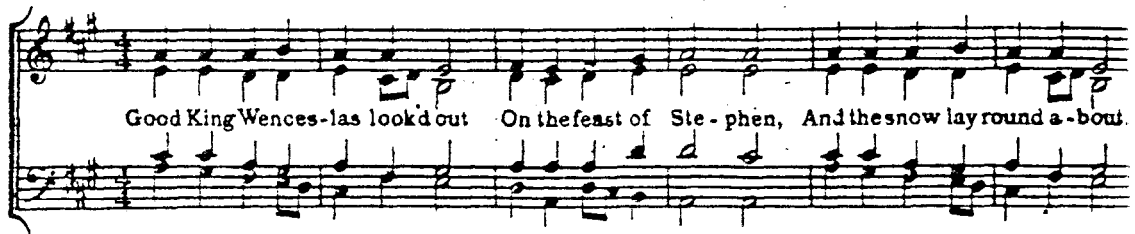
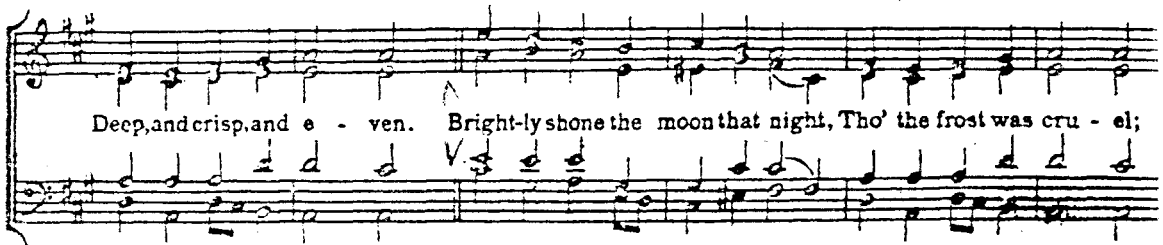



9 GOOD KING WENCESLAS



Good King Wences-las lookd out On the feast of Ste-phen, And the snow lay round a-bout.



Deep, and crisp, and e-ven. Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru-el;



When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win-ter fu-el.

1st Singer "Hither, page, come, stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

2nd Singer "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Down beneath the mountain;
Close against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain!"

1st Singer "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I, we'll see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Chorus "Page and monarch on they went,
On they went together:
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
Through the bitter weather.

1st Singer "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the storm grows wilder,
Fails my heart I know not how,
I can go no longer."

2nd Singer "Mark my steps, be brave, my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Then thou'lt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

Chorus In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted:
Heat was in the very sod
Which his foot had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now do bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.