

Good King Wenceslaus

J.M. Neale, 1818-1866



Good King Wen - ces - laus looked out on the feast of Ste - phen. When the snow lay

round a - bout, deep and crisp and ev - - en. Bright - ly shone the moon that night,

though the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight — ga - ther - ing win - ter fu - el.

We arrange the parts by king, page, and all.

A. Good King Wenceslaus 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.

K. Hither page and stand by me, if thou knowst it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?
P. Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain.

K. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs hither
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither
A. Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.

P. Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know now how; I can go no longer.
K. Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.

A. 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.