

# Good King Wenceslas

Stan Kenton

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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