

Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale (1818-1866); 1853.

Spring carol (13th Cent.)

G D C D G

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen,
2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knowest it, tell - ing,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hi - ther,
4. "Sire, the night grows dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er,
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed;

D C D G

When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thi - ther."
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.

D C D G

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the mount - ain,
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went to ge - ther,
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page, tread now in them bold - ly,
There - fore, Christ - ian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

D G D G D C G

When a poor man came in sight, ga - thering win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, by Saint Ag - nes' fount - ain."
Through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter wea - ther.
thou shalt find the wint - er's rage freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor shall your - selves find bless - ing.