

## 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 wood, the Holly bears the crown

Oh the rising of the sun, and the running of the deer  
The playing of the merrier God, sweet singing in the choir.

Oh the holly bears a blossom, as white as the lily flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet saviour.

Now the holly bears a berry, as red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, to do poor sinners good.

Oh the holly bears a bark, as bitter as any gall  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, to redeem us all.

Now the holly bears a prickle, as sharp as any thorn  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, on Christmas day in the morn

Oh the rising of the sun, and the running of the deer  
The playing of the merrier God, sweet singing in the choir.