Good King Wenceslas

AniMelodies

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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