Good King Wenceslas





- 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.