

Chantal Kreviazuk, Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

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

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yule-tide gay
From now on our troubles will be far away

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

Through the years, we all will be together
If the Fates allow
Hang a shining star up on the highest bough

And have yourself a merry little Christmas now