

Good King Wenceslas

Test by
John Mason Neale

Tempus adest floridum

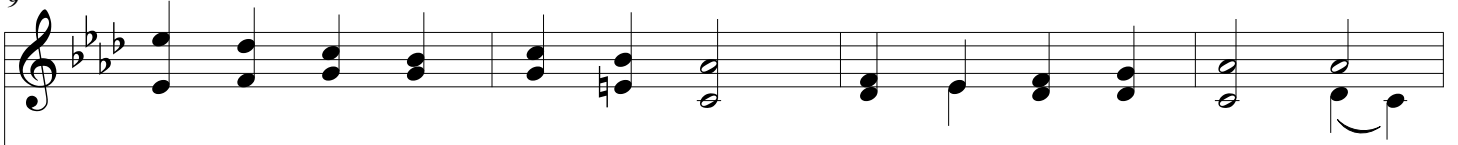
Arrangement by
Thomas Helmore, Alt

Good King Wen - ces - las looked out, — on the Feast of Ste - phen,
"Hith - er, page, and stand by me, — if thou know'st it, tell - ing,
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hith - er:
"Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er;
In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed;

5

When the snow lay round a - bout, — deep and crisp and e - ven;
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? — Where and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I shall see him dine, — when we bear them thith - er."
Fails my heart, I know not how; — I can go no long - er."
Heat was in the ver - y sod — which the saint had print - ed.

9



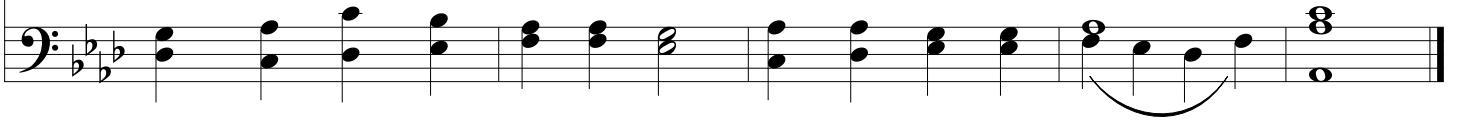
Bright - ly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cru - el, —
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the moun - tain;
 Page and mon - arch, forth they went, forth they went to - geth - er; —
 "Mark my foot - steps, good my page. Tread thou in them bold - ly —
 There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos - sess - ing, —



13



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 wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter weath - er.
 Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 Ye who now will bless the poor, shall your - selves find bless - ing.



Violin 1

Good King Wenceslas

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Tempus adest florum

Arrangement by
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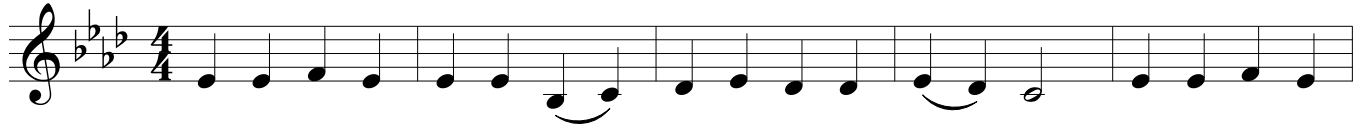
Violin 2

Good King Wenceslas

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Cello

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Bass Clarinet

Good King Wenceslas

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Vocal

Good King Wen - ces - las looked out, — on the Feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
"Hith - er, page, and stand by me, — if thou know'st it, tell - ing, Yon - der peas - ant,
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hith - er: Thou and I shall
"Sire, the night is dark - er now, — and the wind blows strong - er; Fails my heart, I
In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Cello

B♭ 1

B♭ 2

Bass Clarinet

Alto Sax

Baritone Sax

Horn in F 1

Horn in F 2

6

round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven; Bright - ly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was
 who is he?_ Where and what his dwell - ing?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the
 see him dine, when we bear them thith - er." Page and mon - arch, forth they went, forth they went to -
 know not how; I can go no long - er." "Mark my foot - steps, good my page. Tread thou in them
 ver - y sod_ which the saint had print - ed. There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos -

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

B♭ 1

B♭ 2

B. Cl.

A. Sx.

B. Sx.

Hn. 1

Hn. 2

12

cru - el, — When a poor man came in sight, gath' - ring win - ter fu - el.
moun - tain; Right a - gainst the for - est fence, by Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
geth - er; — Through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter weath - er.
bold - ly — Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
sess - ing, — Ye who now will bless the poor, shall your - selves find bless - ing.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

B♭ 1

B♭ 2

B. Cl.

A. Sx.

B. Sx.

Hn. 1

Hn. 2

Good King wenceslas

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,
tho' the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, 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 pine logs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine,
when we bear them thither. "
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.

"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, good my page.
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze thy blood less coldly."

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.