

## **John Mcdermott** **"The Holly & 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.  
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 sweet as any flower,  
And mary bore sweet jesus christ,  
To be our sweet saviour.  
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,  
For to do us sinners good.  
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'.  
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 any gall;  
And mary bore sweet jesus christ,  
For to redeem us all.  
The rising of the sun,

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

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