

## Good King Wenceslas

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

[G]Hither, page, and stand by me, [C]If thou knowst it, [G]telling  
[G]Yonder peasant, who is he? [C]Where and what his [G]dwelling?  
[G]Sire, he lives a [Em]good league hence, [C]underneath the [G]mountain  
[G]Right a[C]gainst the [Em]forest [D]fence  
[G]by Saint Agnes [Em]foun-[C]-[G]tain.

[G]Bring me flesh and bring me wine [C]bring me pine logs [G]hither  
[G]Thou and I shall see him dine [C]when we bear them [G]thither.  
[G]Page and monarch, [Em]forth they went [C]forth they went to[G]gether  
[G]Through the [C]rude winds [Em]wild la-[D]ment  
[G]And the bitter [Em]-wea-[C]-[G]ther.

[G]Sire, the night is darker now [C]and the wind blows [G]stronger  
[G]Fails my heart, I know not how [C]I can go no[G]longer.  
[G]Mark my footsteps, [Em]good my page [C]tread thou in them [G]boldly  
[G]Thou shall [C]find the [Em]winters [D]age  
[G]Freeze thy blood less [Em]cold-[C]-[G]ly.

[G]In his masters step he trod [C]where the snow lay [G]dinted  
[G]Heat was in the very sod [C]which the Saint had [G]printed  
[G]Therefore, Christian [Em]men, be sure [C]wealth or rank [G]possessing  
[G]Ye, who [C]now will [Em]bless the [D]poor  
[G]Shall yourselves find [Em]bless-[C]-[G]ing.