

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out
When the snow lay round about,
Brightly shown the moon that night,
When a poor man came in sight,

On the feast of Stephen,
Deep and crisp and even.
Though the frost was cruel,
Gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me.
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Right against the forest fence

If thou know it telling:
Where and what his dwelling?
Underneath the mountain,
By Saint Agnes fountain.

Bring me flesh, and bring me wine.
Thou and I will see him dine
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Through the rude wind's wild lament

Bring me pine logs hither.
When we bear them thither.
Forth they went together
And the bitter weather.

Sire, the night is darker now,
Fails my heart, I know not how.
Mark my footsteps my good page,
Thou shalt find the winter's rage

And the wind blows stronger.
I can go no longer.
Tread thou in them boldly:
Freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master's step he trod,
Heat was in the very sod
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing

Where the snow lay dented.
Which the saint had printed.
Wealth or rank possessing,