

Green Grow'th the Holly

(trad.)

Green grow'th the holly
So doth the ivy
Though winter blasts blow ne'er so high
Green grow'th the holly

Gay are the flowers
Hedgerows and ploughlands
The days grow longer in the sun
Soft fall the showers

Full gold the harvest
Grain for thy labour
With God must work for daily bread
Else, man, thou starvest

Fast fall the shed leaves
Russet and yellow
But resting buds are snug and safe
Where swung the dead leaves

Green grow'th the holly
So doth the ivy
The God of life can never die
Hope! Saith the holly