


No. 6

Good King Wenceslas

$\text{♩} = 100$

T1
T2

f




Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen,
Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou knows't it tell - ing,
Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind grows strong - er;
In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;

B1
B2

f

5

T1
T2




When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven:
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?
Fails my heart I know not how; I can go no long - er.
Heat was in the ver - y sod Which the Saint has print - ed.

B1
B2

9

T1
T2




Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho's the frost was cru - el
Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain,
Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly;
There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

B1
B2

13

T1
T2



When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain.
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.

B1
B2