

# Good King Wenceslas

[Robin Gibb](#)

Good king Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of stephen  
When the snow lay 'round about  
Deep and crisp and even  
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  
By saint agnes' fountain""Bring me flesh and bring me wine  
Bring me pine-logs hither  
Thou and i shall see him dine  
When we bear them thither"  
Page and monarch, forth they went  
Forth they went together  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather"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, good my page  
Tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shall find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly"

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