

Good King Wenceslas

Text by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)
after an old Czech legend

"Tempus adest floridum" from *Piae Cantiones* (1582),
harm. Richard Runciman Terry (1865-1938)

1. Good King Wen-ces - las looked out, On the feast of Ste - phen;
2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell - ing,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs thi - ther:
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er;
5. In his mas - ters steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed:

1. When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and ev - en:
2. Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?
3. Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thi - ther."
4. Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."
5. Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the Saint had print - ed.

1. Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
2. "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;
3. Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - ge - ther;
4. "Mark my foot - steps, good my page; Tread thou in them bold - ly;
5. There - fore, Christ - ian men, be sure, Wealth or rank po - ses - ing,

1. When a poor man came in sight, Gather-ing win - ter fu - el.
 2. Right a - gain the fo - rest fence, By St. Ag - nes foun - tain."
 3. Through the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter wea - ther.
 4. Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 5. Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bless - ing.