

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 merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir

Oh 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 blossom
As white as any milk
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
All wrapp-ed up in silk

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

Oh the Holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ

On Christmas day in the morn