

The Holly and the Ivy

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1. 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.

*Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

2. The holly bears a blossom as white as lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet saviour

*Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

3. The holly bears a berry as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.

*Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

4. The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn.

*Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

5. The holly bears a bark as bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.

*Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

6. The holly and the ivy, now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood, the holly bears the crown.

*Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

