
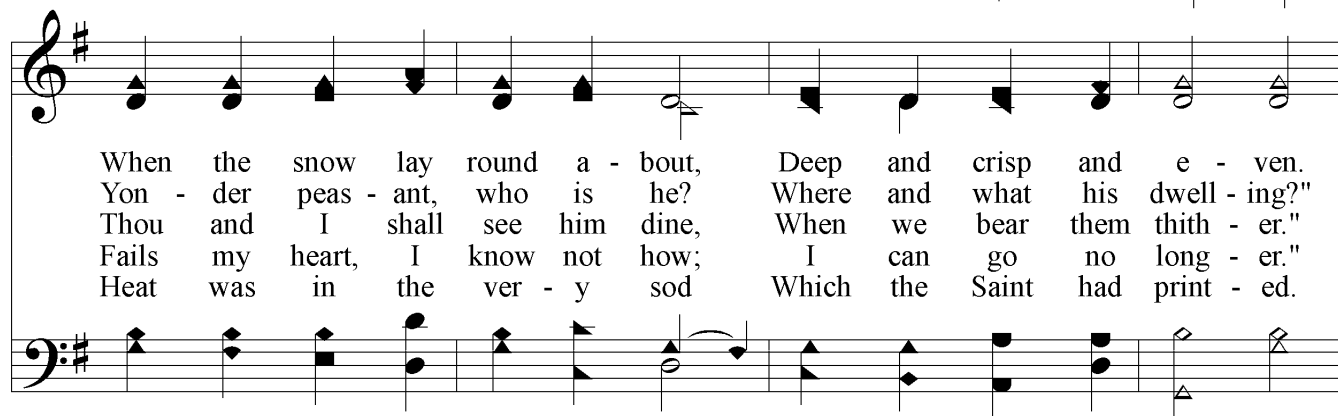


Good King Wenceslas



1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out, On the feast of Ste - phen,
 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell - ing,
 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith - er:
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind grows strong - er;
 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;



When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven.
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
 Thou and I shall see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."
 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.



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho' 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 - geth - er;
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page Tread thou in them bold - ly;
 There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,



When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
 Thru the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.
 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 bless - ing.