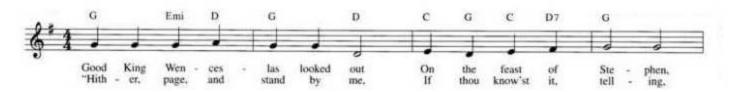
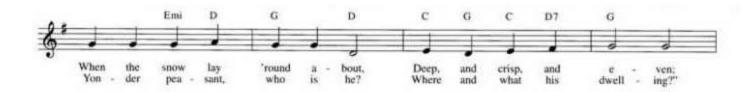
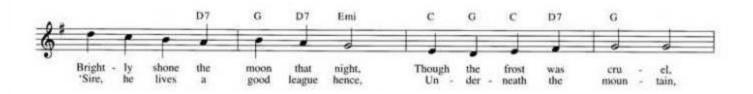
GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Words by John M. Neale Music by Piae Cantiones









- '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.
- 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 shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

4. 'Sire, the night is darker now,

 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.

Erwin Music Studio