

# Good King Wenceslas

Piano introduction for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes in both hands.

6

Vocal line for the first system, starting at measure 6. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are: 1. Good King Wenceslas looked out On the Feast of Stephen; 2. Hi-ther, page, and stand by me, If thou knowst it, tel-ling; 3. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hi-ther; 4. Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows strong-er; 5. In his mast-ers step he trod Where the snow lay dint-ed.

6

Piano accompaniment for the first system, starting at measure 6. The music is written in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It features a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

10

Vocal line for the second system, starting at measure 10. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are: When the snow lay round a-bout Deep and crisp and ev-en; Yon-der pea-sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel-ling?; Thou and I shall see him dine When we bear them thi-ther; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long-er; Heat was in the ve-ry sod Which the Saint had print-ed.

10

Piano accompaniment for the second system, starting at measure 10. The music is written in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It continues the accompaniment from the first system.

14

Bright - ly shone the moon that night Though the frost was cru - el  
Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain  
Page and mon - arch, forth they went, Forth they went to - ge - ther  
Mark my foot - steps, good my page Tread thou in them bold - ly  
There - fore, Christ - ian men, be sure Wealth or rank pos - ses - sing

18

When a poor man came in sight Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el  
Right a - gainst the for - est fence By Saint Ag - nes foun - tain.  
Through the rude winds wild la - ment And the bit - ter wea - ther  
Thou shall find the win - ters rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly.  
Ye, who now will bless the poor Shall your - selves find bles - sing.