

A  
Over the river and thru the wood,  
D E A  
To grandfather's house we go;  
D  
The horse knows the way  
A  
To carry the sleigh,  
B7 E  
Thru the white and drifted snow, oh!  
A  
Over the river and thru the wood,  
D E A  
Oh, how the wind does blow!  
D E  
It stings the toes,  
A F#m  
And bites the nose,  
D E A  
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and thru the wood,  
To have a first-rate play;  
Oh, hear the bell ring,  
"Ting-a-ling-ling!"  
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day-ay!  
Over the river and thru the wood,  
Trot fast my dapple gray!  
Spring over the ground,  
Like a hunting hound!  
For this is Thanksgiving Day.