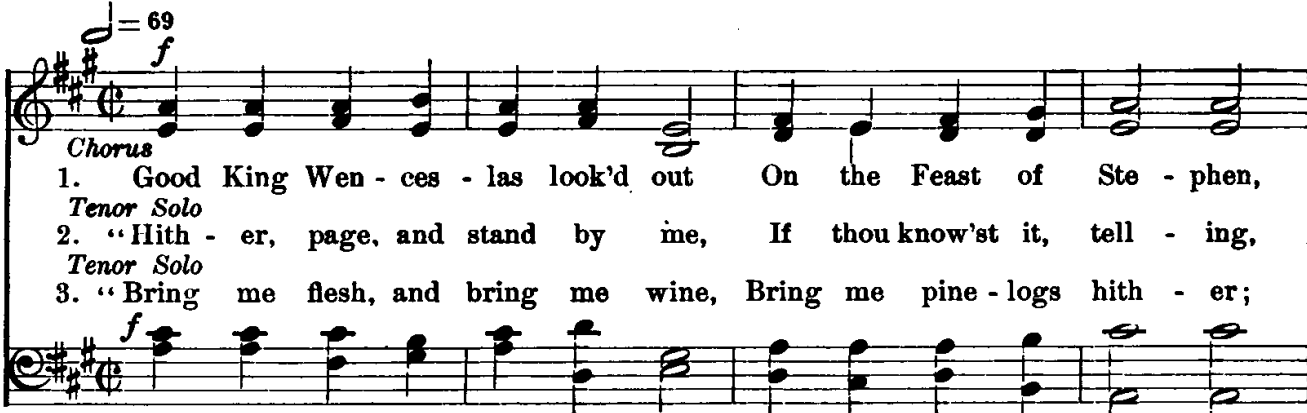
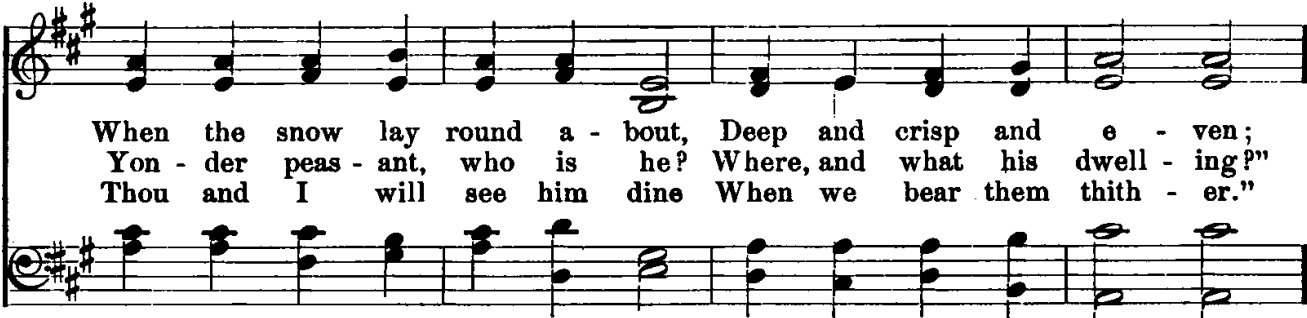


## GOOD KING WENCESLAS

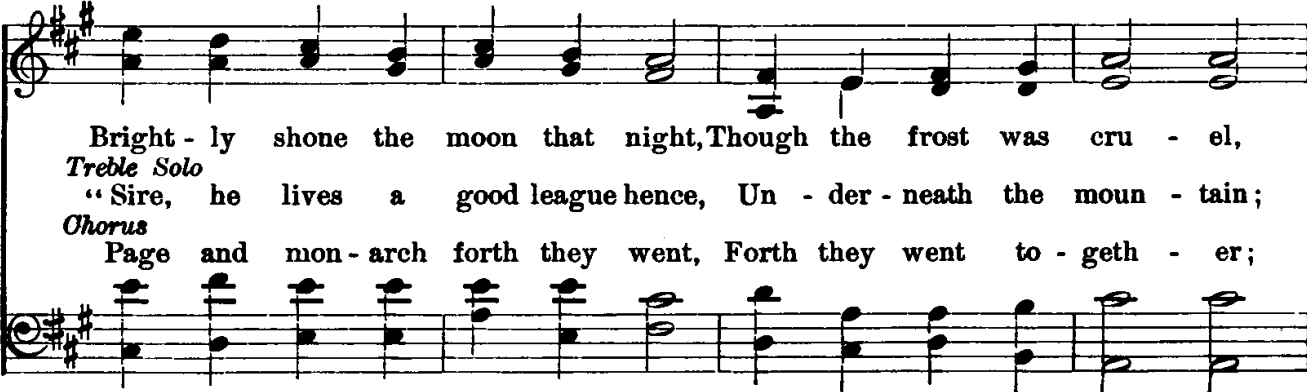
$\text{♩} = 69$   
*f*



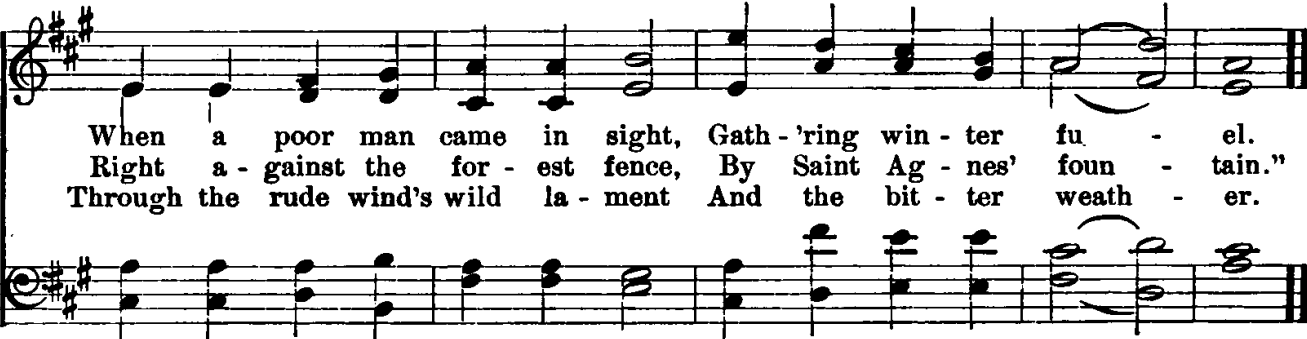
*Chorus*  
1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen,  
*Tenor Solo*  
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,  
*Tenor Solo*  
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er;



When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;  
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?"  
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er."



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,  
*Treble Solo*  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;  
*Chorus*  
Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;



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.

*Treble Solo*  
4 "Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no longer."  
*Tenor Solo*  
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,  
Tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

*Chorus*  
5 In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed;  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.