

# GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Chant : le Roi en Gras (chant hommes), le Page en italique (chant femmes)

Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the feast of Ste - phen  
"Hi - ther, **page, and stand by me,** If thou know'st it, **tell - ing :**  
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, **Bring me pine logs hi - ther.**  
*"Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows stron - ger.*  
In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din - ted

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When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven.  
Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling ?"  
Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thi - ther."  
*Fails my heart, I know not how ; I can go no long - er."*  
Heat was in the ver - y sod Which the saint had print - ed.

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Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,  
*"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain,*  
Page and mon - arch, forth they went, Forth they went to - ge - ther  
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page ; Tread thou in them bold - ly :  
There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - ses - sing,

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When a poor man came in sight, Gath - ring win - ter fu\_\_\_ el.  
*Right a - gainst the fo - rest fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun\_ tain."*  
Through the rude wind's wild's la - ment And the bit - ter wea\_\_\_ ther.  
**Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold\_\_\_ ly."**  
Ye who now will bless the poor Shall your - selves find bles\_\_\_ ing.