

# Holly, Ivy, and Rose

Tori Amos

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming  
From tender stem hath sprung!  
Of Jesse's lineage coming  
By ancient sibyls sung

A rose doth bear a flower  
All in the cold midwinter  
And at the midnight hour

And he waits for who to find  
The heart she left behind  
And he prays she'll find her way  
To be his bride someday

Ivy  
Of all the trees in the wood  
Holly wants/woos the Rose  
Holly and the Ivy  
When they are both full grown  
Of all the trees in the wood  
Holly bears the crown  
Holly and the Ivy  
The running of the deer  
For his Rose to bloom  
Holly waits every year

He waits for who to find  
The heart she left behind  
He prays she'll find her way  
To be his bride someday

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Of all the trees in the wood  
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The running of the deer  
For his Rose to bloom  
Holly waits every year  
For his Rose to bloom  
Holly waits every year  
Waits every year

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming  
From tender stem hath sprung!  
The frozen air perfuming  
That tiny bloom doth swell  
Its rays the night illuming  
The darkness quite dispel

O flower beyond compare  
Bloom in our heart's midwinter  
Restore the springtime here.  
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