

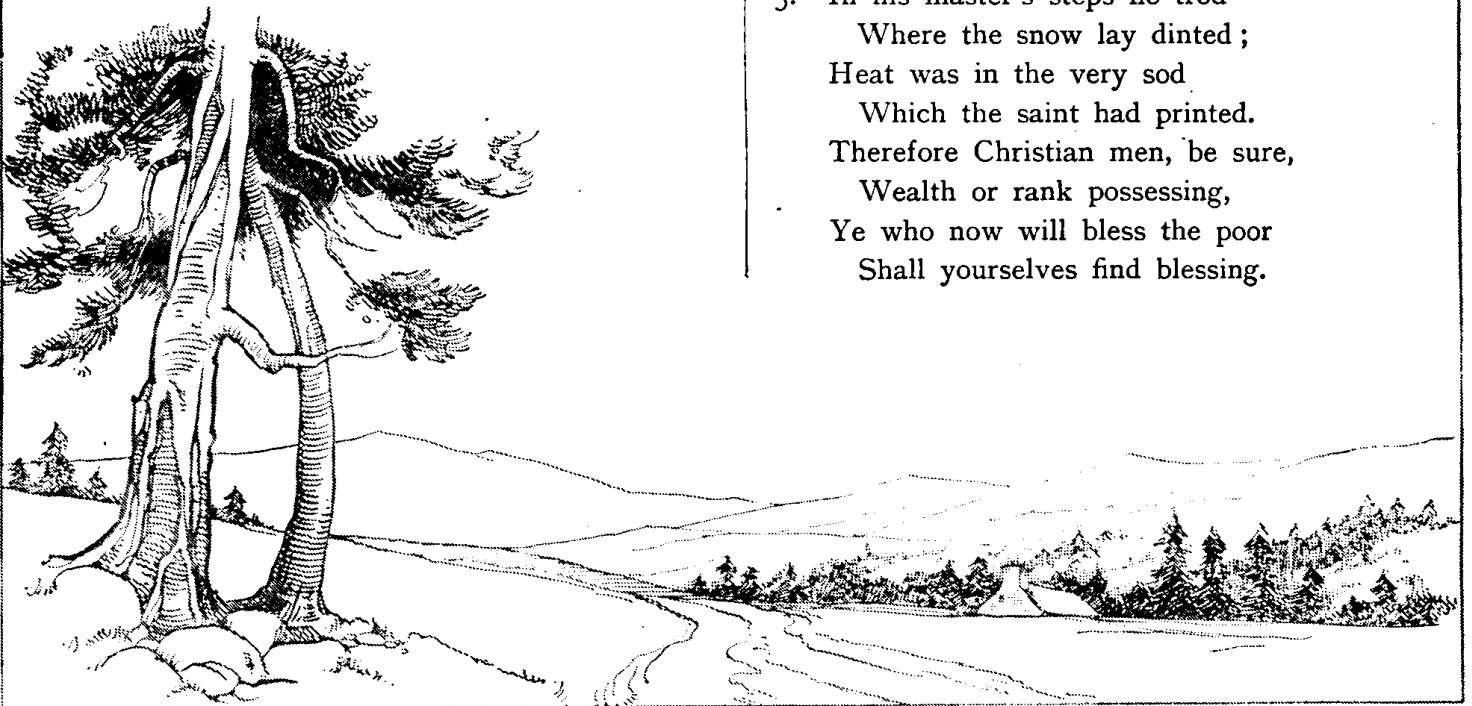
1. **G**OOD King Wenceslas looked out
 On the Feast of Stephen,
 When the snow lay round about,
 Deep and crisp and even.
 Brightly shone the moon that night,
 Though the frost was cruel,
 When a poor man came in sight,
 Gathering winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me
 If thou know'st it, telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he?
 Where and what his dwelling?"
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence
 Underneath the mountain;
 Right against the forest fence,
 By St. Agnes' fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
 Bring me pine-logs hither;
 Thou and I will see him dine,
 When we bear them thither."
 Page and monarch forth they went,
 Forth they went together
 Through the rude wind's wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

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

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.





Cheerfully.

Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the Feast of Ste - phen,

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win - ter fu - - - el.

