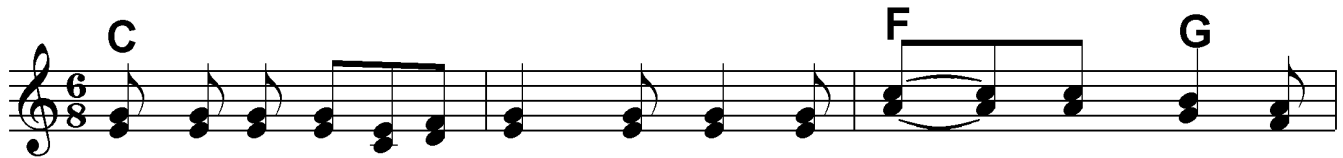


# Over the River and Through the Woods

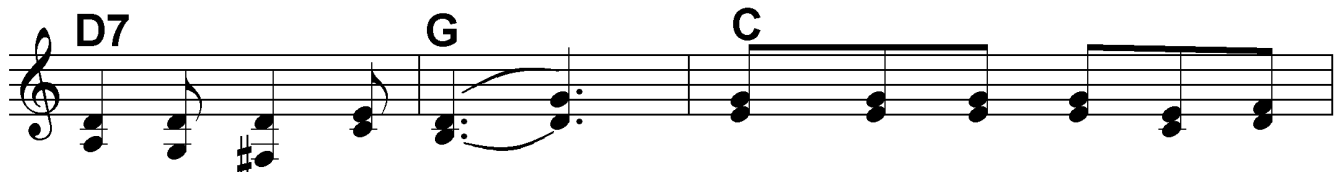
Words by Lydia Maria Child, 1844



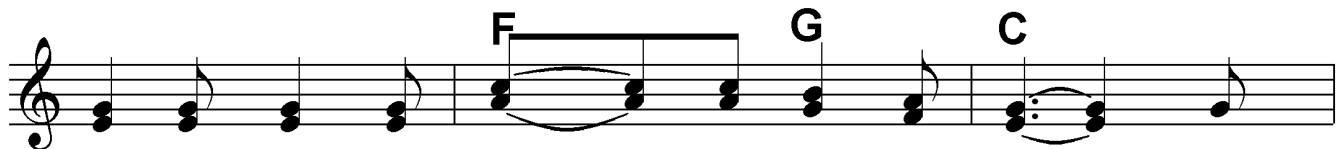
O - ver the riv - er and through the wood, To Grand - fa - ther's house we  
 O - ver the riv - er and through the wood, To have a first - rate  
 O - ver the riv - er and through the wood, And straight through the barn - yard



go; — The horse knows the way To car - ry the sleigh through the  
 play. — Hear the bells ring, "Ting - a - ling - ling!" Hur - rah  
 gate. — We seem to go Ex - treme - ly slow; It is



white and drift - ed snow. —  
 for Thanks - giv - ing Day! — O - ver the riv - er and  
 so hard to wait! —



Oh, how the wind does blow! It  
 through the wood Trot fast, my dap - ple - gray! Spring  
 Now Grand - moth - er's cap I spy! Hur -



stings the toes And bites the nose, As o - ver the ground we go.  
 o - ver the ground Like a hunt - ing hound! For this is Thanks - giv - ing Day.  
 rah for the fun! Is the pud - ding done? Hur - rah for the pump - kin pie!