

Mckennitt Loreena

"Good King Wenceslas"

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(John Mason Neale, 1818 - 1866; music arranged and adapted by Loreena

McKennitt)

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 fuel

"Hither, page, and stand by me,

If thou know'st 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 shall 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 blows stronger

Fails my heart, I know not how

I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page

Tread thou in them boldly

Thou shall find the winter's rage

Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's step 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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