

## White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
Just like the one's I used to know.  
Where the tree tops glisten and children listen  
To hear sleigh-bells in the snow.



I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
With ev'ry Christmas card I write.  
May your days be merry and bright,  
And may all your Christmases be white.

The sun is shining, the grass is green,  
The orange and palm trees sway.  
There's never been such a day in Beverley Hills, L.A.  
But it's December the twenty fourth,  
And I am longing to be up north.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
Just like the one's I used to know.  
Where the tree tops glisten and children listen  
To hear sleigh-bells in the snow.



I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
With ev'ry Christmas card I write.  
May your days be merry and bright,  
And may all your Christmases be white.

*Words continue over the page...*

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
Just like the one's I used to know.  
Where the tree tops glisten and children listen  
To hear sleigh-bells in the snow.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
With ev'ry Christmas card I write.  
May your days be merry and bright,  
And may all your Christmases be white.

