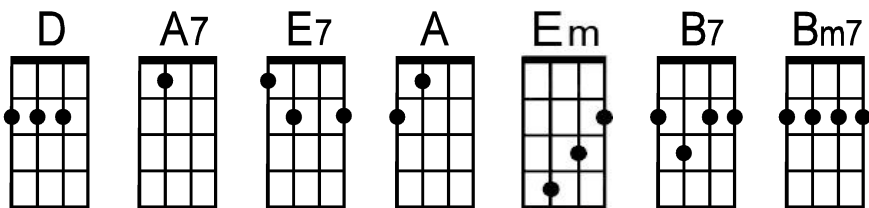


Let it Snow! Let it Snow! Let it Snow!

by Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne (1945)



(sing a)

Oh, the weather out-side is fright-ful— But the fire— is so— de-light-ful—
 And since we've no place to go— Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow—

It doesn't show signs of stop-ping— and I brought— some corn— for pop-ping—
 The lights are turned way down low— Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow—

Bridge: When we final-ly kiss good night— How I'll hate going out in the storm—
 But if you really hold me tight— All the way home I'll be warm—

The fire is slow-ly dying— And my dear— we're still— good-byeing—
 But as long as you love me so— Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow—

Instrumental:

D . A7 . | D . . . | . . E7 . | A . . . |
 Em . B7 . | Em . . . | A . A7 . | D . . .

Bridge: When we final-ly kiss good night— How I'll hate going out in the storm—
 But if you really hold me tight— All the way home I'll be warm—

The fire is slow-ly dying— And my dear— we're still— good-byeing—
 But as long as you love me so— Let it snow— let it snow—

. | D . D\
 Let it snow—