

Good King Wenceslas

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Good King Wenceslas looked out
"Hi-ther, page, and stand by me,
"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
"Sire, the night is dark-er now,
In his mas-ter's steps he trod,
on the Feast of Ste-phen
if thou know'st it, tell-ing:
bring me pine logs hi-ther:
and the wind blows strong-er.
where the snow lay dint-ed.

5

when the snow lay round a-bout,
yon-der pea-sant, who is he?
thou and I will see him dine,
Fails my heart, I know not how;
Heat was in the ver-y sod
deep and crisp and e-ven.
Where and what his dwell-ling?"
when we bear them thi-ther."
I can go no long-er."
which the saint hand print-ed.

9

Bright-ly shone the moon that night,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Page and mon-arch, forth they went,
"Mark my foot-steps, my good page;
There-fore Chris-tian men, be sure,
though the frost was cru-el,
un-der-neath the moun-tain,
forth they went to ge-ther
tread thou in them bold-ly:
wealth or rank them pos-ses-sing,

13

when a poor man came in sight,
right a-against the for-est fence,
through the rude wind's wild la-ment,
thou shalt find the win-ter's rage
ye who now will bless the poor
gath-er-ing win-ter fu-el.
by Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain.
and the bit-ter wea-ther.
freeze thy blood less cold-ly.
shall your-selves find bles-sing.

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