

# The Holly and the Ivy

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 rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.*

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

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

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

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

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