

**Good King Wenceslas**  
**The Irish Rovers**

Good King Wenceslas:TheIrish Rovers.  
Album - Songs Of Christmas - 1999.

#1.

**G** **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Good King Wen..ces..las looked out, on the Feast of Stephen.  
**D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.  
**D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru..el.  
**D** **Em** **D** **C** **D** **Em C G**  
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fu.u.el.

#2.

**G** **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Hither, Page, and stand by me, if thou know st it, telling.  
**D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Yonder peas..ant, who is he?..Where and what his dwelling?  
**D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain.  
**D** **Em** **D** **C** **D** **Em C G**  
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes Foun.ou.tain.

#3.

**G** **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Bring me meat and bring me wine, bring me pine logs, hither.  
**D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Thou and I shall see him dine, when we bear him thither.  
**D** **G** **C** **D** **G**  
Page and Monarch forth they went, forth they went, together.  
**D** **Em** **D** **C** **D** **Em C G**  
Through the rude wind s wild lament, and the bitter we..a..ther.

#4.

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

( INTERLUDE:FLUTE: )

#5.

**G** **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**

In his master s steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted.

**D G C D G**

Heat was in the very sod, which the Saint had printed.

**D G C D G**

Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank poss..essing.

**D Em D C D Em C G**

Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find ble..ss..ing.

A Christmas carol from Kraziekhat.