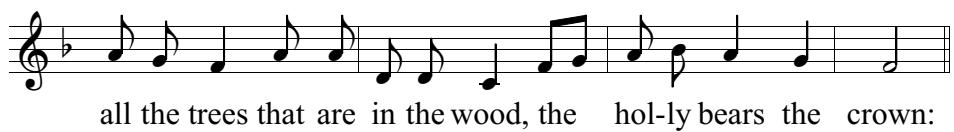


The holly and the ivy

Folk-Carol



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

4 The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn:
CHORUS

3 The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good:
CHORUS

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

6 = 1

The holly and the ivy

Folk-Carol

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:

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 Saviour:

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:

6 = 1

Volks-Weihnachtslied

Der Stechdorn und der Efeu,
wenn sie beide ausgewachsen sind,
von allen Bäumen im Wald,
trägt der Stechdorn die Krone:

Chor (Refrain):

Das Aufgehen der Sonne
und das Laufen der Rehe,
das Spiel der heiteren Orgel,
schöner Gesang im Chor.

Der Stechdorn trägt eine Blüte,
so weiß wie eine Lilienblume,
und Maria gebar
den holden Jesus Christ,
um unser lieber Retter zu sein:

Der Stechdorn trägt eine Beere,
so rot wie jedes Blut,

um armen Sündern Gutes zu tun:

Der Stechdorn trägt einen Stachel,
so scharf wie jeder Dorn,

am Morgen des Weihnachtstages:

Der Stechdorn trägt eine Rinde,
so bitter wie jede Galle,

um uns alle zu erlösen:

SO/KH 051109

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THE

The holly and the ivy

Folk-Carol

Solo F

The holly and the i-vy, when they are both full grown, Of
all the trees that are in the wood, the holly bears the crown:

Chorus

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 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 Saviour:
CHORUS

4 The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
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