

# Good King Wenceslas

Good 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  
Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou knowst 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 Saint Agnes fountain.  
Bring me flesh and bring me wine  
Bring me pine logs hither  
Thou and I shall see him dine  
When we bear them thither.  
Page and monarch, forth they went  
Forth they went together  
Through the rude winds wild lament  
And the bitter weather  
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 shall find the winters rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.  
In his masters step he trod  
Where the snow lay dented  
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.