

# Over the river and through the wood

Thanksgiving poem



# Over the River and Through the Wood

(a thanksgiving poem)

Over the river, and through the wood,  
To \_\_\_\_\_ house we go;  
the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh  
through the \_\_\_\_\_ and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the \_\_\_\_\_,  
to Grandfather's house away!  
We would not \_\_\_\_\_ for doll or top,  
for 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and \_\_\_\_\_ the wood—  
oh, how the \_\_\_\_\_ does blow!  
It stings the \_\_\_\_\_ and bites the nose  
as over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood—  
and straight through the barnyard \_\_\_\_\_,  
We seem to go \_\_\_\_\_ slow,

# Over the River and Through the Wood

(a thanksgiving poem)

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.

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,