

# Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale and Thomas Helmore, 1853



[G] Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
[C] on the Feast of [G] Stephen.  
When the snow lay round about,  
[C] deep and crisp and [G] even.  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
[C] though the frost was [G] cruel.  
[D] When a poor man [Em] came in sight,  
[C] gathering winter fu-[G]el.

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

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

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

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