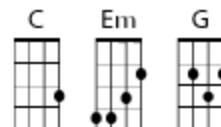


Good King Wenceslas

Lyrics J.M Neale, Tune ~ 13th century

G Em C G
Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen



G Em C G
When the snow lay round about deep and crisp and even

G Em C G
Brightly shone the moon that night though the frost was cruel

G Em C G// C// G G
When a poor man came in sight gathering winter fu - u - el

G Em C G
Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knowst it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain

G Em C G// C// G G
Right against the forest fence by Saint Agnes fou - oun - tain

G Em C G
Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither
Thou and I shall see him dine when we bear them thither
Page and monarch, forth they went forth they went together

G Em C G// C// G G
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter wea - ea - ther

G Em C G
Sire, the night is darker now and the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know not how I can go no longer

G Em C G// C// G G
Mark my footsteps, good my page tread thou in them boldly
Thou shall find the winters rage freeze thy blood less co - old - ly

G Em C G
In his masters step he trod where the snow lay dinted
Heat was in the very sod which the Saint had printed
Therefore, Christian men, be sure wealth or rank possessing

G Em C G// C// G
Ye, who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find ble - ess - ing