

The Holly And The Ivy

Roger Whittaker

The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crownThe holly bears a blossom
As white as the lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet SaviourThe rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir
Sweet singing in the choirThe holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners goodThe rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir
Sweet singing in the choirThe holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the mornThe rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir
Sweet singing in the choir

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