

22. Good King Wenceslas

Words by
J. M. NEALE
(1818-66)

Melody from *Piae Cantiones* (1582)
arranged by DAVID WILLCOCKS

ORGAN
or
PIANO

(Man.)

(CHOIR
and
ACCOMPT.)

S.
A.

1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out — On the Feast of Ste - phen,
When the snow lay round a - bout, — Deep, and crisp, and e - ven:

T.
B.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost — was cru - el,
cru - el,

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

2. Bass solo, or all Basses & Tenors

"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 Saint Agnes' fountain."

3. Sop solo, or all Sopranos & Altos

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine,
when we bear them thither. "

Choir:

**Page and monarch,
forth they went,
forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.**

4. Sop solo, or all Sopranos & Altos

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."

Bass solo, or full Basses & Tenors

"Mark my footsteps, good my page.
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze thy blood less coldly."

5. Choir

**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.**