

# GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Words by John M. Neale  
Music by Plac Cantiones

G Emi D G D C G C D7 G

Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the feast of Ste - phen,  
"Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,

Emi D G D C G C D7 G

When the snow lay 'round a - bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven;  
Yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"

D7 G D7 Emi C G C D7 G

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,  
'Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain,

C B7 Emi D7 G C D Emi C G

When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el,  
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain.'

3. 'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine-logs hither;  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither.'  
Page and monarch, forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.

4. 'Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how;  
I can go no longer.'  
'Mark my footsteps, good my page;  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

5. In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.