

Key G

4 Chords: C, G, D, Em

Good King Wenceslas

Lyrics John Mason Neal 1853
Melody 13th Century

Intro: **Em** 2 **C** 4 | **G** 2 3 4 | 4 beats to bar BPM 120

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
[C] on the Feast of [G] Stephen.
When the snow lay round about,
[C] deep and crisp and [G] even.
Brightly shone the [Em] moon that night,
[C] though the frost was [G] cru-el.
When a [C] poor man [Em] came in [D] sight,
[G] gathering winter [Em] fu-[C]u-[G]el. 2 3 4

“Hither, Page, and stand by me,
[C] if thou know'st it, [G] telling.
Yonder peasant, who is he?
[C] where and what his [G] dwelling?”
“Sire, he lives a [Em] good league hence,
[C] underneath the [G] mountain.
Right a-[C]-gainst the [Em] forest [D] fence,
[G] by Saint Agnes' [Em] Fou-[C]-oun-[G]tain.”

“Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
[C] bring me pine logs, [G] hither.
Thou and I shall see him dine,
[C] when we bear them [G] thither.”
Page and Monarch [Em] forth they went,
[C] forth they went, to-[G]-gether.
Through the [C] rude wind's [Em] wild la-[D]-ment,
[G] and the bitter [Em] we-[C]-ea-[G]-ther.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
 [C] and the wind blows [G] stronger.
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 [C] I can go no [G] longer."
 "Mark my footsteps, [Em] good my Page,
 [C] tread thou in them, [G] boldly;
 Thou shalt [C] find the [Em] winter's [D] rage,
 [G] freeze thy blood less [Em] co-[C]old-[G]-ly."

In his Master's steps he trod,
 [C] where the snow lay [G] dinted.
 Heat was in the very sod,
 [C] which the Saint had [G] printed.
 Therefore, Christian [Em] men, be sure,
 [C] wealth or rank poss-[G]-essing.
 [G] Ye who [C] now will [Em] bless the [D] poor,
 [G] shall yourselves find [Em] ble-[C]ess-[G]ing.

