"Who is there?" "It is I, your dear grand-
child; I've brought
"Some butter and nice little cakes."
"Pull the bobbin, my child, and come in,
as you ought;
"I'm in bed very bad with my aches."

When she entered the room, the old Wolf
hid himself
Very carefully (such was his plan):
"Put your basket and things little dear,
on the shelf,
"And come into bed to your Gran."

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