

The Priests

"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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