

Good King Wenceslas

Dulcimer - DAD

Traditional

D Bm A D G A G D G A

Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out, On the feast of

T	0	0	0	1 _i	0	0	4 _p	0	0	0	1 _i
A	0	0	1 _m	0	0	1 _m	0	1 _m	0	1	2 _p
B	0	0	0	1 _a	0	0	1 _a	0	0	0	1 _a

D Bm A D G A

Ste - phen, When the snow lay round - a - bout,

T	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4
A	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
B	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1

G D G A D D A D A

Deep and crisp and e - ven. Bright - ly shone the

T	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1 _m	0	1 _i
A	1	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
B	0	0	0	1	0	0	4 _p	3 _p	2 _p	1 _a

D A Bm G D G A D

moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

T	0	1 _i	0	0	4 _p	0	1 _i	0	0
A	0	0	1 _m	1 _m	0	1 _m	2 _p	0	0
B	2 _p	1 _a	0	0	0	0	1 _a	0	0

Good King Wenceslas

	G				F#7			Bm		A		F#m		Em	D	A
	When a poor man				came in sight,			Gath - 'ring		win - ter						
T	4 _p	4	0	2 ⁱ	0	0	1 _i	2 _m	1 _m	0	1 _i					
A	0	0	1 ^m	2 _m	1 _m	1	0	2 _a	1 _a	0	0					
B	0	0	0	2 _a	0	0	1 _a	4 _p	3 _p	2 _p	1 _a					

	Bm		G	D
	fu		-	el.
T	0		0	0
A	1 _m		1 _m	0
B	0		3 _p	0

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou knows't 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 pinelogs hither:
 Thou and I shall see him dine,
 When we bear them thither."
 Page and monarch, forth they went,
 Forth they went together;
 Through the rude wind's wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind grows stronger;
 Fails my heart I know not how;
 I can go no longer."
 "Mark my footsteps, my good 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 has printed.
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor,
 Shall yourselves find blessing.