

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

*And the rising of the sun, and the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ sweet singing all 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

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 prickle as sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Chrissymas Day in the morn

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