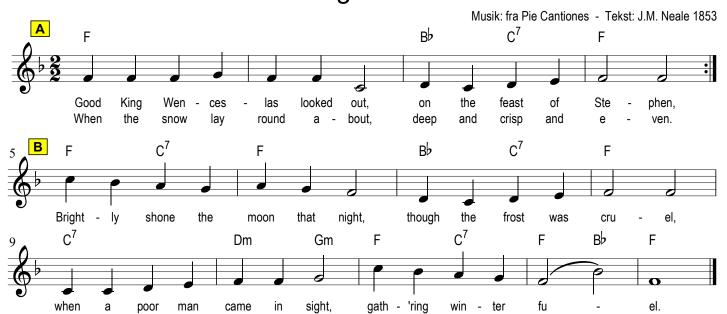
Good King Wenceslas

rev.: 2024-12-14



- Good King Wenceslas looked out
 On the Feast of Stephen
 When the snow lay round about
 Deep and crisp and even
 Brightly shone the moon that night
 Though the frost was cruel
 When a poor man came in sight
 Gathering winter fuel
- 2. Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou knowst 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 shall see him dine
 When we bear them thither.
 Page and monarch, forth they went
 Forth they went together
 Through the rude winds 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. Mark my footsteps, good my page Tread thou in them boldly Thou shall find the winters rage Freeze thy blood less coldly.
- 5. In his masters 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.