

Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale

Traditional

CHORUS

1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen,

5

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp and e - ven:

9

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

13

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

2. Tenor solo.

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou know'st it, telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he?
 Where and what his dwelling?'

Treble solo.

'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain;
 Right against the forest fence,
 by Saint Agnes' fountain.'

3. Tenor solo.

'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
 Bring me pine-logs hither:
 Thou and I will see him dine,
 When we bear them thither.'

Chorus.

Page and monarch forth they went,
 Forth they went together;
 Through the rude wind's wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

4. Treble solo.

'Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer.'

Tenor solo.

'Mark my footsteps, good my page;
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

5. Chorus.

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.