Good King Wenceslas

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out, On the feast of Stephen,
   When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it telling,
   Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither:"  
   Thou and I shall see him dine, When we bear them thither.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind grows stronger;" 
   Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.

5. In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;
   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 together;
   "Mark my footsteps, my good page Tread thou in them boldly;

   Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing,
   When a poor man came in sight, Gather 'ring winter fuel.

   Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain;"
   Thru the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.

   Thou shalt find the winter's rage Freeze thy blood less coldly;" 
   Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find blessing.

Words by John Mason Neale (1818-1886)
Music from 16th Century