

## White Christmas

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 ones 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 every **Christmas card** I write  
May your **days** be merry and bright  
And may **all** your **Christmases** be **white**.

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