

# The Holly And The Ivy

Kate Rusby

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  
O the rising of the sun  
The running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing all in 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  
The running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing all in the choir

The holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any gall;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
For to redeem us all.  
O the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing all 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.  
O the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing all in the choir

The holly bears a flower  
As white as in the milk  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus  
All wrapped up in silk  
O the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing all in the choir

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