

# Point Of Grace, Let It Snow!

Sammy Cahn, Jule Styne (c) 1945

Oh, the weather outside is frightful,  
But the fire is so delightful,  
And since we've no place to go,  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.  
It doesn't show signs of stopping,  
And I brought some corn for popping;  
The lights are turned way down low,  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.  
When we finally say good night,  
How I'll hate going out in the storm;  
But if you really hold me tight,  
All the way home I'll be warm.  
The fire is slowly dying,  
And, my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,  
But as long as you love me so.  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.