

Good King Wenceslas Looked Out

*tune: Tempus Adest Floridum from Piae Cantiones, 1582.
words: J. M. Neale, 1818-1866*

G

1. Good King Wen - ces - - las looked 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,

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On the feast of Ste - - - phen,
 If thou know'st it, tell - - - ing,
 Bring me pine logs hi - - - ther!

And the wind blows strong - - er;
 Where the snow lay dint - - - ed;

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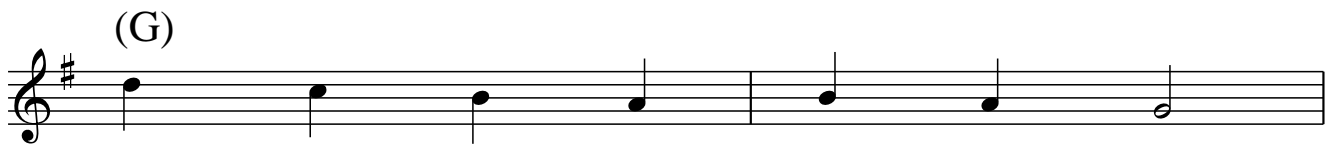
When the snow lay round a - - bout,
 Yon - - der pea - - sant, who is he?
 Thou and I will see him dine

Fails my heart, I know not how,
 Heat was in the ver - - y sod

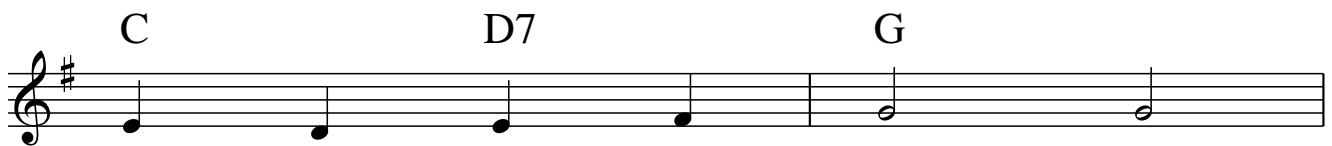
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Deep and crisp and e - - - ven;
 Where and what his dwell - - - ing?'
 When we bear them thi - - - ther.'

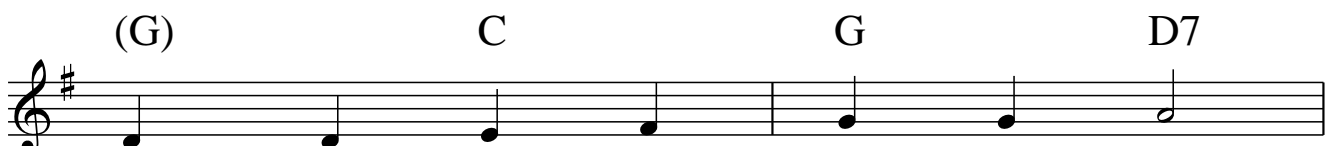
I can go no long - - - er.'
 Which the saint had print - - - ed.



Bright - - ly shone the moon that night,
 'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Page and mon - - arch forth they went,
 'Mark my foot - - steps, good my page,
 There - - fore, peo - - ple all, be sure,



Though the frost was cru - - - el,
 Un - - der - - neath the moun - - tain,
 Forth they went to - - geth - - - er,
 Tread thou in them bold - - - ly:
 Wealth or rank poss - - ess - - - ing,



When a poor man came in sight,
 Right a - - gainst the for - - est fence,
 Through the rude wind's wild la - - ment
 Thou shalt find the win - - ter's rage
 Ye who now will bless the poor



Gath' - ring win - - ter fu - - - - el.
 By Saint Ag - - nes' foun - - - - tain.'
 And the bit - - ter wea - - - - ther.
 Freeze thy blood less cold - - - - ly.'
 Shall your - selves find bless - - - - ing.