GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Words: John Mason Neale (1818-1866); 1853. Historical Wenceslas was a Bohemian duke. Music: 13th Cent. spring carol; first published in Sweden, 1582

- G \mathbf{D} D Verse 1: Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Ste-phen, (G)D When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and ev - en. (**G**) \mathbf{G} Bright-ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru-el, (G)GD G CGWhen a poor man came in sight, gath'ring wint-er fu-el.
- Verse 2: "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."
- Verse 3: "Bring me flesh and bring me wine. Bring me pine logs hither. Thou and I will 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.
- Verse 4: "Sire, the night grows darker now, and the wind blows stronger. Fails my heart, I know not how... I can go no longer."

 "Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread now in them boldly, Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly."
- Verse 5: 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.