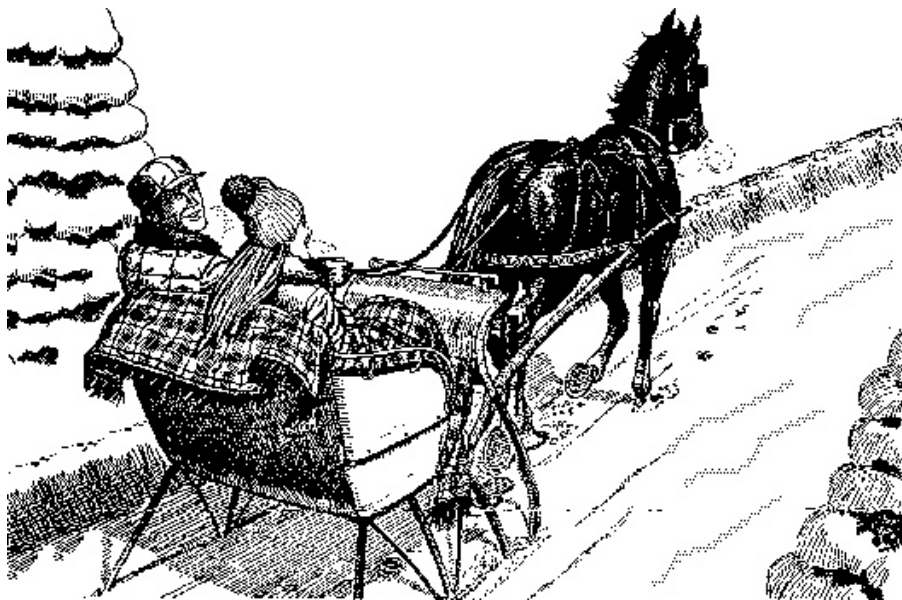


Over the River *and* Through the Wood

Adapted from a
Thanksgiving poem by
Lydia Maria Child



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