

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.