

# White Christmas

Libera

The sun is shining, the grass is green  
The orange and palm trees sway  
There's never been such a day  
In Beverly 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 treetops 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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