

Tempo: ♩ = 168

Good King Wenceslas

Count-off: "One - Two - Three - Four"

John Neal

Traditional

1 A F#m E A D E D A D E7 A

1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen,
 2. "Hith - er page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell - ing.
 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er;
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er,
 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din - ted;

5 A F#m E A D E D A D E A

When the snow lay 'round - a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
 Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er."
 Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er."
 Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the Saint had print - ed.

9 A D A E A E F#m D A D E7 A

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru - el,
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the mount - ain;
 Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er,
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly:
 There - fore Christ - ian men be sure, Wealth or rank pos - ses - sing,

13 A D E7 F#m7 E A D A E7 F#m D A

When a poor man came in sight, Gath' - ring win - ter fu - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
 Thro' the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.
 Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 Ye who now will bless the poor Shall your - selves find bless - ing.