

# The Holly and the Ivy

collected by Maud Karpeles and Pat Shaw

♩ = 130

The hol - ly and the i - vy, When they are both full grown, Of

all the trees that are in the wood, The hol ly bears the

**Chorus**

crown. Oh, the ris ing of the sun, And the

run - - ning of the deer, The play - ing of the

mer - ry or - gan, Sweet sing - ing all in the choir.

*This is the version that we sing.*

1. 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 any milk,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
All wrapped up the silk.

3. 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.

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

We often leave off last verse

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