

Over the River and Through the Woods (A Boy's Thanksgiving Day)

poem by Lydia Maria Child
(1844) and music by unknown

C C
Over the river and through the woods
 F F
to grandfather's house we go.
 G C
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
 $D7$ $G7$
through white and drifting snow
 C C
Over the river and through the woods
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
oh how the wind doth blow
 F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
It stings the nose, it bites the toes
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
as over the hills we go

Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding",
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!
 Over the river, and through the wood
 Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
 Spring over the ground like a hunting-hound,
 For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood—
And straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!
 Over the river, and through the wood—
 Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Over the river, and through the wood,
to Grandfather's house we go;
the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
through the white and drifted snow.

 Over the river, and through the wood,
 to Grandfather's house away!
 We would not stop for doll or top,
 for 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood—
oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes and bites the nose,
as over the ground we go.

 Over the river, and through the wood.
 with a clear blue winter sky,
 The dogs do bark and the children hark,
 as we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
to have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring, "Ting a ling ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

 Over the river, and through the wood—
 no matter for winds that blow;
 Or if we get the sleigh upset
 into a bank of snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
to see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all, and play snowball
and stay as long as we can.

 Over the river, and through the wood,
 trot fast my dapple gray!
 Spring over the ground like a hunting-
 hound!

 For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood
and straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go extremely slow—
it is so hard to wait!

 Over the river, and through the wood—
 Old Jowler hears our bells;
 He shakes his paw with a loud bow-wow,
 and thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood—
when Grandmother sees us come,
She will say, "O, dear, the children are here,
bring pie for everyone."

 Over the river, and through the wood—
 now Grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!