

Joe Diffie, 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

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If the Fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now