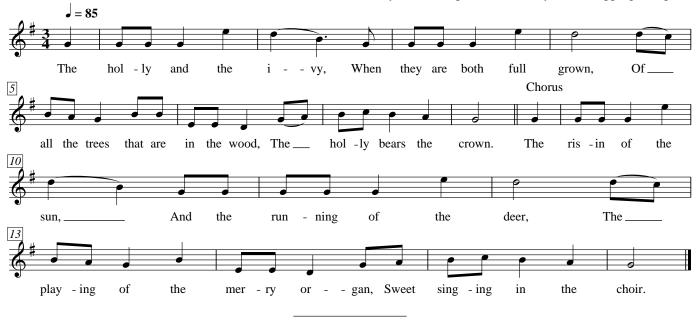
The Holly and the Ivy

collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs. Clayton at Chipping Campden



This one is dubbed the "mall version" and we generally don't sing it.

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.

CHORUS

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

2. The holly bears a blossom, As white as the lily flower, And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior.

- The holly bears a berry,
 As red as any blood,
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
 To do poor sinners good.
- 4. 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 are in the wood The holly bears the crown.