

# Good King Wenceslas

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Traditional English/Swedish  
Arr. Russ Dismuke

Violin

1 5 6 7 8

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
2. "Hither, King Wenceslas, On the feast of  
3. "Bring me flesh and and stand by me wine, If thou know'st it,  
4. "Sire, the night is and bring me wine, And the pine logs  
5. In his mast-er's steps he trod, Where the snow lay

9 10 11

Steph-ten. When the snow lay round a- bout,  
tel- hith- er. Yond- the er peas- ant, he?  
strong- er. er. Thou and I ant, will dine,  
dint- ed. ed. Heat was in the ver- y sod,

12 13 14 15

Deep and crisp and e- ven. Bright- ly shone the moon that night,  
Where and what his dwel- ling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
When we bear him thith- er." er." Page and mon- arch forth they went,  
I can go no long- er." er." "Mark my foot- steps, my good page,  
Which the Saint had print- ed. There- fore, Chris- tian men, be sure,

16 17 18 19

Though the frost was cru- el. When a poor man came in sight,  
Un- der- neath the to- moun- geth- er. er. Right a- gainst the for- est fence,  
Forth they went to- them- geth- er. er. Through the rude wind's wild lam- ent,  
Tread thou in them- bold- ly. ly. Thou shalt find the wint- er's rage,  
Wealth or rank pos- ses- sing. Ye who now will bless the poor,

20 21 22 23 24

Gath'- ring win- ter fu- el.  
By Saint Ag- nes' foun- tain."  
And the bit- ter weath- er. er."  
Freeze thy blood less find cold- ly."  
Shall your- selves find bles- sing.