

The Holly and The Ivy

Trad. arr. Bob Turner

$\text{♩} = 180$

The hol - ly and the i - vy. When they are all full grown. Of

6 all the treesth that are in the wood the hol - ly bears the crown oh!

O, the rising of the sun

And the running of the deer

The playing of the merry organ

Sweet singing in the choir

The holly bears a blossom

As white as lily flow'r

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ

To be our dear Savior

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 the gall

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ

For to redeem us all