

The Kelly Family, Good king wenceslaus

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.
"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If though knowest it telling,
Yonder poor man, 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 flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pinelogs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine,
When we bear him thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude winds wild lament
And the bitter weather.
"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind grows 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 winters rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."
In his masters 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.