

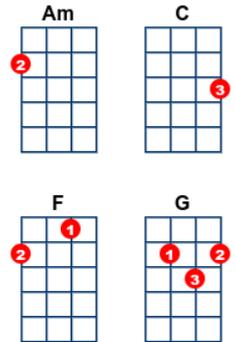
# Good King Wenceslas

key:C, artist:The Irish Rovers writer:John Mason Neale, Thomas Helmore

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bMmxhhfQw0c>

*Hard chord changes - cut some out to make it easier*

[C] Good King Wen-[G]ces-[C]las looked out,  
[F] on the [G] Feast of [C] Stephen.  
When the snow [G] lay [C] round about,  
[F] deep and [G] crisp and [C] even.  
Brightly shone the [G] moon that [C] night,  
[F] though the [G] frost was [C] cru..el.  
[G] When a poor man [Am] came in [G] sight,  
[F] gathering [G] winter [Am] fu-[F]u-[C]el.



'[C] Hither, Page, [G] and [C] stand by me, [F] if thou [G] know'st it, [C] telling  
Yonder peas..[G]ant, [C] who is he?..[F] where and [G] whence his [C] dwelling'  
'Sire, he lives a [G] good league [C] hence, [F] under-[G]neath the [C] mountai  
[G] Right against the [Am] forest [G] fence,  
[F] by Saint [G] Agnes' [Am] Fou-[F]oun-[C]tain.'

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

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

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