

1. **A**S it fell out one May morning,
 On a bright holiday,
 Sweet Jesus ask'd His mother dear,
 If He might go to play.
 "To play, to play, sweet Jesus go.
 And to play now get you gone,
 And let me hear of no complaints,
 At night when you come home."

2. Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
 As far as the Holy Well,
 And there did see as fine children
 As any tongue can tell.
 He said, "God bless you ev'ry one,
 May Christ your portion be:
 Little children, shall I play with you?
 And you shall play with Me."

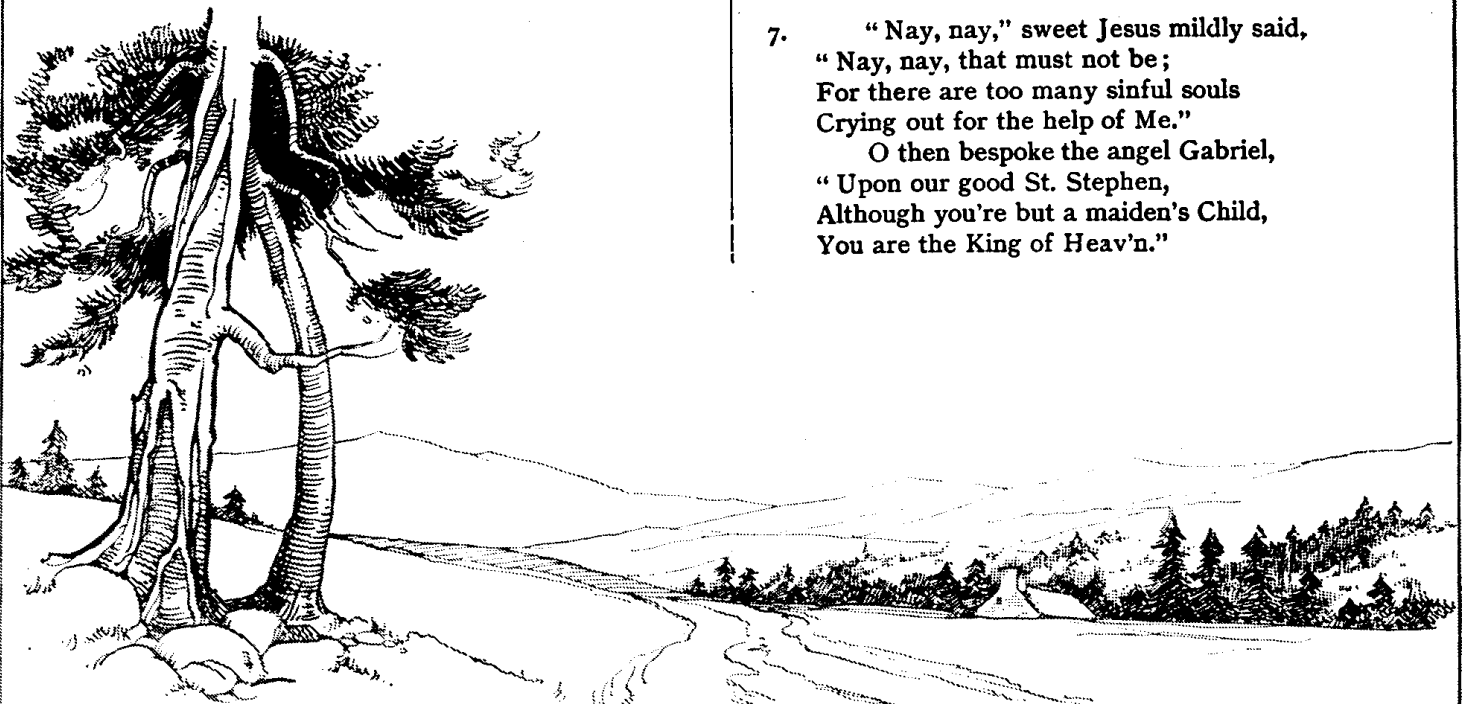
3. But they made answer to Him, "No,"
 They were lords' and ladies' sons;
 And He the meanest of them all,
 Was born in an ox's stall.
 Sweet Jesus turned Him around,
 And He neither laugh'd nor smil'd,
 But the tears came trickling from His eyes
 Like water from the skies.

4. Sweet Jesus turned Him about,
 To His mother's dear home went He,
 And said "I've been in yonder town,
 As after you may see.
 I've been in yonder town,
 As far as the Holy Well;
 There did I meet as fine children
 As any tongue can tell.

5. I bid God bless them ev'ry one,
 And Christ their bodies see;
 Little children, shall I play with you?
 And you shall play with Me.
 But then they answer'd Me 'No,'
 They were lords' and ladies' sons;
 And I the meanest of them all,
 Was born in an ox's stall."

6. "Though you are but a maiden's child,
 Born in an ox's stall,
 Thou art the Christ, the King of Heav'n,
 And the Saviour of them all.
 Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town,
 As far as the Holy Well,
 And take away those sinful souls,
 And dip them deep in hell."

7. "Nay, nay," sweet Jesus mildly said,
 "Nay, nay, that must not be;
 For there are too many sinful souls
 Crying out for the help of Me."
 O then bespoke the angel Gabriel,
 "Upon our good St. Stephen,
 Although you're but a maiden's Child,
 You are the King of Heav'n."





The Holy Well

Briskly.

