

Good King Wenceslas

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.

Hither, page, and stand by me
If you know 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
You and I will see him dine
When we bear him thither.
Page and monarch forth they went
Forth they went together
Through 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 you in them boldly
You shall find the winter's rage
Freeze your 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
You who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

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