

Good King Wenceslas

Billie Joe Sawyer

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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