

# Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

*Meet Me In St. Louis*

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

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.

# My Favorite Things

*Sound of Music*

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens  
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens  
Brown paper packages tied up with strings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream-colored ponies and crisp apple strudels  
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with  
noodles  
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes  
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes  
Silver-white winters that melt into springs  
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites  
When the bee stings  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad

# 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there;

The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums  
danced in their heads;

Mamma in her 'kerchief,  
and I in my cap,  
Had just settled down  
for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn t  
here arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed  
to see what was the matter.

Away to the window  
I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters  
and threw up the sash.

When, what to my wondering  
eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh,  
and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver,  
so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment  
it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles  
his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted,  
and called them by name;

"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER!  
now, PRANCER and VIXEN!  
On, COMET! on CUPID!  
on, DONNER and BLITZEN!

To the top of the porch!  
to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away!  
dash away! dash away all!"

So up to the house-top the  
coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys,  
and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling,  
I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing  
of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head,  
and was turning around,  
Down the chimney  
St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur,  
from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished  
with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys  
he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler  
just opening his pack.

His eyes -- how they twinkled!  
his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses,  
his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth  
was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin  
was as white as the snow;

He had a broad face  
and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed  
like a bowlful of jelly.

He spoke not a word,  
but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings;  
then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger  
aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod,  
up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh,  
to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew  
like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim,  
ere he drove out of sight,  
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL,  
AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!