

Good King Wenceslas

Tekst: John Mason Neale 1818 - 1866

Musik: Christmas Carol

1.

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
on the feast of Stephen.
When the snow lay roundabout,
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.

2.

"Hither, page, and stand by me
if thou knows't 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 St. Agnes' fountain."

3.

"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 wild wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.

4.

"Sire, the night grows darker now
and the wind grows 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."

5.

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!.