

# 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