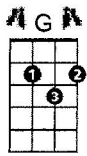
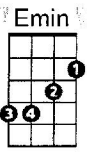


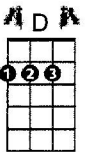
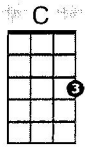
CHORDS USED IN "Good King Wenceslas" THIS SONG



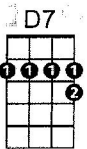
[G]Good King Wences[Em]las looked out
 [C]On the feast of [G]Stephen
 When the snow lay [Em]round about
 [C]Deep and crisp and [G]even
 Brightly shown the [Em]moon that night
 [C]Though the frost was [G]cruel
 When a poor man [Em]came in sight
 [C]Gathering winter [D]fu-[D7]u-[G]el.



[G]"Hither, page, and [Em]stand by me,
 [C]If thou know'st it, [G]telling,
 Yonder peasant, [Em]who is he?
 [C]Where and what his [G]dwelling?"
 "Sire, he lives a [Em]good league hence,
 [C]Underneath the [G]mountain;
 Right against the [Em]forest fence,
 [C]By Saint Agnes' [D]fo-[D7]un-[G]tain."



[G]"Bring me flesh, and [Em]bring me wine,
 [C]Bring me pine logs [G]hither:
 Thou and I will [Em]see him dine,
 [C]When we bear them [G]thither."
 Page and monarch, [Em]forth they went,
 [C]Forth they went to[G]gether;
 Thro' the rude wind's [Em]wild lament
 [C]And the bitter [D]we-[D7]a-[G]ther.



[G]"Sire, the night is [Em]darker now,
 [C]And the wind blows [G]stronger;
 Fails my heart, I [Em]know not how,
 [C]I can go no [G]longer."
 Mark my footsteps, [Em]good my page;
 [C]Tread thou in them [G]boldly:
 Thou shalt find the [Em]winter's rage
 [C]Freeze thy blood less [D]co-[D7]old-[G]ly."

[G]In his master's [Em]steps he trod,
 [C]Where the snow lay [G]dinted;
 Heat was in the [Em]very sod
 [C]Which the saint had [G]printed.
 Therefore, Christian [Em]men, be sure,
 [C]Wealth or rank pos[G]sessing,
 Ye who now will [Em]bless the poor,
 [C]Shall yourselves find [D]ble-[D7]ess-[G]ing.

Go [back](#) to Ukulele Boogaloo holiday songs.