

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

Etta Jones

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on our troubles will be miles away

Here we are in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more

Through it all, we all will be together
If the fate allows
Hang a shining star upon the highest bow
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now