

The Holly And The Ivy

**O 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*

**O The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour**

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

**O 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**