

Good King Wenceslas

Good king Wen-ces - las looked out on the feast of Ste - phen

5 When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven

9 Bright-ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el

13 When a poor man came in sight gath' ring win-ter fu - el

2. Hither, page, and stand by me.
 If thou know it telling:
 Yonder peasant, who is he?
 Where and what his dwelling?
 Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain,
 Right against the forest fence
 By Saint Agnes fountain.

3. Bring me flesh, and bring me wine
 Bring me pine logs hither.
 Thou and I will see him dine
 When we bear them thither.
 Page and monarch, forth they went,
 Forth they went together
 Through the rude wind's wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

4. Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger.
 Fails my heart, I know not how.
 I can go no longer.
 Ark my footsteps good my page,
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.

5. In his master's step he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted.
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor
 Shall yourselves find blessing.