Good king Wenceslas

Words by J. M. Neale
Tune from Piae Cantiones
arr. Francis Melville

Lively, in 2

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd 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, Ga-th'ring winter fuel.

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

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f 2.'Hi-ther, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tel-ling,

Ah

Yon-der peas-ant, who is he? Where and what his dwel-ling?

Ah

'Sire he lives a good leage hence, Un-der-neath the moun-tain,

mf

Right a-gaintst the for-reest fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain.'
3. 'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hither:

Ah

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.
Slightly Slower

4

52 mp 4.'Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger

56 Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.'

60 A tempo

64 Ah

ff 'Mark my foot-steps, good my page; Tread thou in them boldly:

Ah

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.