

Good King Wenceslas – J. M. Neale - 1853

Intro: **G /// G ///**

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

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

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

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

G **Em** **Am** **D** **G**
 In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;
G **Em** **Am** **D** **G**
 Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed.
G **Em** **Am** **D** **G**
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing,
G **Em** **D** **G** **D** **G** **C** **G**
 Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find ble-ess-ing.

Chords

