

Count 1, 2, 3, 4 [G//] [D//] [Em//] [C//] [G]

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

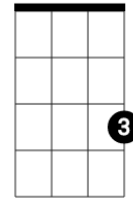
[G] Hither, Page and [G] stand by me,
[C] If thou [D] know'st it, [G] telling.
Yonder peasant, who is he?
[C] Where and [D] whence his [G] dwelling?
Sire, he lives a [Em] good league [G] hence,
[C] Under-[D]neath the [G] mountain.
Right a-[D]gainst the [Em] forest [D] fence,
[G] By Saint [D] Agnes' [Em] Fou-[C]oun-[G]tain.

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

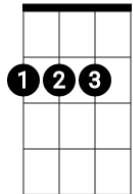
[G] Sire, the night is darker now,
[C] and the [D] wind blows [G] stronger.
Fails my heart, I know not how,
[C] I can [D] go no [G] longer.
Mark my footsteps, [Em] good my [G] Page,
[C] Tread thou [D] in them, [G] boldly.
Thou shalt [D] find the [Em] winter's [D] rage,
[G] Freeze thy [D] blood less [Em]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

[G] In his master's steps he trod,
[C] Where the [D] snow lay [G] dinted.
Heat was in the very sod,
[C] Which the [D] Saint had [G] printed.
Therefore, Christian [Em] men, be [G] sure,
[C] Wealth or [D] rank poss-[G]essing.
Ye who [D] now will [Em] bless the [D] poor,
[G] Shall your-[D]selves find [Em] ble-[C]ess-[G]ing

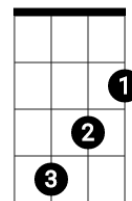
C



D



Em



G

