**Good King Wenceslas (C)**

**(John Mason Neale & Thomas Helmore, 1853) –** [**Good King Wenceslas**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bMmxhhfQw0c) **by the Irish Rovers**

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| **Intro Chords of last line of verse**  C Am G C G  Good King Wenceslas looked out  F C F G C  On the feast of Stephen  Am G C G  When the snow lay round about  F C F G C  Deep and crisp and even  F C G C Am  Brightly shone the moon that night  F C F G C  Though the frost was cru -el  F G Am G  When a poor man came in sight  C F C G Am F C  Gath'ring winter fu - el  C Am G C G  "Hither, page, and stand by me  F C F G C  If thou know'st it, telling  Am G C G  Yonder pea-sant, who is he?  F C F G C  Where and what his dwelling?"  F C G C Am  "Sire, he lives a good league hence  F C F G C  Underneath the moun-tain  F G Am G  Right against the forest fence  C F C G Am F C  By Saint Ag-nes' foun - tain."  C Am G C G  "Bring me flesh and bring me wine  F C F G C  Bring me pine logs hi-ther  Am G C G  Thou and I will see him dine  F C F G C  When we bear him thi-ther." | | | | F C G C Am  Page and monarch forth they went  F C F G C  Forth they went to - gether  F G Am G  Through the rude wind's wild lament  C F C G Am F C  And the bit-ter wea - ther  C Am G C G  "Sire, the night is darker now  F C F G C  And the wind blows stronger  Am G C G  Fails my heart, I know not how,  F C F G C  I can go no longer."  F C G C Am  "Mark my footsteps, my good page  F C F G C  Tread thou in them boldly  F G Am G  Thou shalt find the winter's rage  C F C G Am F C  Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."  C Am G C G  In his mas-ter's steps he trod  F C F G C  Where the snow lay dinted  Am G C G  Heat was in the very sod  F C F G C  Which the Saint had printed  F C G C Am  Therefore, Christian men, be sure  F C F G C  Wealth or rank po-ssessing  F G Am G  Ye who now will bless the poor  C F C G Am F C  Shall your-selves find bles - sing | | | |
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**Good King Wenceslas (G)**

**(John Mason Neale & Thomas Helmore, 1853) –** [**Good King Wenceslas**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bMmxhhfQw0c) **by the Irish Rovers**

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| **Intro Chords of last line of verse**  G Em D G D  Good King Wenceslas looked out  C G C D G  On the feast of Stephen  Em D G D  When the snow lay round about  C G C D G  Deep and crisp and even  C G D G Em  Brightly shone the moon that night  C G C D G  Though the frost was cru -el  C D Em D  When a poor man came in sight  G C G D Em C G  Gath'ring winter fu - el  G Em D G D  "Hither, page, and stand by me  C G C D G  If thou know'st it, telling  Em D G D  Yonder pea-sant, who is he?  C G C D G  Where and what his dwelling?"  C G D G Em  "Sire, he lives a good league hence  C G C D G  Underneath the moun-tain  C D Em D  Right against the forest fence  G C G D Em C G  By Saint Ag-nes' foun - tain."  G Em D G D  "Bring me flesh and bring me wine  C G C D G  Bring me pine logs hi-ther  Em D G D  Thou and I will see him dine  C G C D G  When we bear him thi-ther." | | | | C G D G Em  Page and monarch forth they went  C G C D G  Forth they went to - gether  C D Em D  Through the rude wind's wild lament  G C G D Em C G  And the bit-ter wea - ther  G Em D G D  "Sire, the night is darker now  C G C D G  And the wind blows stronger  Em D G D  Fails my heart, I know not how,  C G C D G  I can go no longer."  C G D G Em  "Mark my footsteps, my good page  C G C D G  Tread thou in them boldly  C D Em D  Thou shalt find the winter's rage  G C G D Em C G  Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."  G Em D G D  In his mas-ter's steps he trod  C G C D G  Where the snow lay dinted  Em D G D  Heat was in the very sod  C G C D G  Which the Saint had printed  C G D G Em  Therefore, Christian men, be sure  C G C D G  Wealth or rank po-ssessing  C D Em D  Ye who now will bless the poor  G C G D Em C G  Shall your-selves find bles - sing | | | |
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