

# Good King Wenceslas

[\*\*Kevin J. Browne\*\*](#)

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  
    Gath'ring winter fuel  
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 Saint Agnes' fountain  
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, my good page  
    Tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shall find the winter's rage  
    Freeze thy blood less coldly  
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 rejoice  
    Wealth or rank possessing  
Ye, who now will bless the poor  
    Shall yourselves find blessing

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