

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.