

Berlin Irving

"White Christmas"

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w/ the rarely sung verse

The sun is shining
The grass is green
The orange and palm trees sway
I've never seen 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 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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