

## Michael W. Smith "Good King Wenceslaus"

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Good King Wenceslaus 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 not 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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