

Good King Wenceslas look'd out on the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay 'roundabout, deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither page, and stand by me, if thou know'st 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."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine when we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together,
Thro' the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

"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, my good page, tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps 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.