

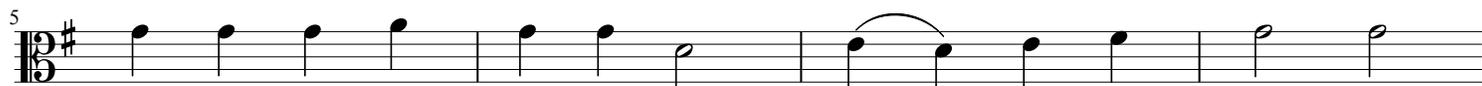
# Good King Wenceslas

Arr. S Boucké

## Maestoso



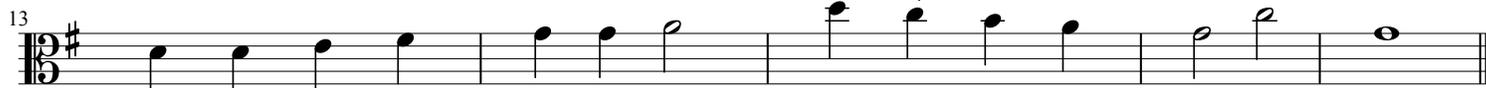
Good King Wen - ces - las looked out      On the feast of      Ste - phen,  
"Hith - er page, and stand by me,      If thou know'st it,      tell - ing  
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,      Bring me pine logs      hi - ther,  
"Sire, the night is dark - er now,      And the wind blows      stron - 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.