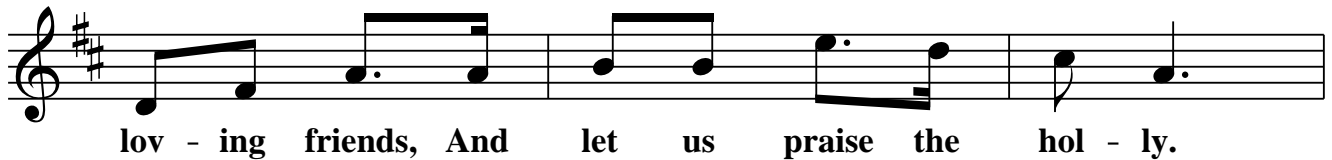


The Holly Tree (Y Gelynnen)



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!