

The Holly And The Ivy

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The hol-ly and the i - vy, When they are both full grown, Of all trees that are

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in the wood, The hol-ly bears the crown. O, the ri-sing of the sun— And the

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run-ning of the deer The pla-ying of the mer-ry or-gan Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

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

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as the gall
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

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

The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.