

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, the \_\_\_\_\_ outside is frightful  
\_\_\_\_\_ the fire is \_\_\_\_\_ delightful  
And since we've \_\_\_\_\_ place to \_\_\_\_\_  
Let it \_\_\_\_\_, let it \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ it snow!

It \_\_\_\_\_ signs of stopping  
And I \_\_\_\_\_ some corn for popping  
The \_\_\_\_\_ are turned way down \_\_\_\_\_  
Let it \_\_\_\_\_, let it \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ it \_\_\_\_\_!

When we finally kiss \_\_\_\_\_  
How I'll \_\_\_\_\_ going out in the \_\_\_\_\_  
But if you really \_\_\_\_\_ me tight  
All the \_\_\_\_\_ home I'll be \_\_\_\_\_.

The fire is \_\_\_\_\_ dying  
And, my \_\_\_\_\_, we're still good - bye -ing  
\_\_\_\_\_ as long as you \_\_\_\_\_ so  
\_\_\_\_\_ snow, let it \_\_\_\_\_, let \_\_\_\_\_!

**Word Bank:**

|         |         |      |           |        |      |
|---------|---------|------|-----------|--------|------|
| slowly  | brought | hold | weather   | storm  | dear |
| doesn't | show    | but  | goodnight | lights | love |
| low     | warm    | hate | so        | no     | me   |
| go      | snow    | let  | it        | way    |      |