THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

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:
(Refrain:)
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.
(Refrain)

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.
(Refrain)

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the feast of Stephen,
Where the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

King:
"Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knows't it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?"
Page:
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain".

King:
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.
Chorus:
Page and Monarch, forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude winds wild lament, and the bitter weather.

Page:
"Sire the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."
King:
"Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze the blood less coldly:"

Chorus:
In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed.
Therefore Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.