

**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