

# Good King Wenceslas

25

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Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the feast of Stephen

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When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even

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Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru-el

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When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fu - el

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“Hither Page and stand by me, if thou know’st it, telling

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Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?”

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“Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain

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Right against a forest fence, by Saint Agnes’ foun-tain.”

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“Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither

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Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them tither.”

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Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together

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Thro’ the rude winds wild lament, and the bitter weather

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Em

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“Sire the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger

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Em

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Fails my heart I know not how, I can go no longer.”

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Em

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“Mark my footsteps, good my Page, tred thou in them boldly

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Thou shalt find the winters rage, freeze the blood less coldly.”

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Em

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In his master’s steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted

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Em

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Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed

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Em

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Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing

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Em

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C

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Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourself find blessing.