

- 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 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 step he trod,
  Where the snow lay dented.
  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

 $D^7$ G Good King Wen-ces-laus looked out C G On the Feast of Stephen,  $D^7$  G When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even.  $D^7$  G  $D^7$ G G Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel,  $D^7$ C When a poor man came in sight,  $D^7$ G E<sup>m</sup> C Gathering winter fu - - - el.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If you 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."

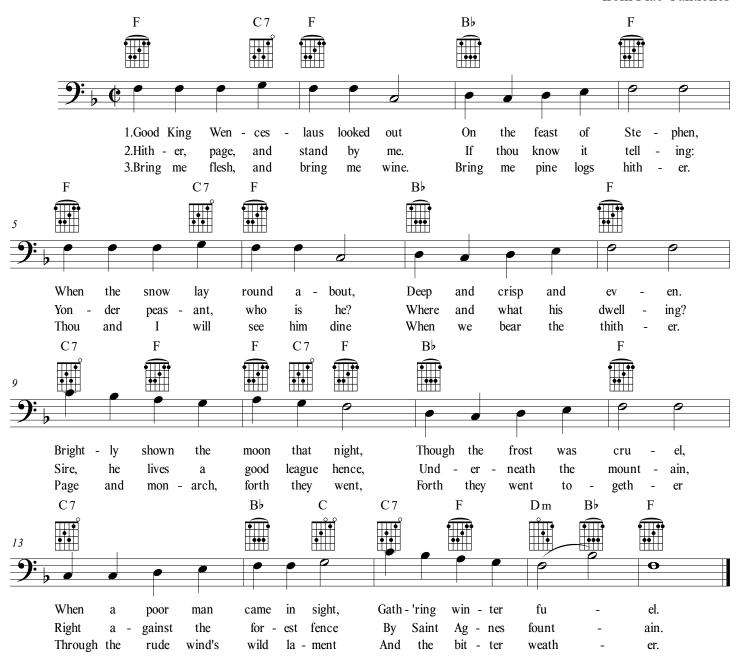
"Bring me food and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither, You and I will see him dine, When we bear them thither." Page and monarch, forth they went, Forth they went together, Through the cold wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.

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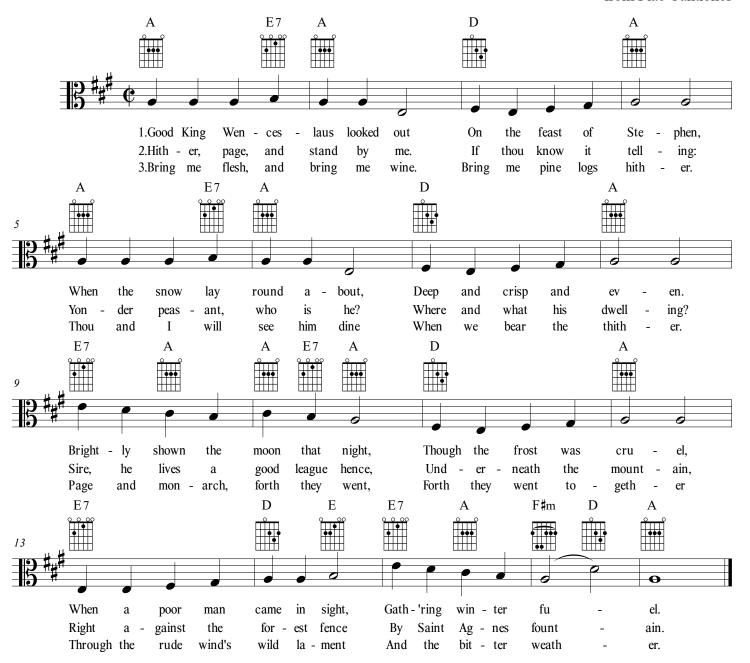
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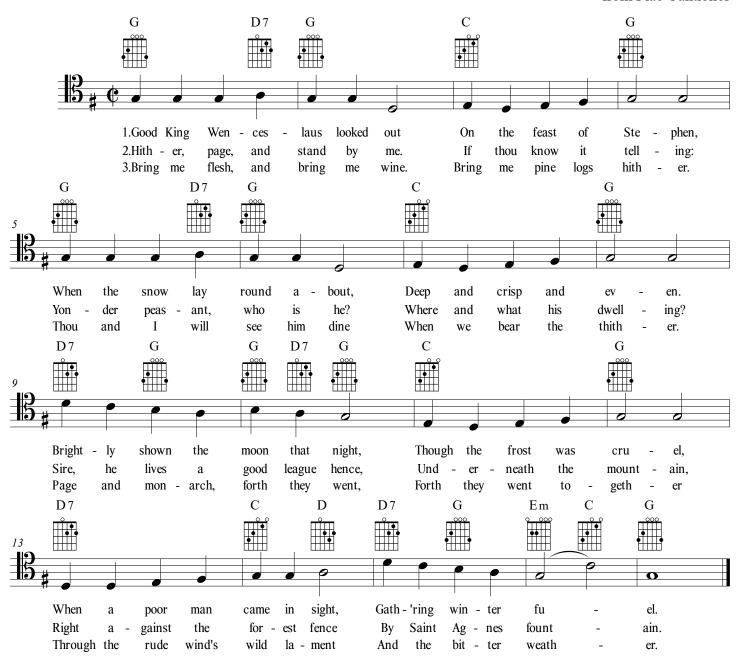
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