Good King Wenceslas

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moon that night, through the frost was cruel.
good league hence, underneath the mountain;
forth they went, forth they went to gatherer,
my good page, tread thou in them boldly.
men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing;

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When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter
right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes
through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy bloodless
ye who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find

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