

Relient K

"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, tho' the frost was
cruel,

When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me, if you know'st, 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 food, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs
hither:

You and I will see him dine, when we bear them
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 blow
stronger;

Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, my good page. Tread now in them
boldly

You shalt find the winter's rage freeze your 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,

You who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

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