

y.—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'n't go on so,—

MOTHER.—. Do'n't 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
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ce

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