

## 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 crown

The holly bears a blossom  
As white as the lily flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Saviour

The 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

The holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good

The 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

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  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing in the choir  
Sweet singing in the choir