

The Manhattan Transfer, Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

Lyrics and Music by Hugh Martin & Ralph Blane

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 as in 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 upon the highest bough
So have yourself a Merry Little Christmas now

Someday soon we all will be together
If the fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
So have yourself a Merry Little Christmas now

Merry Little Christmas now
A Merry Little Christmas now