**GREEN GROW’TH THE HOLLY**

**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,**

**Hedge-rows and plough-lands;**

**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.**