

# Good King Wenceslas

When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind:  
And thou shalt be blessed... for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Lk. 14:13-14

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen,  
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, if you know it, tell - ing,  
3. "Bring me food and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hith - er,  
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er,  
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed;

When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.  
Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"  
You and I will see him dine, when we bear them thith - er."  
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."  
Heat was in the ver - y sod 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 now in them bold - ly,  
There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, while God's gifts 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 cold wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter weath - er.  
You shall find the win - ter's rage freeze your blood less cold - ly."  
You who now will bless the poor shall your - selves find bless - ing.