

# Good King Wenceslas

traditional Czech carol, the Feast of Stephen is celebrated on December 26<sup>th</sup>. (I, I)

*G G Em D G C D D*  
 Good King Wenceslas looked out ,  
*C G C D G G G G*  
 On the feast of Stephen  
*G G Em D G C D D*  
 When the snow lay round a bout  
*C G C D G G G G*  
 deep and crisp and even  
*G D G D G D Em Em*  
 Brightly shown the moon that night  
*C G C D G G G G*  
 though the frost was cruel  
*G G C B7 Em Em D D*  
 When a poor man came in sight,  
*Bm Am G D Em Em C C G G G G*  
 gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,  
 If thou know'st it, telling,  
 Yonder peasant, who is he?  
 Where and what his dwelling?"  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
 Underneath the mountain;  
 Right against the forest fence,  
 By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"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;  
 Thro' the rude wind's wild lament  
 And the bitter weather.

"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."

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.