



# 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.

*Chorus*

O the rising of the sun,  
And 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 Savior.

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

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

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

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.

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