

Good King Wenceslas

$\text{♩} = 70$

Good king Wen-ces - las looked 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, though the frost was cru - el. When a poor man came in sight,

gath-ering win-ter fu - el.

Hith-er page and stand by me, if thou know'st it tell - ing,

Sire, he lives a good league hence, un-der neath the

yon-der peas-ant, who is he? where and what his dwell - ing?

mount - ain, right a-against the for-est fence, by Saint A-gnes foun - tain.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine,

Page and Mon-arch

bring me pine logs hith - er, thou and I will see him dine, when we bring them thi - ther.

forth they went, forth they went to - geth - er, through the rude wind's wild la - ment, and the bitt-er weath -

51
T.
-er Sire, the night is dark-er now, and the wind blows strong - er, Fails my heart, I know not how,

58
T.
I can go no long - er.

Mark my foot-steps my good page, tread thou in them bold - ly, thou shalt find the

65
T.
In his mast-er's steps he trod, where the snow lay

wint-er's rage, freeze thy blood less cold - ly

72
T.
dint - ed, heat was in the ver - y sod, which the saint had print - ed, There-fore Christ-ian men be sure,

79
T.
wealth or rank po - sses - ing, ye who now will bless the poor, shall your selves find bless - ing.