

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 won't 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 fells.

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.