

## Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
on the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
deep and crisp and even;  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
tho' the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,  
if thou know'st it, tell me,  
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 meat and bring me wine,  
bring me pine logs hither:  
Thou and I shall see him dine,  
when we bear them 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."  
"Mark my footsteps, good my page.  
Tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,  
where the snow lay dinted;  
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.