

## Good King Wenceslas

Audience - all verses as shown

1.  
**All voices**  
Good King Wenceslas look'd 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,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.
2.  
**Men only**  
'Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?'  
**Ladies only**  
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'
3.  
**Men only**  
'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pinelogs hither:  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither.'  
**All voices**  
Page and monarch, forth they went,  
Forth they went together:  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.
4.  
**Ladies only**  
'Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how;  
I can go no longer.'  
**Men only**  
'Mark my footsteps, good my page;  
Tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'
5.  
**All voices**  
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.

## O come, all ye faithful

Audience - all verses

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold him,  
Born the King of Angels:  
*O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
Christ the Lord!*

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God, Begotten, not created:  
*O come, etc.*

See how the shepherds,  
Summoned to his cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;  
We too will thither  
Bend our joyful footsteps:  
*O come, etc.*

Child, for us sinners  
Poor and in the manger,  
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;  
Who would not love thee,  
Loving us so dearly?  
*O come, etc.*

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;  
Glory to God  
In the Highest:  
*O come, etc.*