



As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.
The Holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn,
On Christmas day in the morn.

3. The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.
The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that spring in wood
The Holly bears the crown,
The Holly bears the crown.





