

Good King Wenceslas (John Mason Neale / Thomas Helmore)



**C Am G C G**  
 Good King Wenceslas looked out  
**F C F G C**  
 On the feast of Stephen

**Am G C G**  
 When the snow lay round about  
**F C F G C**  
 Deep and crisp and even

**F C G C Am**  
 Brightly shone the moon that night  
**F C F G C**  
 Though the frost was cru - el

**F G Am G**  
 When a poor man came in sight  
**C F C G Am F C**  
 Gath'ring winter fu - el

**C Am G C G**  
 "Hither, page, and stand by me  
**F C F G C**  
 If thou know'st it, telling

**Am G C G**  
 Yonder pea-sant, who is he?  
**F C F G C**  
 Where and what his dwelling?"

**F C G C Am**  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence  
**F C F G C**  
 Underneath the moun-tain

**F G Am G**  
 Right against the forest fence  
**C F C G Am F C**  
 By Saint Ag-nes' foun - tain."

**C Am G C G**  
 "Bring me flesh and bring me wine  
**F C F G C**  
 Bring me pine logs hi-ther

**Am G C G**  
 Thou and I will see him dine  
**F C F G C**  
 When we bear him thi-ther."

**F C G C Am**  
 Page and monarch forth they went  
**F C F G C**  
 Forth they went to - gether

**F G Am G**  
 Through the rude wind's wild lament  
**C F C G Am F C**  
 And the bit-ter wea - ther

**C Am G C G**  
 "Sire, the night is darker now  
**F C F G C**  
 And the wind blows stronger

**Am G C G**  
 Fails my heart, I know not how,  
**F C F G C**  
 I can go no longer."

**F C G C Am**  
 "Mark my footsteps, my good page  
**F C F G C**  
 Tread thou in them boldly

**F G Am G**  
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
**C F C G Am F C**  
 Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."

**C Am G C G**  
 In his mas-ter's steps he trod  
**F C F G C**  
 Where the snow lay dinted

**Am G C G**  
 Heat was in the very sod  
**F C F G C**  
 Which the Saint had printed

**F C G C Am**  
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure  
**F C F G C**  
 Wealth or rank po-ssessing

**F G Am G**  
 Ye who now will bless the poor  
**C F C G Am F C**  
 Shall your-selves find bles - sing

