

## Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale

Traditional

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four lines of music. The first line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). The second line starts with a measure rest (5) and continues: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4-E4 (beamed eighth notes), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (half). The third line starts with a measure rest (9) and continues: G3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (quarter), C3 (half). The fourth line starts with a measure rest (13) and continues: D3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F#3-E3 (beamed eighth notes), D3 (quarter), C3 (half), B2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), G2 (half). The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out, on the Feast of Steph - en,  
5 When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and ev - en;  
9 Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,  
13 When a poor man came in sight, gath' - ring win - ter fu - el.

2. 'Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st 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.'
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.
4. 'Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger  
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.'  
'Mark 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 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.