

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.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>