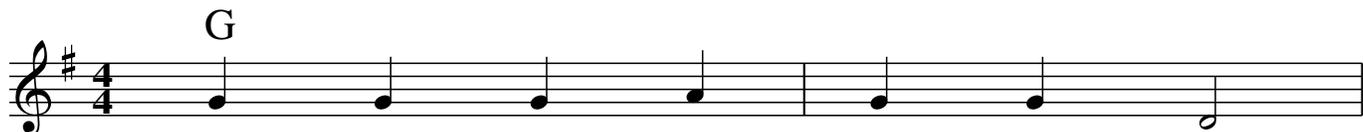


# Good King Wenceslas Looked Out

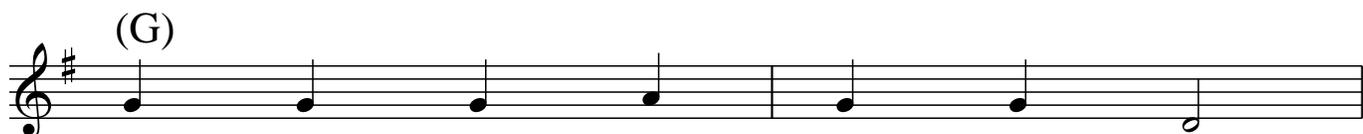
*tune: Tempus Adest Floridum from Piae Cantiones, 1582.*  
*words: J. M. Neale, 1818-1866*



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,



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;



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



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.

(G)

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,

C D7 G

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,

(G) C G D7

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

G C G

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.