

The Holly And The Ivy

Vanessa Williams

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly wears the crown.

O the rising of the sun,
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 blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour

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

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly wears the crown.