

Ella Fitzgerald, White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a white christmas,
just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
to hear sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a white christmas,
just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
to hear sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a white christmas,
with every christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright,
and may all your christmases be white

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May your days be merry and bright,
and may all your christmases be white

And may all your christmases be white (All your christmases be white)
And may all your christmases be white (All your christmases be white)
And may all your christmases be
(All your christmases be white)
(All your christmases be white)