

## **The Holly and the Ivy**

O the Holly and the Ivy  
When they are both full grown  
Of all the trees that are in the woods  
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 in the choir*

O the Holly bears a blossom  
As white as any milk  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
All rapp-ed up in silk

O the Holly bears the berry  
As red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good

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

O the Holly bears a prickle  
As sharp as any thorn  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas day in the morn