

# Good King Wenceslas

Piano

Moderately lively

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen,  
2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou knows't it, tel - ling,  
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine - logs hi - ther;  
4. "Sire, the night is dar - ker now, and the wind grows stron - ger;  
5. In his ma - ster's steps he trod, where the snow lay din - ted;

When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven,  
Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling?"  
Thou and I shall see him dine when we bear him hi - ther."  
Fails my heart, I know now how, I can go no lon - ger."  
Heat was in the ve - ry sod which the saint had prin - ted;

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, tho' 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 - geth - er  
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page, tread thou in them bold - ly,  
Therefore, Christ - ian men, be sure, wealth or rank poss - ess - ing,

When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring win - ter fu - el.  
right a - gainst the for - est fence. By St. 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 yourselves find bles - sing.

# Good King Wenceslas

## Chords

Moderately lively

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is 'Moderately lively'. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Good King Wen-ces-las looked out on the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay  
 round about, deep and crisp and e-ven, Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was  
 cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring win-ter fu - el.

### 1. Good King Wenceslas look out on the Feast of Stephen,

When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even,  
 Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,  
 When a poor man came in sight, gathr'ing winter fuel.

### 2. "Hither, page and stand by me, if thou knows't it, telling,

Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what is dwelling?"  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain;  
 right against the forrest fence. By St. Agnes fountain!"

### 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs higher;

Thou and I shall see him dine when we bear him hither."  
 Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together  
 Through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

### 4. "Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind grows stronger;

Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."  
 "Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread though in them boldly,  
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly!"

### 5. 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.