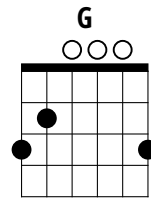
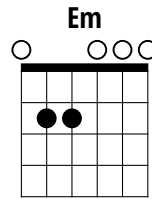
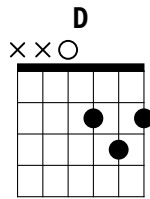
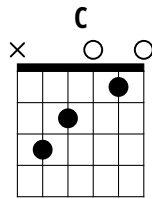


# Good King Wenceslas

John M. Neale, Thomas Helmore



G        Em        C        D  
 Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
 C                G  
 on the Feast of Stephen,  
 G        Em        C        D  
 When the snow lay round about,  
 C                G  
 deep and crisp and even;  
 G        Em        G        Em  
 Brightly shone the moon that night,  
 C                G  
 though the frost was cruel,  
 G        C        Em        D  
 When a poor man came in sight,  
 G                Em C G  
 gathering winter fu - el.

G        Em        C        D  
 "Hither, page, and stand by me,  
 C                G  
 if thou know'st it, telling,  
 G        Em        C        D  
 Yonder peasant, who is he?  
 C                G  
 Where and what his dwelling?"  
 G        Em        G        Em  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
 C                G  
 underneath the mountain;  
 G        C        Em        D  
 Right against the forest fence,  
 G                Em C G  
 by Saint Agnes' foun - tain."

G        Em        C        D  
 "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
 C                G  
 bring me pine logs hither:  
 G        Em        C        D  
 Thou and I will see him dine,  
 C                G  
 when we bear them thither."  
 G        Em        G        Em  
 Page and monarch, forth they went,  
 C                G  
 forth they went together;  
 G        C        Em        D  
 Through the rude wind's wild lament  
 G                Em C G  
 and the bitter wea - ther.

G        Em        C        D  
 "Sire, the night is darker now,  
 C                G  
 and the wind blows stronger;  
 G        Em        C        D  
 Fails my heart, I know not how;  
 C                G  
 I can go no longer."  
 G        Em        G        Em  
 "Mark my footsteps, good my page.  
 C                G  
 Tread thou in them boldly  
 G        C        Em        D  
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
 G                Em C G  
 freeze thy blood less co - ldly."

**G    Em       C       D**  
In his master's steps he trod,

**C                                  G**  
where the snow lay dinted;

**G               Em    C    D**  
Heat was in the very sod

**C                                  G**  
which the saint had printed.

**G               Em       G       Em**  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,

**C                                  G**  
wealth or rank possessing,

**G       C               Em       D**  
Ye who now will bless the poor,

**G                                  Em C G**  
shall yourselves find ble - ssing.