Red Riding Hood shrieked, and—bang!
off went a gun,
And shot the old Wolf through the
head;
One howl and one moan, one kick and
one groan,
And the wicked old rascal was dead.

Some sportsman (he certainly was a dead
shot)
Had aimed at the Wolf when she
cried;
So Red Riding Hood got safe home—
did she not?
And lived happily there till she died.

http://www.digibib.tu-bs.de/?docid=00000388