

# The Holly And The Ivy

## The Priests

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

The holly bears a prick  
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 of 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 of the choir