

The Holly and the Ivy

Traditional

Oh, the hol - ly and the I - vy, When they are both full grown, Of
all the trees that are in the wood the hol-ly tree bears the crown. Oh the
ris - ing of the sun, And the run - ning of the deer, the
play - ing of the mer - ry or - gan, sweetsing - ing all in the choir.

2

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as any milk,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
All wrapp-ed up in silk.
The rising of the sun, etc.

4

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

3

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to do us sinners good.
The rising of the sun, etc.

5

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

6

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.
The rising of the sun, etc.