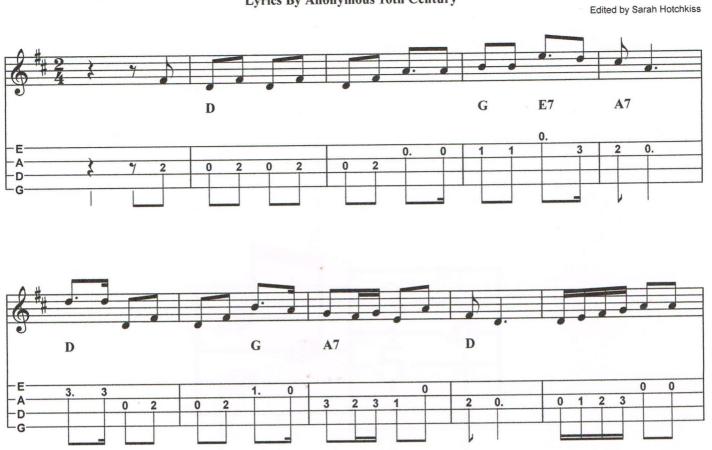
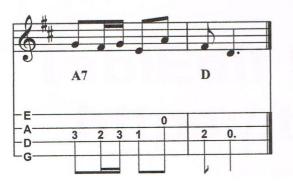
The Holly Tree (Y Gelynnen)

Dalwyn Henshall, 1977 Lyrics By Anonymous 16th Century







Now gather round my loving friends, And let us praise the holly. There's no tree grows in the wood That is so bright and jolly.

(Chorus)
Fol-di-rol-di-ri-do, Fol-di-rid-dle-ri,
O fol-di-rol-di-ri-do!
There's no tree grows in the wood
That is so bright and jolly!

The ancient oak is very strong. The yew is melancholy. You can have them both so long As you give me the holly!

The sparrows and the blackbird nest In trees that please their folly. But my sweetheart loves to rest Beneath the shining holly!