Good King Wenceslas

1. Good King Wenceslas 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.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou knowest it telling,
   Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what is dwell- ing?"
   "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 shall see him dine, When we bear them thither."
   "Page and monarch, forth they went, Forth they went together;
   Thru the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather,"

4. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind grows strong- er,
   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."

5. In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint-ed,
   Heat was in the very sod Which the Saint had printed
   Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possess- ing,
   Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your- selves find bless ing.

Words by John Mason Neale (1818-1886)
Music from 16th Century

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