

Over the River & Through the Woods

Poem by Lydia Maria Child

O - ver the riv - er, and through the wood, To Grand-mo-ther's house we go; The

9 horse knows the way to car - ry the sleigh through white and drif - ted snow _____.

17 O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood—oh, how the wind does blow! It

25 stings the toes and bites the nose as o - ver the ground we go.

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—now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!