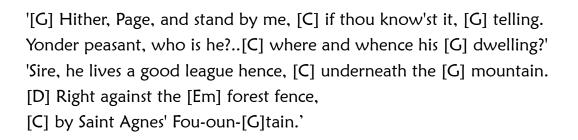


[G] Good King Wenceslas looked out,
[C] on the Feast of [G] Stephen.
When the snow lay round about,
[C] deep and crisp and [G] even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
[C] though the frost was [G] cruel.
[D] When a poor man [Em] came in sight,
[C] gathering winter fu-[G]el.



'[G] 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 bleess-[G]ing.

