

# Good King Wenceslas

Jim Brickman

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  
Gathering winter fuel

Hither, page and stand by me  
If thou knows 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's fountain

Bring me flesh and bring me wine  
Bring me fur logs, hither  
Thou and I will see him dine  
Here we bear him 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

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, be sure  
Wealth or rank possessing  
Ye, who now will bless the poor  
Shall yourselves find blessing

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