

# The Holly and the Ivy

Annie Lennox

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 Oh, 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 lily flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Savior Oh, 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 berry  
As red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good Oh, 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 prickle  
As sharp as any thorn  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas Day in the morn Oh, 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 bark  
As bitter as any gall  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
For to redeem us all Oh, the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing in the choir The holly and the ivy  
Now both are full well grown  
Of all the trees that are in the wood  
The holly bears the crown Oh, the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing in the choir Oh, the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ

Sweet singing in the choir

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