

The Holly & the Ivy

Los Campesinos!

The Holly and the Ivy,
When both are full grown,
Of all the trees in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown.O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
And the playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing of the choir.The Holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flower.
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
And the playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing of the choir.
The Holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood.
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
And the playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.The Holly bears a prickly,
As sharp as any thorn.
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day this morn.O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
And the playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.
Last christmas I drove home,
Just my sister and me.
200 miles from London,
To a small town by the sea.The subtle trails of snowfall,
Swept round our rental van.
And we drifted into morning,
As Christmas day began.And the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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