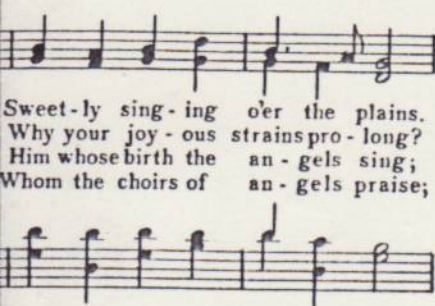


Heard on High

(ER CAROL)

Old French Song



Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains.
Why your joy-ous strains pro-long?
Him whose birth the an-gels sing;
Whom the choirs of an-gels praise;



Ech-o-ing their joy-ous strains.
Which in-spire your heavn-ly song?
Christ the Lord, the new born King.
While our hearts in love we raise.



ri-a



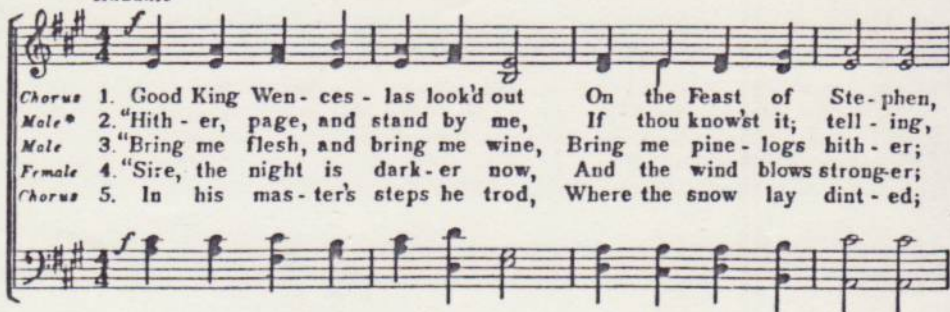
n ex-cel-sis De o.

Good King Wenceslas

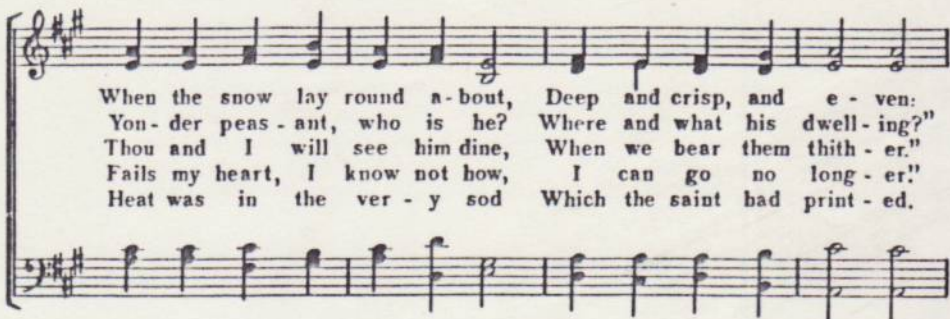
JOHN M. NEALE

Traditiona
Arr. by Sir John Stainer

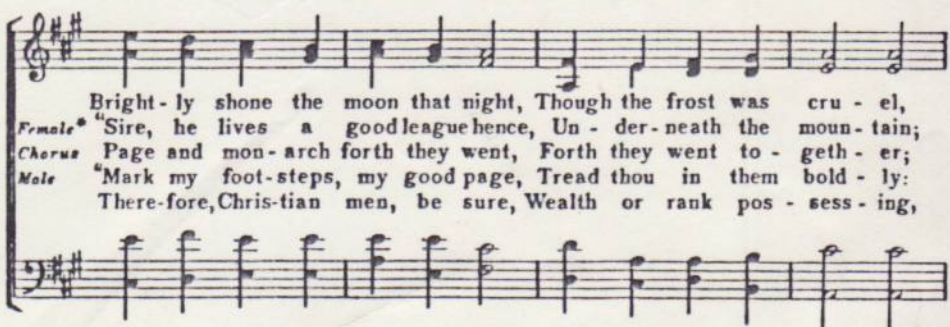
Andante



Chorus 1. Good King Wen-ces-las look'd out On the Feast of Ste-phen,
Male* 2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it; tell-ing,
Male 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er;
Female 4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows strong-er;
Chorus 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint-ed;



When the snow lay round a-bout, Deep and crisp, and e-ven:
You-der peas-ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell-ing?"
Thou and I will 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.



Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru-el,
Female* "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un-der-neath the moun-tain;
Chorus Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to-ge-th-er;
Male "Mark my foot-steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold-ly:
There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-sess-ing,



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.

* Male: Male Voices; Female: Female Voices