

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 laying of the merry organ,
Sweet singing all in the choir,

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

Oh the holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus,
To be our sweet Saviour.

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

Oh the holly bears a prickly,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus,
On Christmas Day in the morn.

Oh the holly bears a flower,
As white as any milk,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus
All wrapped up in silk.