

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

$\text{♩} = 69$
f

Chorus
 1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen,
Tenor Solo
 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
Tenor Solo
 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er;

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?"
 Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er."

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
Treble Solo
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;
Chorus
 Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;

When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
 Through the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.

Treble Solo
 4 "Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer."
Tenor Solo
 "Mark my footsteps, my good page,
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."

Chorus
 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.