

"Over the River and Through the Wood" - Mandolin

Traditional Thanksgiving Song

Arranged & Tabledited
by Tom Arri 2017
BanjoTom2.ORG

G: Mandolin INTRO (Below)...

6 8	(See Below)...	Etc.	Etc.
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G: Mando INTRO, D	C	D(7)	G
D7	C	D7	D7

G: Verse 1...

	C	G	C
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O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, To Gran- I fa ther'house we go; the horsknowsthe way to

G: Rhythm Mandolin...

	C	G	C
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G	A(7)	D(7)	G
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car - ry the sleighthroughthe white and drift - ed snow. O - ver the ri - ver, and through the wood, to

G	A(7)	D(7)	G
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C G C G D(7) 1G D(7)

Gran-fa therhouse a way! Wewouldnot stop for doll or top, for 'tis Thank-giv - ing Day.

C G C G D(7) G D(7)

2. G: End...

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G: End...

Verse 1...

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,
to Grandfather's house away!
We would not stop for doll or top,
for 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Verse 2...

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—
and straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go extremely slow,
it is so hard to wait!

Verse 3...

Over the river, and through the wood—
When Grandmother sees us come,
She will say, "O, dear, the children are here,
bring a pie for everyone."

Over the river, and through the wood—
now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

The following verses appear in a "long version":

Verse 4...

Over the river, and through the wood,
with a clear blue winter sky,
The dogs do bark, and children hark,
as we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
to have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!",
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Verse 5...

Over the river, and through the wood,
no matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get the sleigh upset
into a bank of snow

Over the river, and through the wood,
to see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all, and play snow-ball
and stay as long as we can.

Verse 6...

Over the river, and through the wood,
trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground like a hunting-hound!
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Old Jowler hears our bells.
He shakes his pow, with a loud bow-wow,[1]
and thus the news he tells.