

Good King Wenceslas

(Traditional)

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 about gathering winter fuel.

King Wenceslas: "Hither, Page, and stand by me, if thou knowst it, telling...
Yonder peasant- who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"
Page: "Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain.
Right against the forest fence by St. Agnes Fountain."

King Wenceslas: "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine when we bear him thither."

Page and Monarch, forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.
Page: "Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind grows stronger.
Fails my heart I know not how, I can go no longer!"

King Wenceslas: "Mark my footsteps, my good Page...tread thou in them boldly
Thou shall find the winter's rage freeze they blood less coldly."

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 folk be sure...wealth or rank possessing;
He who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find blessing.