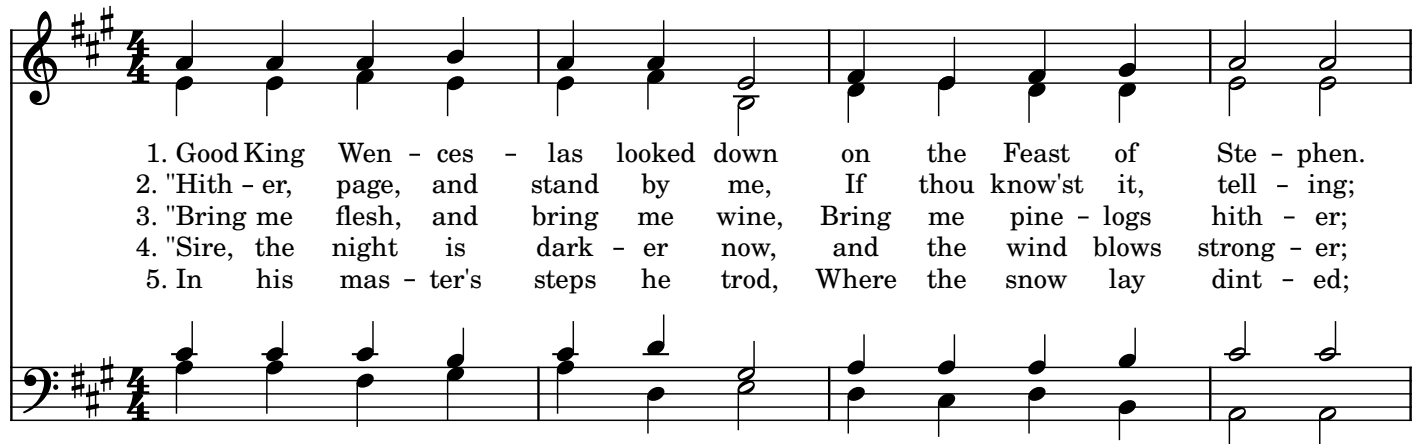
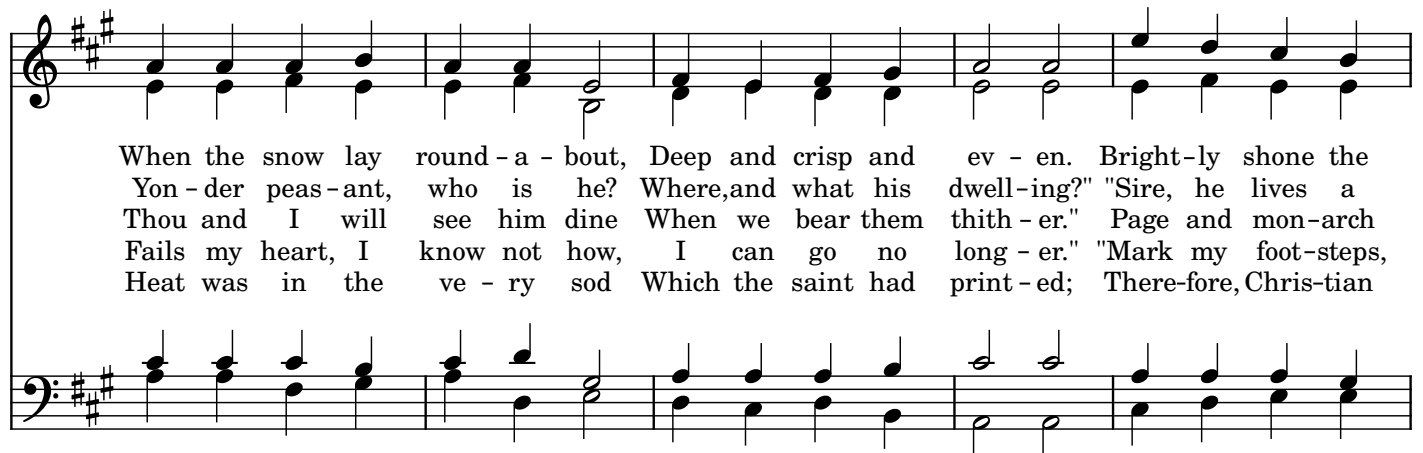


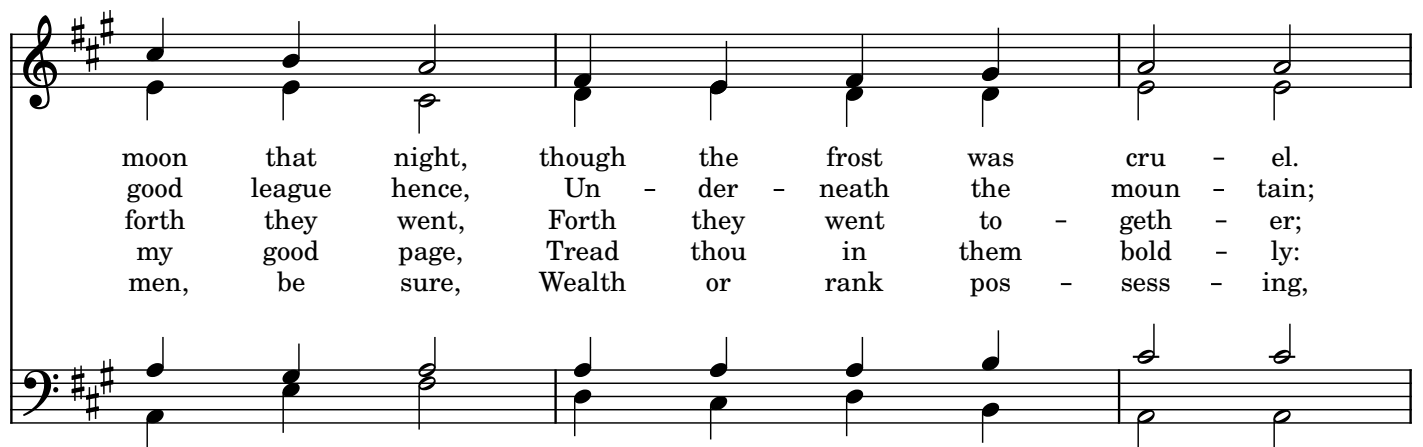
Good King Wenceslas



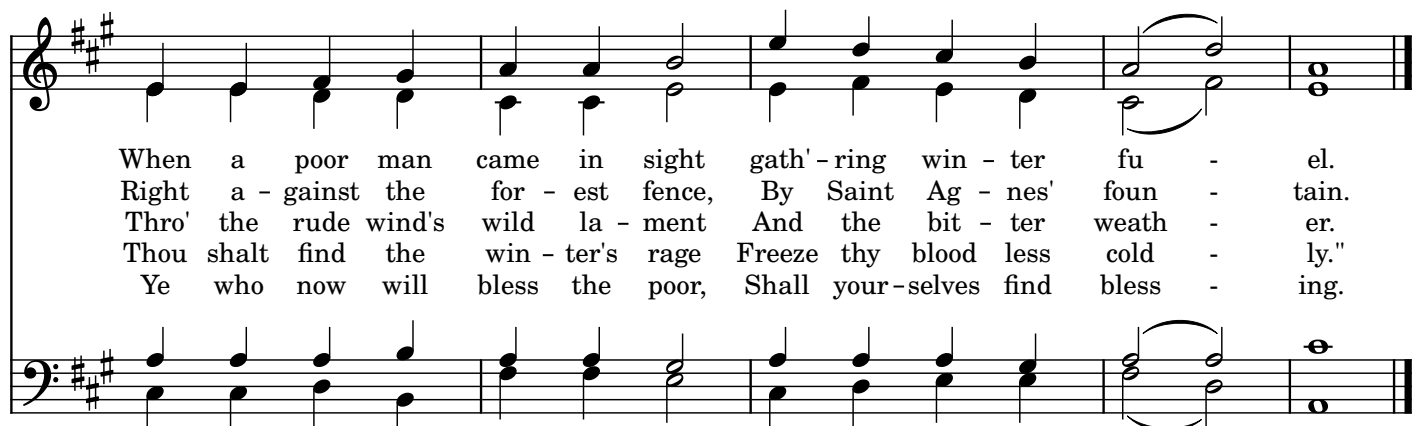
1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked down on the Feast of Ste - phen.
 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing;
 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er;
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er;
 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;



When the snow lay round - a - bout, Deep and crisp and ev - en. Bright - ly shone the
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?" "Sire, he lives a
 Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er." Page and mon - arch
 Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er." "Mark my foot - steps,
 Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the saint had print - ed; There - fore, Chris - tian



moon that night, though the frost was cru - el.
 good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;
 forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
 my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly:
 men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,



When a poor man came in sight gath' - ring win - ter fu - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain.
 Thro' the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.
 Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your - selves find bless - ing.