

## Bush

### "Good King Wenceslas"

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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.

Hither page and stand by me if thou knowst 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 pinelogs  
hither

Thou and I will see him dine when we bear them thither

Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went  
together

Through the rude winds wild lament, and the bitter  
weather.

Sire the night is darker now, and the wind blows  
stronger

Fails my heart I know now how, I can go no longer.

Mark 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 steps he trod where the snow lay dinted

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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