

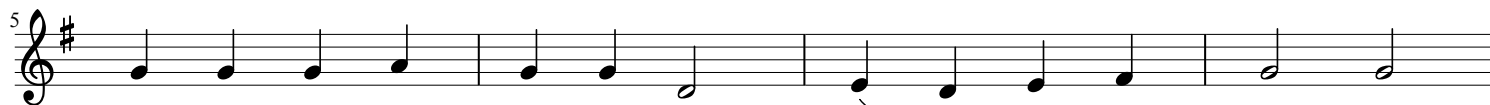
Good King Wenceslas

Arr. S Boucké

Maestoso



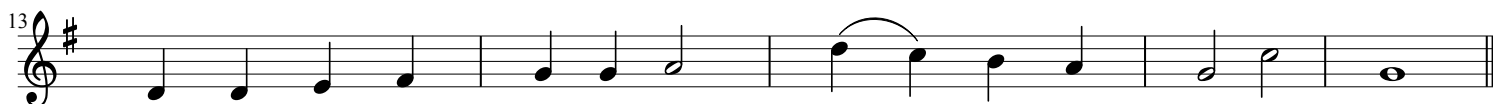
Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the feast of Ste - phen,
"Hith - er page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hi - ther,
"Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows stron - ger.
In his mast - er's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed,



When the snow lay 'round a - bout, Deep and crisp, and e - ven,
Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er."
Heat was in the ver - y sod WHICH the saint had print - ed.



Bright - ly shone the moon that night Though the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain,
Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er
"Mark my foot - steps my good page, Tred thou in them bold - ly.
There - fore, Christ - ian men be sure, Wealth or rank po - ssess - ing,



When a poor man came in sight Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - new' foun - tain."
Through the rude winds wild la - ment, and the bit - ter wea - ther.
Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your - selves find bless - ing.