

Alecia Elliott, Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

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 Yule-tide 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
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now