

The Holly And The Ivy

Hawk Nelson

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 lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Savior

Oh, the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
And the singing of the choir

Though the maples sway and always stray
The farthest from the ground
Still the greatest is the lowest made
The holly wears the crown

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

Oh, the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
And the singing of the choir

Though the maples sway and always stray
The farthest from the ground
Still the greatest is the lowest made
The holly wears the crown

Though the maples sway and always stray
The farthest from the ground
Still the greatest is the lowest made

The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown
Of all trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown