

The Holly & The Ivy

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.

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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