

# Good King Wenceslas

Bing Crosby

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
on the feast of Stephen,  
when the snow lay round about,  
deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shown the moon that night,  
though the frost was cruel,  
when a poor man came in sight,  
gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me.  
If thou know 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.

Bring me flesh, and bring me wine.  
Bring me pine logs hither.  
Thou and I will see him dine  
when we bear the thither.

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

Sire, the night is darker now,  
and the wind blows stronger.  
Fails my heart, I know not how.  
I can go no longer.  
Ark my footsteps my good page,  
tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master's step he trod,  
where the snow lay dented.  
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