

# The Ivy Green - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,  
That crepeth o'er the ruins old;  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lonely and cold.  
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd  
To please his dainty whim.  
And the moldering dust that years have made,  
Is a merry meal for him-  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
And a stanch old head hath he;  
How closely he twineth-how tightly he clings  
To his friend, the huge oak tree!  
And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round  
The rich mold of dead men's graves-  
Creeping where grim death had been,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decay'd.  
And nations have scatter'd been;  
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,  
From its hale and hearty green.  
The brave old plant in its lonely days  
Shall fatten on the past;  
For the stateliest building man can raise,  
Is the ivy's food at last-  
Creeping where prim death hath been,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.