

Good King Wenceslas

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Good King Wen - ces - las looked 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 thee frost was cru - el,
when a poor man came in sight, gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - - el.

“Good King Wenceslas”

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gathering winter fuel.
2. 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.
3. Bring me meat, 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.
4. 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.
5. 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

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The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first staff starts with a G clef and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen". The second staff continues with the same clef and time signature. The lyrics are: "when the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.". The third staff starts with a F clef. The lyrics are: "Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though thee frost was cru - el,". The fourth staff starts with a G clef. The lyrics are: "when a poor man came in sight, gath - ring win - ter fu - - - el.". The fifth staff ends with a F clef. The lyrics are: "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.".

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