

Over the River – 4th Thursday in November

Over the river and through the woods
To grandmother'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 woods,
Oh, how the wind does blow.
It stings your toes and bites your nose
As over the ground we go.
Through the country and cities far
In sun or wind or rain.
We might go by train
We might take a plane.
Or maybe a bus or car.
Through low valleys and mountains high
Now, grandmother's house I spy.
Hurrah, for the fun!
Is the turkey done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!