



## The Holly and the Ivy



The holly and the ivy,  
When they are both full grown,  
Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown.

Chorus  
Oh, the rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir

The holly bears a blossom  
As white as lily flower;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Saviour.

Chorus

The holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good.

Chorus

The holly bears a prickly  
As sharp as any thorn;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas Day in the morn.

Chorus

The holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any gall;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
For to redeem us all.

Chorus

The holly and the ivy,  
When they are both full grown,  
Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown.

Chorus

The rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

Chorus