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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