Holly and the Ivy

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1. The Holly and the Ivy,
   Now are both well grown.
   Of all the trees that are in the wood,
   The Holly bears the crown.
   Chorus
   The rising of the sun,
   The running of the deer,
   The playing of the merry organ,
   Sweet singing of the quire.

2. The Holly bears a blossom,
   As white as any flower,
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
   To be our sweet Saviour.

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

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

5. The Holly bears a bark,
   As bitter as any gall,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

For to redeem us all.

6. The Holly and the Ivy,

   Now they are both full grown,

   Of all the trees that's in the wood,

   The Holly bears the crown.