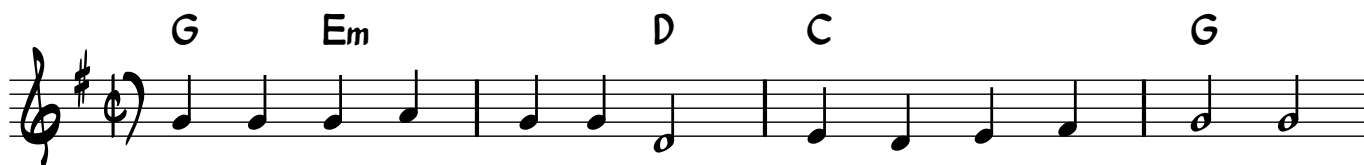


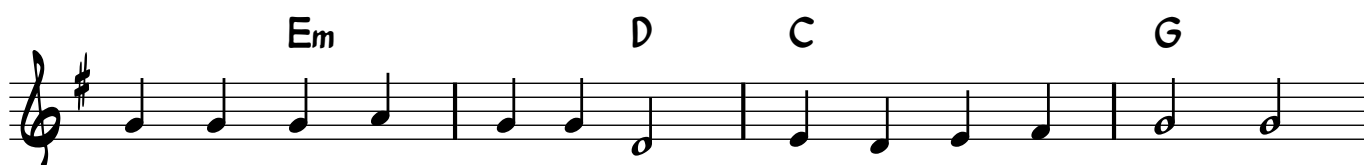
Good King Wenceslas

J.M. Neale

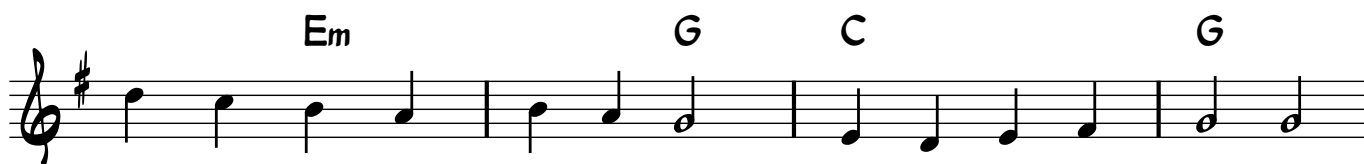
English Carol



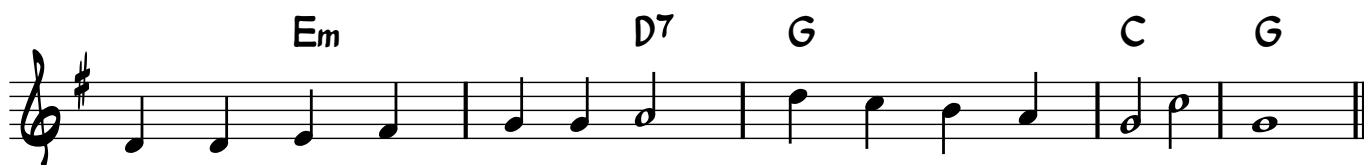
Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen
"Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it tell - ing;
"Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hi - ther:
"Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er.
In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed.



when the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.
yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling?"
thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thi - ther."
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."
Heat was in the ve - ry sod, which the saint had print - ed.



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,
Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the moun - tain,
Page and mon - arch forth they went, forth they went to - ge - ther
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page; tread thou in them bold - ly:
There - fore, Christ - ian men be sure, wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,



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 wea - ther.
Thou shall find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
ye who now will bless the poor, shall your - selves find bless - ing.