

## Melanie

### "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 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.  
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 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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