**Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas**

**(Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, 1943)**

***The Original Lyrics***

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

It may be your last

Next year we may all be living in the past.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Pop that champagne cork

Next year we may all be living in New York.

No good times like the olden days

Happy golden days of yore

Faithful friends who were dear to us

Will be near to us no more.

But at least we all will be together

If the Lord allows.

From now on, we’ll have to muddle through somehow.

So have yourself a merry little Christmas now.