

Fireside Singers

"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
Gath'ring winter fu-u-el

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 fou-ountain

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 ble-essing

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