

Good King Wencelaus

Jason Mason Neale
tune: Tempus adest floridum
from Piae Cantiones

G D7 G C G

1. Good King Wen - ces - laus looked out On the feast of Ste - phen,
2. Hith - er, page, and stand by me. If thou know it tell - ing:
3. Bring me flesh, and bring me wine. Bring me pine logs hith - er.

G D7 G C G

5 When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and ev - en.
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear the thith - er.

D7 G G D7 G C G

9 Bright - ly shown the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
Sire, he lives a good league hence, Und - er - neath the mount - ain,
Page and mon - arch, forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er

D7 C D D7 G Em C G

13 When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence By Saint Ag - nes fount - ain.
Through the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.

4. Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger.
Fails my heart, I know not how.
I can go no longer.
Ark my footsteps my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.

5. In his master's step he trod,
Where the snow lay dented.
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing

Good King Wencelaus

G **D⁷** **G**
Good King Wen-ces-la^s looked out
C **G**
On the Feast of Stephen,
G **D⁷** **G**
When the snow lay round about,
C **G**
Deep and crisp and even.
D⁷ **G** **G** **D⁷** **G**
Brightly shone the moon that night,
C **G**
Though the frost was cruel,
D⁷ **C** **D**
When a poor man came in sight,
D⁷ **G** **E^m** **C** **G**
Gathering winter fu - - - el.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If you know 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 food and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither,
You and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the cold wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,

Tread now in them boldly,
You shall find the winter's rage
Freeze your blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
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C7 F F C7 F B♭ F

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C7 B♭ C C7 F Dm B♭ F

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A E7 A D A

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E7 D E E7 A F#m D A

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Ukulele

The sheet music is written for a ukulele in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble clef staff and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Above each staff are guitar chord diagrams for G, D7, and C. The lyrics are arranged in three columns, corresponding to the three systems of music.

System 1 (Measures 1-4):

1. Good King Wen - ces - laus looked out On the feast of Ste - phen,
 2. Hith - er, page, and stand by me. If thou know it tell - ing:
 3. Bring me flesh, and bring me wine. Bring me pine logs hith - er.

System 2 (Measures 5-8):

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and ev - en.
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?
 Thou and I will see him dine When we bear the thith - er.

System 3 (Measures 9-12):

Bright - ly shown the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
 Sire, he lives a good league hence, Und - er - neath the mount - ain,
 Page and mon - arch, forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er

System 4 (Measures 13-16):

When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence By Saint Ag - nes fount - ain.
 Through the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.

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