never is in vain,
 My worthy wolf ! we'll have another drain ;

(Wolf puts the bottle to his mouth—disappointedly)
 What nothing left ! no sauce for each sweet dish,
 That wretched woman drinks like any fish

(Looks at the bottle again.)

The cork's stuck fast—no—this wants harder tapping.

(Taps bottle on table—Cork comes out—wolf drinks.)

Now I call this a first rate *spirit rapping*,
A blessed medium makes the head much clearer
Ho, ho! Red Riding Hood is coming nearer,
T'is very strange, and cause for much amazement
But as the grandame's hiding in the basement
I'll just go down—surprize the dame
Hid there so snugly—?
Death is a bitter *cup* but nought could make,
Her *mug* more ugly—(exit.)

(Soft music.)

(Enter Riding Hood seats herself at the table—exhausted.)

RIDING HOOD.—Home—home at last! thanks gracious powers above.

I seek my home as the poor wearied dove
Drops to her nest, when down from the blue sky
She falls—fast followed by the hawks shrill cry,
Her home is reached, he may not enter there,
But baffled pauses—hovering in mid air
(Rising). But gracious! what a most peculiar smell
Tobacco certainly—and spirits—well!
Poor grandmama must be at her wits ends
Or entertained a party of her friends
Not a most choice one, for it seems they drink
Out of the bottle, and I rather think
They've only used one pipe, it's very clear,
They've had a dissipated party here
That smoke half chokes me—do'n't feel quite the
thing

To raise my drooping spirits I must sing—

(Sings.)

BALLAD.—(RIDING HOOD)—

“ THE HEATHER BELL. ”

The words by Mr. H. Drayton—The music by Joseph F. Duggan.—

I love to wander o'er the hills,
And breath the mountain air so free,
With rapture then my bosom thrills
I revel in my liberty;
I love my cottage home'tis there
Content and happiness I find,
My heart is ever free from care!
For all are faithful true and kind,
And with my merry mountain lay,
Oft in the valley then I go,

All joyous as I take my way,
 Down where the heather bells do grow.
 Happy am I, I gaily sing,
 And while the winter hours away,
 And anxious watch the coming spring,
 Where nature all seems blithe and gay ;
 Sweet flowers I pluck by mountain stream,
 And gaze upon their fragile forms,
 And as I pluck them it would seem,
 I shelter them from coming storms
 I would not change my mountain home,
 For all that wealth and pomp could show,
 Give me the valley let me roam,
 Down where the heather bells do grow.—

(Enter Wolf.)

WOLF.— Bravo—Bravissimo, I in raptures dwell
 Encore, divine, enchanting, pretty well.

(RIDING HOOD screams and rushes L. H.)

WOLF (R. H.)—

(Aside.) With tender flesh these strong emotions taint it
 (Aloud.) This is an unexpected pleasure ai'nt it?—
 Do'nt take on so, or kick up all this bobbery.
 There aint no murder done nor yet no robbery ;

RIDING HOOD.—You love me sir ?

WOLF.— Stomachically—yes—

RIDING HOOD.—Must I then die ?—

WOLF.— You must I rather guess

RIDING HOOD.—What die unshrived ? not one sin overlooked—
 Dic unprepared ?

WOLF.— Oh perfectly *uncooked*
 Your grandame's hidden where I can't discover
 Or by this time her history would be over
 This makes me all the hungrier—I know
 Disguise is useless—death is present—So !—

(Seizes her roughly.)

RIDING HOOD.—Oh spare me ! spare me ! let me live one hour.

(Wolf drags her towards the couch R. H.)

One hour my Lord—I do not ask for more
 T'is a few minutes only let me live
 Then my life—most checerfully I'll give,

(Wolf throws her on the couch.)

Mercy is gone, oh monster most accursed !
 You can but Kill me— ah I know your worst
 Death is the worst—The spirit like a bird
 Will soar from earth—(faints)

WOLF (L. H.)

. Dramatic 'pon my word !
 But now to business quite à la Othello,
 In scenes like this— a ready witted fellow

He used pillow—well—I've no objection—
Strangling's a death not easy of detection
But that's no object.

(Solemn music, Blows out candle, Stage darkned.)

(In a sepulchral voice.)

Welcome churchyard night,
Put out the light—and then put out the light.

(Enter grand mother and Chorus—)

(As the chorus enter with torches gas to be raised to its fullest height.)

FINALE.

(Exit Wolf)

CHORUS.

Oh what horror ! what grief ! what dismay !
See our Queen—Is she dead ? oh revive her !
In pursuit of the wolf let's away !
We swear he shall not long survive her.

(Grandmother.)

Low in the dust let him perish !
In the woods quickly track and way lay him
So avenge the fair maid that ye cherish,
With your knives—haste, and ruthlessly slay him ?

CHORUS.

Oh what horror, &c., &c.

GRANDMOTHER.—*(recit.)*

But see she moves—hush she wakens from her

RIDING HOOD.—*(sighs)* Ah !

Mother—dearest mother where art thou ? [swoon.]

GRANDMOTHER.—

Thy mother will be here anon !

RIDING HOOD.—*(Starting up and coming forward)*

Ah ! where is the monster that attacked me ?

A VILLAGER.—

He perished by this hand—

RIDING HOOD.—

Ah I breath again—

CHORUS.—*(coming forward.)*

Ah what joy, to despair bid adieu
Let mirth and delight reign around
Let us quickly each pastime renew
And our Queen with garlands be crown'd

GRANDMOTHER.—

Though the villain thy life could have taken
Thou art spared to thy friends and to joy—
Oh what bliss, from thy swoon thou didst waken
And our day has no cares to annoy.—

CHORUS.

Oh what joy &c., &c.

RIDING HOOD.—

I little thought that wolf had made
 His lair beneath the thickets shade,
 I trembled every limb with fear,
 When I beheld the wretch so near.
 But now my friends so brave and true,
 My life this day was saved by you
 And gratitude indeed I owe
 That you have dealt this timely blow—

GRANDMOTHER.—

Now a sermon I must preach
 And have a word to say to each
 Try my dears and all be good
 Be warned by Little Riding Hood.

CHORUS.

Ah what joy, &c., &c.,
 Hence away—Hence away, &c., &c.

CURTAIN FALLS.

91

6821

4
Hm.

