



THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

Author unknown

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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