



Thanksgiving Day

By: Lydia Maria Child

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
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,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-a-ding"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple grey!
Spring over the ground, like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight to 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!