



Good King Wenceslas

1 Arrgt: H.lecomte

Carol Traditional

CHORUS

Soprane
Alto
Ténor
Basse

Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen,

S
A
T
B

5 6 7 8

When the snow lay round a - boat, Deep, and crisp and e - ven:

S
A
T
B

9 10 11 12

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

13 14 15 16 17

S When a poor man came in sight, Ga th'ring win - ter fu - el.

A When a poor man came in sight, Ga - th'ring win - ter fu - el.

T When a poor man came in sight, Ga th'ring win - ter fu - el.

B When a poor man came in sight, Ga th'ring win - ter fu - el.

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
 Though the frost was cruel
 When a poor man came in sight
 Gathering winter fuel

Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou knowst 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 shall see him dine
 When we bear them thither.
 Page and monarch, forth they went
 Forth they went together
 Through the rude winds 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 shall find the winters rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his masters step 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.