

Good King Wenceslas

John M. Neale, 1818-1866

13th century carol
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out
 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,
 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now
 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod

On the feast of Ste - phen
 If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
 Bring me pine - logs hith - er.
 And the wind blows strong - er.
 Where the snow lay dint - ed.

When the snow lay 'round a - bout,
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he,
 Thou and I will see him dine
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 Heat was in the ver - y sod

Deep and crisp and e - ven.
 Where and what his dwell - ing?"
 When we bring them thith - er."
 I can go no long - er."
 Which the saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Page and Mon - arch, forth they went,
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page,
 There - fore Chris - tian men be sure,

Though the frost was cru - el,
 Un - der neath the moun - tain,
 Forth they went to - geth - er
 Tread thou in them bold - ly.
 Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

When a poor man came in sight,
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence
 Through the rude winds' wild la - ment
 Thou shall find the win - ter's rage
 Ye who now will bless the poor

Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
 By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain.
 And the bit - ter weath - er.
 Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 Shall your - selves find bless - ing.