

Good King Wenceslas

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 St. Agnes fountain"

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine
bring me pine logs hither
thou and I will see him dine
when we bear him hither"
page and monarch forth they went
forth they went together
through the rude wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather