

Over the River and Through the Wood

Swiftly

Poem by Lydia Maria Childs

1 C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, To Grand - fa - ther's house we go; _____ the

5 G⁷ C D⁷ G⁷

horse knows the way to car - ry the sleigh through the white and drif - ted snow. _____

9 C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, to Grand - fa - ther's house a - way! _____ We

13 F C Am Dm⁷ G⁷ C

would not stop for doll or top, for 'tis Thanks - gi - ving Day. _____

17 2 C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood - oh, how the wind does blow! _____ It

21 G⁷ C D⁷ G⁷

stings the toes and bites the nose as o - ver the ground we go. _____

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25 C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood - and straight through the barn - yard gate, We

29 F C Am Dm⁷ G⁷ C

seem to go ex - treme - ly slow, it is so hard to wait!

33 **3** C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood - When Grand - mo - ther sees us come, She will

37 G⁷ C D⁷ G⁷

say, "O, dear, the chil - dren are here, bring a pie for ev - 'ry - one."

41 C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood - now Grand - mo - ther's cap I spy! Hur -

45 F C Am Dm⁷ G⁷ C

rah for the fun! Is the pud - ding done? Hur - rah for the pump - kin pie!

49 **4** C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, with a clear blue win - ter sky, The

53 G⁷ C D⁷ G⁷

dogs do bark, and chil - dren hark, as we go jin - gling by. _____

57 C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, to have a first - rate play. _____

61 F C Am Dm⁷ G⁷ C

Hear the bells ring, "Ting - a - ling - ding!", Hur - rah for Thanks - gi - ving Day! _____

65 **5** C F C

O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, no mat - ter for winds that blow; _____ Or

69 G⁷ C D⁷ G⁷

if we get the sleigh up - set in - to a bank of snow. _____

73 C F C


O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, to see Rev - 'rend Thom and Anne; We will

77 F C Am Dm⁷ G⁷ C

kiss them all, and play snow - ball and stay as long as we can. _____


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81 6 C F C



O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, trot fast, my dap - ple - gray! Spring

85 G⁷ C D⁷ G⁷




o - ver the ground like a hunt - ing hound! For 'tis Thanks-giv - ing Day.

89 C F C



O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, Old Jow - ler hears our bells. He

93 F C Am Dm⁷ G⁷ C



shakes his pow, with a loud bow-wow, and thus the news he tells.