



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,
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 dear Savior:
O, 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 berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good:
O, 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 prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn

O, 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 bark
As bitter as any gall
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all

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

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