



The Seven Joys of Mary

The first good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of One;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
When He was first her son.

*When He was first her son, good man
And happy may we be
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Through all eternity.*

The next good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of two;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
Making the lame to go.

Chorus

Three;
Making the blind to see.

Four;
Reading the bible o'er.

Five;
Raising the dead alive.

Six;
Upon the crucifix.

Seven;
Wearing the crown of heaven.



The Holly and the Ivy

Oh the holly and the Ivy
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly tree bears the crown.

*Oh the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing all in the choir.*

Oh the holly tree bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.

Chorus

Oh the holly tree bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

Chorus

Oh the holly tree bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

Chorus

Oh the holly tree bears a bark
As bitter as any gall
And Mary bore Sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

Chorus



The Cherry Tree Carol

Now Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
And he married Mary
The Queen of Galilee.

Now Mary and Joseph
Walking in the garden green
Where cherries hung heavy
On every limb.

“Pick me some cherries Joseph,
Pick me some cherries do,
Pick me some cherries Joseph
That hang on the bough”.

Then up spoke old Joseph
With his words so unkind,
“Let the man gather cherries
That owneth the child”.

Then up spoke our Saviour
All in his Mother's womb,
“Bow down thou blessed cherry tree
That Mary may have some”.

The very top branches
Bowed down to her knee,
“Now you can see Joseph
There are cherries for me”.