

Good King Wenceslas

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

C G
Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know it telling:
C G
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
Em C G
“Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Em D G Em C G
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

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

C G
“Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger.
C G
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer.”
Em C G
“Mark my footsteps my good page, tread thou in them boldly.
Em D G Em C G
Thou shalt find the winter's rage, freeze thy blood less coldly.”

C G
In his master's step he trod, where the snow lay dinted.
C G
Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed.
Em C G
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank poss-essing,
Em D G Em C G
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.