

The Holly Tree Carol

Jean Ritchie



In the spring of the year stands a lit-tle hol-ly tree, With dark leaves thorn-y and small, She is



nei-ther so green as the beech-en queen, Nor as the oak tree tall. O, the spring flow-ers spring and the



lit-tle birds sing, But hol-ly has noth-ing to say; For she qui-et-ly blos-soms in the



sweet May time. But her joy, joy, joy, we share it all, Her



joy is a Christ-mas Day.