

Good King Wenceslas

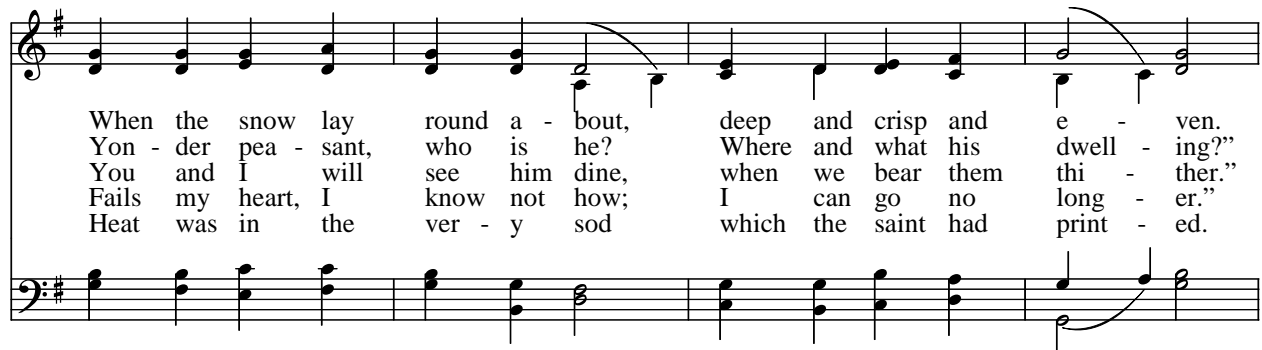
John Mason Neale, 1853

13th Century Spring Carol

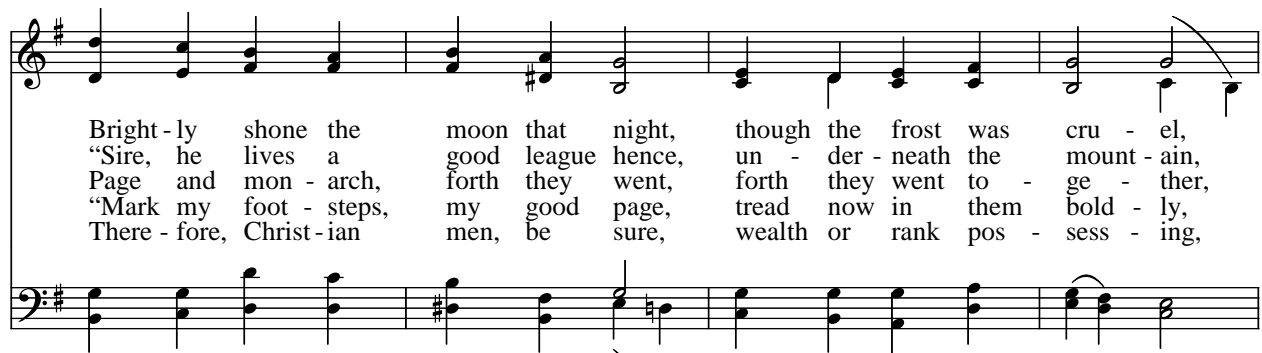
$\text{♩} = 175$




1. Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen,
2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, if you know it, telling,
3. "Bring me food and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither,
4. "Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger,
5. In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;



When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
You and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither."
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer."
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed.



Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went to gether,
"Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread now in them boldly,
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,



When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain."
Through the cold wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.
You shall find the winter's rage freeze your blood less coldly."
You who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find blessing.