Count 1, 2, 3, 4 [C//] [G//] [Am//] [F//] [C]
[C] Good King Wenceslas looked out,
[F] On the **[G]** Feast of **[C]** Stephen.
When the snow lay **[C]** round about,
[F] Deep and **[G]** crisp and **[C]** even.
Brightly shone the **[Am]** moon that **[C]** night,
[F] Though the **[G]** frost was **[C]** cru - el.
When a **[G]** poor man **[Am]** came in **[G]** sight,
[C] Gathering **[G]** winter **[Am]** fu-**[F]**u-**[C]**el.

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

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

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

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







