

# The Holly & the Ivy

## Kerfuffle

Loreena McKennitt  
The holly and the ivy  
When they are full grown,  
Of all the trees in the wood  
The holly bears the crown. The rising of the sun  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the organ  
Sweet singing in the choir. The holly wears a blossom  
As white as any flower,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our Saviour. The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir. The holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do sinners good. The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir. 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,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir. The holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any gall,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To redeem us all. The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir. The holly and the ivy,  
When they are full grown,  
Of all the trees in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown. The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

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