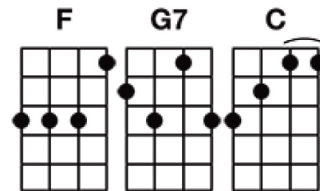
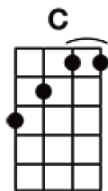
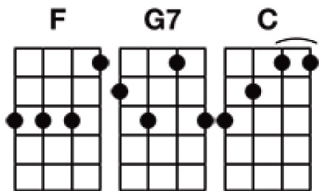
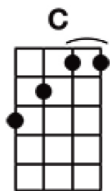
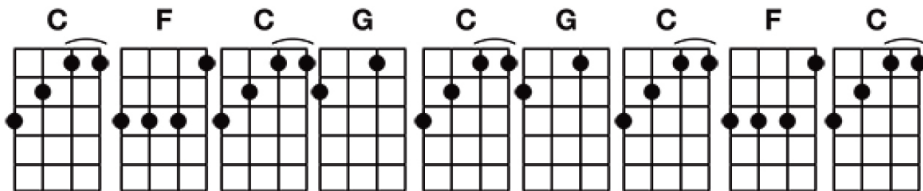
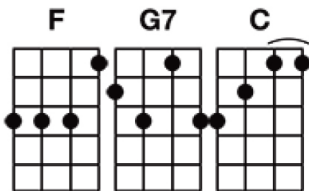
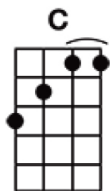


Good King Wenceslas (D-Tuning)

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Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the feast of Stephen, when the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Hither, page, and stand by me. If thou know it telling: yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
Bring me flesh, and bring me wine. Bring me pine logs hither. Thou and I will see him dine when we bear the thither.
Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger. Fails my heart, I know not how. I can go no longer.
In his master's step he trod, where the snow lay dented. Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed.



Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel, when a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain, right against the forest fence by Saint Agnes fountain.
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.
Mark my footsteps my good page, tread thou in them boldly: Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing, ye who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find blessing