

Good King Wenceslas  
The Roches

[Verse]

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

[Verse]

C G  
Hither page and stand by me, if thou knowest, telling  
C G  
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?  
C G Em C G  
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain  
C Em D G Em C G  
Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes fountain

[Verse]

C G  
Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither  
C G  
Thou and I shall see him dine, when we bear them thither  
C G Em C G  
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together  
C Em D G Em C G  
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather\_\_\_

[Verse]

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

[Verse]

C G  
In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted  
C G  
Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed  
C G Em C G  
Therefore, everyone be sure, wealth or rank possessing

C            Em            D            G            C    G            D            Em    C    G  
Ye who now shall bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing