

## Over the River and Through the Wood

Lyrics: Lydia Maria Child | Music: Unknown | Originally published: 1844  
<https://youtu.be/JRXGSNBnKj0> | <https://www.chuckhartman.com>

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—  
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—  
When Grandmother sees us come,  
She will say, "O, dear, the children are here,  
bring a 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!

Over the river, and through the wood,  
with a clear blue winter sky,  
The dogs do bark, and 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 snow-ball  
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,  
Old Jowler hears our bells.  
He shakes his pow, with a loud bow-wow,  
and thus the news he tells.