

The Holly and the Ivy

Oh the Holly and the Ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the woods
The Holly bares the crown

(Chorus)
And the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir

Oh the Holly bares the berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good

Oh the Holly bares a blossom
As white as any milk
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
All rapped up in silk

Oh the Holly bares a bark
As bitter as any gaul
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all

Oh the Holly bares a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn