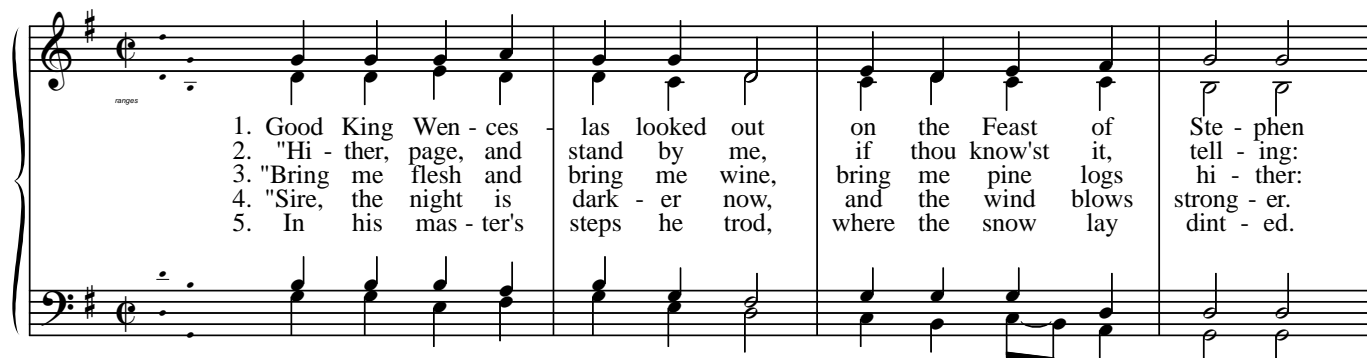


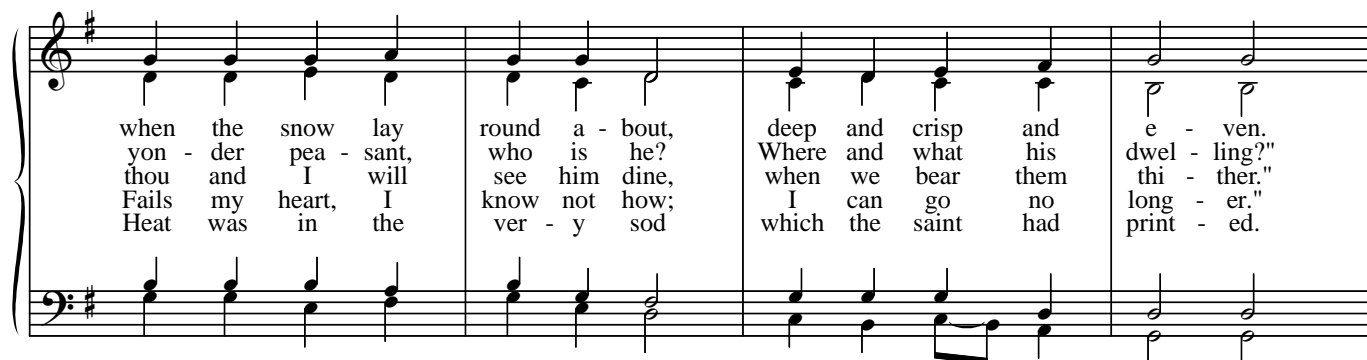
Good King Wenceslas

words by J. M. Neale

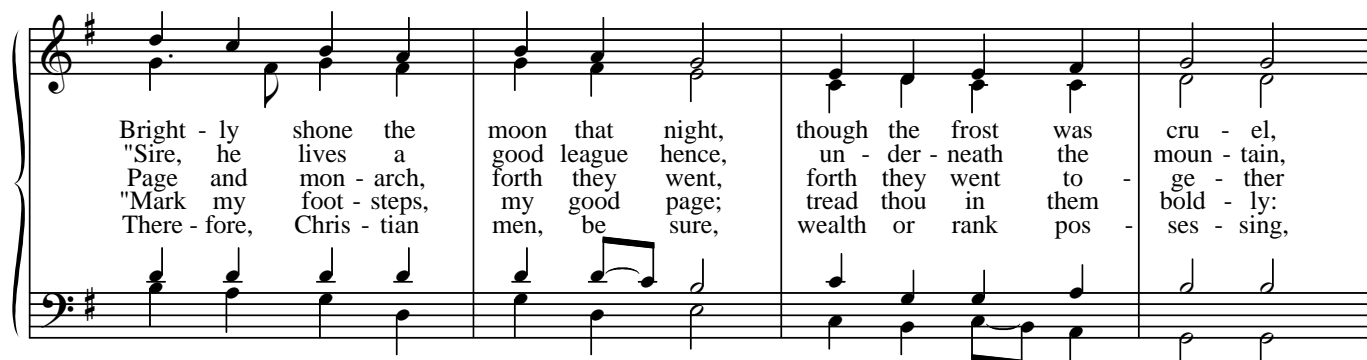
tune: *Tempus Adest Floridum*, 1582
harm. by Edward L. Stauff



1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen
2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, tell - ing:
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hi - ther:
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 e - ven.
yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ling?"
thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thi - ther."
Fails my heart, I know not how; which the saint had long - er."
Heat was in the know ver - y sod I can go no print - ed.



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



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.
through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter wea - - ther.
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 bles - - - sing.