

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, don't 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