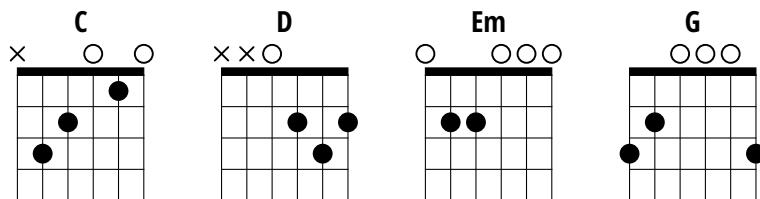


# Good King Wenceslas

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 - ldy."

**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.