

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.)

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:

f

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.

8

2. Bass solo

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

Women

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain."

3. Men

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

All:

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

4. Women

"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

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

5. All (slow)

**In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
which the saint had printed.**

(a bit faster)

**Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
shall yourselves find blessing.**