

## Good King Wenceslas

- Verse 1: Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen  
When the snow lay round about deep and crips and even  
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel  
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel
- Verse 2: Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knowst it, tell me  
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
- Verse 3: Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither  
Thou and I shall see him dine, when we bear them hither  
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together  
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather
- Verse 4: Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger  
Fails my heart, I know not how I can go no longer  
Mark my footsteps, good my page, tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shall find the winters rage freeze thy blood less coldly
- Verse 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