



# The Holly and the Ivy

The holly and the ivy  
When they are both full grown  
Of all 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  
Sweet singing in the choir

The holly bears a blossom  
As white as lily flow'r  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our dear Savior

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 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 the gall  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
For to redeem us all

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The holly bears the crown