

Good King Wenceslas

Words by Rev. J. M. Neale

Tune from "Piæ Cantiones" (1582)

1 Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen; When the snow lay

round a-bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven: Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was

cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath' ring win-ter fu - el.

- 2 "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."
- 3 "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;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

- 4 "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, good my page;
Tread thou 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 laid 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.