

Holy ruler of Bohemia, and of his many good deeds and acts of kindness to the poor. Especially was he known for his liberality at the Feast of St. Stephen, held on December 26. The words of this song were set to the tune of an old spring carol but have been sung for years at our Christmas celebrations.

good king Wenceslas

Traditional

Arranged by Norman Lloyd

Allegro

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now,
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod,

On the feast of Ste - phen,
If thou know'st it tell - ing,
Bring me pine - logs hith - er:
And the wind grows strong - er;
Where the snow lay dint - ed;

When the snow lay round - a - bout,
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he?
Thou and I shall see him dine,
Fails my heart I know not how;
Heat was in the ver - y sod

Deep and crisp and e - ven.
Where and what his dwell - ing?"
When we bear them thith - er."
I can go no long - er."
Which the Saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain,
Page and mon - arch, forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly;
There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

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.
Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bless - - ing.