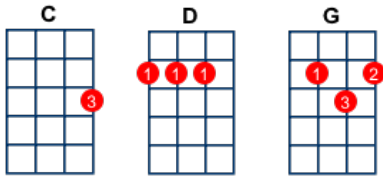


Good King Wenceslas

key:G, artist:The Irish Rovers



Intro: [G] Good King Wenceslas looked [D] out,
[C] On the [D] Feast of [G] Stephen.

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

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

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

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

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