

# Over the River and Through the Wood

Lydia Maria Child, 1844

Anonymous

1. Ov-er the riv-er, and through the wood, To Grand-fath-er's house we  
 2. Ov-er the riv-er, and through the wood, Oh, how\_\_\_ the wind does  
 3. Ov-er the riv-er, and through the wood, When Grand-moth-er sees us

4  
 go;\_\_\_ The horse knows the way to car - ry the sleigh Through  
 blow!\_\_\_ It stings\_\_\_ the toes and bites\_\_\_ the nose As  
 come,\_\_\_ She'll say,\_\_\_ "Oh dear, the child-ren are here, Bring

7  
 white and drift - ed snow. \_\_\_ Ov - er the riv - er and  
 o'er the ground we go. \_\_\_ Ov - er the riv - er, and  
 pie for ev - ery one." \_\_\_ Ov - er the riv - er, and

10  
 through the wood, To Grand-fath - er's house, a - way! \_\_\_ We  
 through the wood, With a clear\_\_\_ blue win - ter sky, \_\_\_ The  
 through the wood, Now Grand-moth-er's cap I spy! \_\_\_ Hur -

13  
 would\_\_\_ not stop for doll or top, For 'tis\_\_\_ Thanks-giv-ing day. \_\_\_  
 dogs\_\_\_ do bark and child-ren hark, As we\_\_\_ go jing-ling by. \_\_\_  
 rah for the fun! Is the pud-ding done? Hur-rah for the pump-kin pie! \_\_\_

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