Good King Wenceslas in G

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 flesh 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

