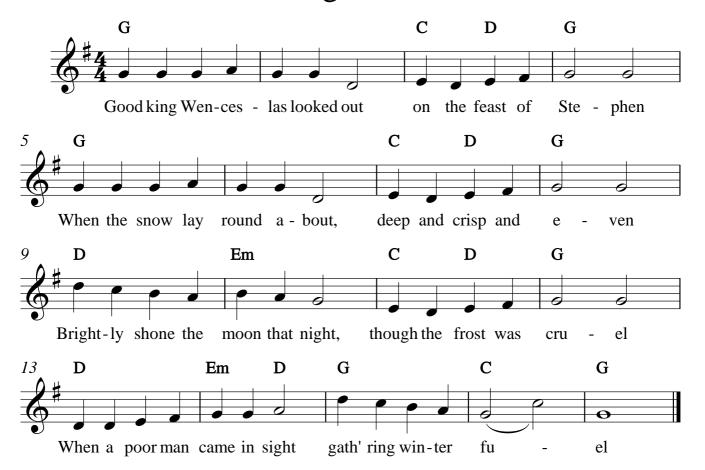
Good King Wenceslas



- 2. 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.
- 4. Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger.
 Fails my heart, I know not how.
 I can go no longer.
 Ark my footsteps good my page,
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.
- 3. Bring me flesh, and bring me wine Bring me pine logs hither.
 Thou 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.
- 5. 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.