

## **Priests, The**

### **"The Holly And The Ivy"**

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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  
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 flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet Savior  
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 berry as red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good  
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 prickle as sharp as any thorn  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn  
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 bark as bitter as the gall  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all  
O the rising of the sun and the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir

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