Tempus adest floridum

From Piae Cantiones

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Good King Wen-ces-las looked out, On the feast of Ste-phen,

When the snow lay round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven:

Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru-el,

When a poor man came in sight, Gath'-ring win-ter fu-
- el.