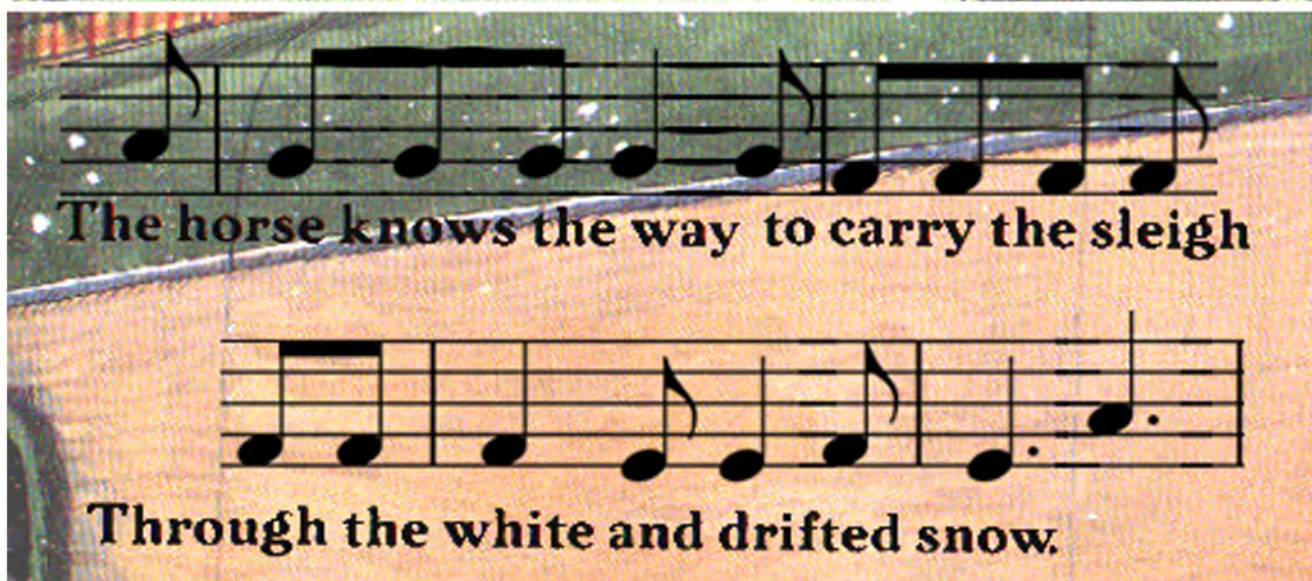
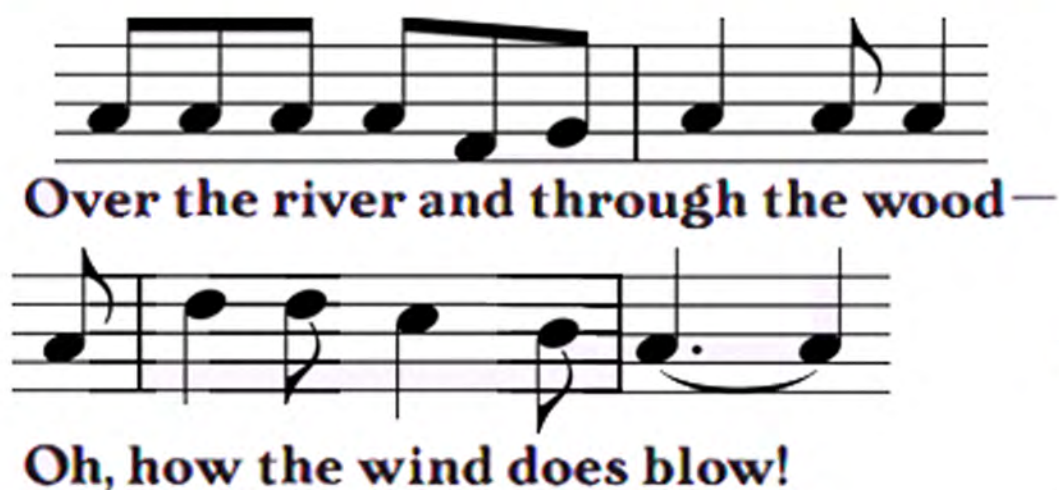


Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;



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



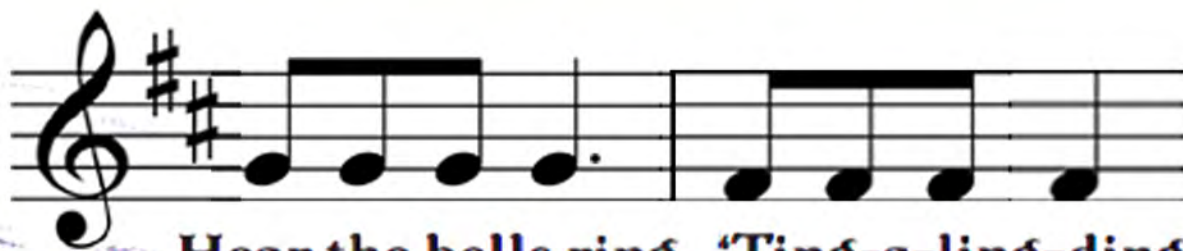
Over the river and through the wood,



To have a first-rate play.



For this is Thanksgiving Day.



Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!"



Over the river and through the woods



And straight through the barnyard gate



Over the river and through the wood —



Now grandmother's cap I spy!



Hurrah for the fun!



Is the pudding done?



Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!



Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!