

Music: Traditional. Words: J. Neale (1853)

Arr: Jildou Talman (1997)

\*  
S  
[1A] Good King Wen-ces-las looked out, On the Feast of Ste-phen,  
[5A] In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ted;

A  
B

[1A] Good King Wen-ces-las looked out, On the Feast of Ste-phen,  
[5A] In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ted;

\*  
S  
When the snow lay round a-bout, Deep, and crisp and e-ven:  
Heat was in the ve-ry sod Which the Saint had prin-ted.

A  
B

When the snow lay round a-bout, Deep, and crisp and e-ven:  
Heat was in the ve-ry sod Which the Saint had prin-ted.

\*  
S  
[1B] Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru-el,  
[3B] Page and mo-march, forth they went, Forth they went to-get-her;  
[5B] There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-ses-sing,

A  
B

[1B] Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru-el,  
[3B] Page and mo-march, forth they went, Forth they went to-get-her;  
[5B] There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-ses-sing,

Div: Only last time.

\*  
S  
When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win-ter fu-el.  
Through the rude wind's wild la-ment And the bit-ter weat-her.  
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bles-sing.

A  
B

When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win-ter fu-el.  
Through the rude wind's wild la-ment And the bit-ter weat-her.  
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bles-sing.

S [2+3A] Mm - mm-mm - mm - mm - mm-mm. Mm - mm-mm - mm-mm.

A

\* B

[2A] "Hit - her, page, and stand by me, If you know'st it, tel - ling,  
[3A] "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hit - her:

S Mm-mm - mm - mm - mm - mm-mm. Mm - mm-mm - mm-mm.

A

\* B

Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling?"  
Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thit - her."

\* S [2B] "Sire, he lives at good league hence, Un - der-neath the moun - tain,

A

B

[2B]

\* S Right a - gainst the fo - rest fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."

A

B

Doo - doo - doo - doo. Doo - doo - doo - doo.

S [4A] "Sire, the night is dar - ker now, And the wind blows stron - ger,

\*  
A

B

[4A]

S Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no lon - ger."

\*  
A

B

S [4B] Dee - dee - dee - dee - dee. Dee - dee - dee - dee.

A [4B] Dee - dee - dee - dee. Dee - dee - dee - dee.

\*  
B

[4B] "Mark my foot - steps good, my page; Tread thou in them bold - ly:

S Dee - dee - dee - dee. Dee - dee - dee - dee - dee - dee - dee.

A Dee - dee - dee - dee. Dee - dee - dee - dee - dee - dee - dee.

\*  
B

Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."

The wonderful tune has made this carol so popular. Originally it was the tune of a spring carol from the Piae Cantiones: "Tempus adest floridum". The new words were written by J.M. Neale in 1853. The feast of St. Stephen is December 26 (Boxing Day).