

22. Good King Wenceslas

2-pg version

a capella

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

legato, perky

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

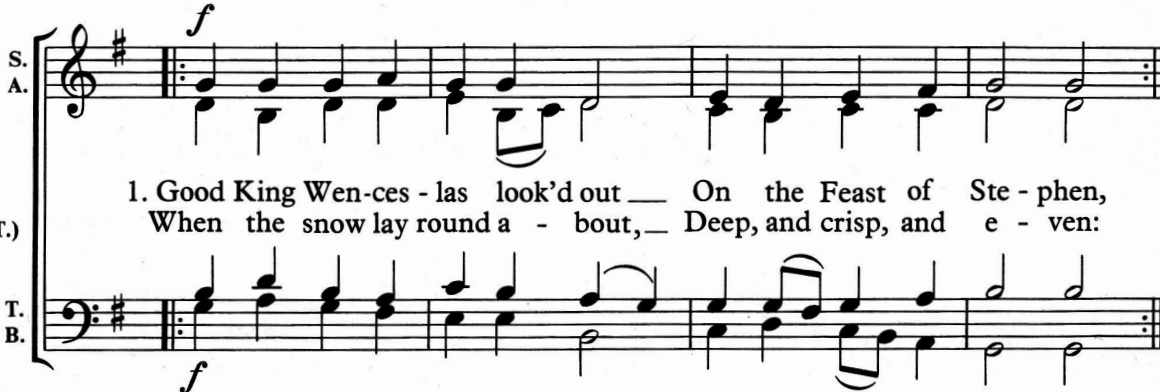
ORGAN
or
PIANO



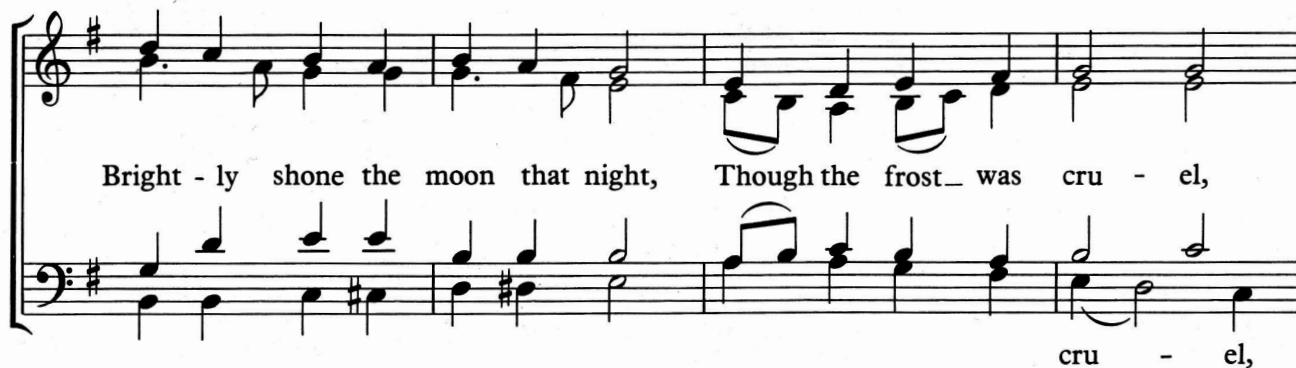
(Man.)

(CHOIR
and
ACCOMP.)

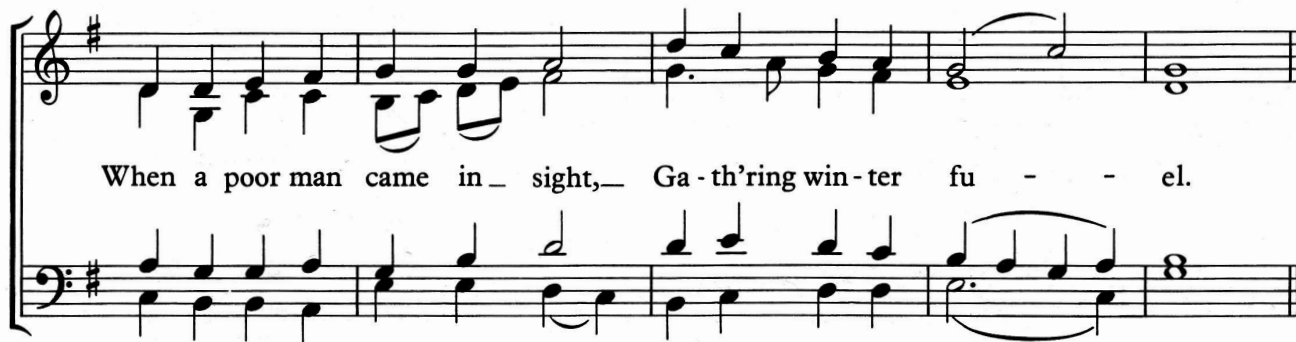
1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out — On the Feast of Ste - phen,
When the snow lay round a - bout, — Deep, and crisp, and e - ven:



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.



Unison melody, except for verses in bold, which are 4-part

2. Men

"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 *childlike, sweet*

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

-Men

"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.**