

Good King Wenceslas

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Traditional English/Swedish
Arr. Russ Dismuke

Violin LNS

D D D E D D A B A B C# D D

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out,
2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now,
5. In his mast-er's steps he trod,
On the feast of Stephen.
If thou know'st it, tel-ling.
Bring me pine logs hith-er.
And the wind blows strong-er.
Where the snow lay dint-ed.

D D D E D D A B A B C# D D

When the snow lay round a-bout,
Yonder who is he?
Thou and I will see him dine,
Fails my heart, I know not how,
Heat was in the ver-y sod,
Deep and crisp and e-ven.
Where and what his dwel-ling?"
When we bear him er."
I can go no long-er."
Which the Saint had print-ed.

A G F# E F# E D B A B C# D D

Bright-ly shone the moon that night,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Page and monarch arch they went,
"Mark my foot-steps, my good page,
There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure,
Though the frost was cru-el.
Un-derneath the moun-tain.
Forth they went to-gether er.
Tread thou in them bold-ly.
Wealth or rank pos-ses-sing.

A A B C# D D E A G F# E

When a poor man came in sight,
Right a-against the rude fence,
Thou shalt find the wind's wild lam-ent,
Ye who now will the wint-er's rage,
Gath'-ring Saint Ag-bit-blood-ter-ness'
By the the-bit-ter-ter-ness'
Freeze thy blood-ter-ness'
Shall your-selves find

1. D G D 2. D G D

fu-foun-weather-cold-
el. tain." er." ly." bles- sing.