

Good King Wenceslas

Verse one

♩ = 140

G Em Am G C D

Good King Wenceslas looked out

C G C D⁷ G

On the feast of Stephen,

G Em Am G C D

When the snow lay round about,

C G C D⁷ G

Deep and crisp and even.

G D⁷ G Am B⁷ Em

Brightly shone the moon that night,

C G C D⁷ G

Though the frost was cruel,

D C B⁷ Em D⁷

When a poor man came in sight,

G C G D⁷ Em C G

Gather- ing win- ter fu- el.

Verse two

♩ = 140

Hi-ther, page, and stand by me.

If thou know-est tell-ing:

Yon-der pea-sant, who is he?

Where and what his dwell-ing?

Sire, he lives a good league hence,

Un-der-neath the moun-tain,

Right a-gainst the fo-rest fence

By Saint Ag-nes foun-tain.

Verse three

♩ = 140

Bring me flesh, and bring me wine.

Bring me pine logs hi-ther.

Thou and I will see him dine

When we bear the thi-ther.

Page and mo-narch, forth they went,

Forth they went to-ge-ther

Through the rude wind's wild la-ment

And the bit-ter wea-ther

Verse four

♩ = 140

G Em Am G C D

Sire, the night is dark- er now,

C G C D⁷ G

And the wind blows strong- er.

G Em Am G C D

Fails my heart, I know not how.

C G C D⁷ G

I can go no long- er.

G D⁷ G Am B⁷ Em

Mark my foot- steps my good page,

C G C D⁷ G

Tread thou in them bold- ly

D C B⁷ Em D⁷

Thou shalt find the win- ter's rage

G C G D⁷ Em C G

Freeze thy blood less cold- ly.

Verse five

$\text{♩} = 140$

G Em Am G C D

In his ma-ster's step he trod

C G C D⁷ G

Where the snow lay dint-ed.

G Em Am G C D

Heat was in the ve-ry sod

C G C D⁷ G

Which the saint had print-ed.

G D⁷ G Am B⁷ Em

Where-fore, Christ-ian men, be sure,

C G C D⁷ G

Wealth or rank pos-ses-sing,

D C B⁷ Em D⁷

Ye who now will bless the poor

G C G D⁷ Em C G

Shall your-selves find bles-sing.