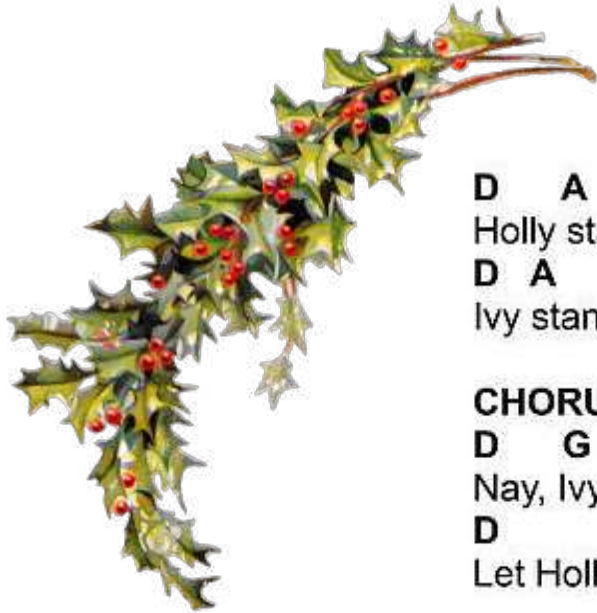


NONE BUT THE OWELET This lively holiday carol is from the time of Henry VI, who ruled England from 1422 till 1461, and again from 1470 to 1471. It deals with the question whether Holly or Ivy is the superior bit of greenery – a theme common to quite a few songs of British and Celtic origin. I always liked it because the melody in the first two lines is the same as Grandpa Jones’s Eight More Miles to Louisville. You can hear a nice version of this song by the Queen City Bulldogs [here](#) or on the [HFMS Audio Archive](#). Note: “The word ‘lybe’ in the third verse refers to chapped skin or a chillbain.”



NAY IVY NAY

Traditional

D A D G D A D
 Holly standeth in the hall, fair to behold
 D A D G D A
 Ivy stands without the door; she is full sore a cold.

CHORUS:

D G D G D
 Nay, Ivy Nay. It shall not be, I wis.
 D A D G A A D
 Let Holly have the mastery, as the matter is.

Holly and his marry men, they dance now and they sing.
 Ivy and her maidens, they weep and their hands wring.

CHORUS

Holly hath a lybe, she caught it with a cold.
 So may they all have, that do with Ivy hold.

CHORUS

Holly, he hath berries as red as any rose.
 The foresters, the hunters, keep them from the does.



CHORUS

Holly, she hath berries as black as any sloe.
 There come the owls and eat them as they go.



CHORUS

Holly, he hath birds – a full, fair flock.
 The nightingale, the popinjay, the gentle laverock.

CHORUS

Good Ivy say to us, what birds hast thou.
 None but the owlet that cries How! How!

CHORUS

