

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.—