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## **GOOD KING WENSESLAS**

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of Stephen  
When the snow lay round about  
Deep and crisp and even  
Brightly shown 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 thou 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  
Thou and I will see him dine  
When we bear the 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  
Ark my footsteps my good page  
Tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly

In his master's step he trod  
Where the snow lay dented  
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