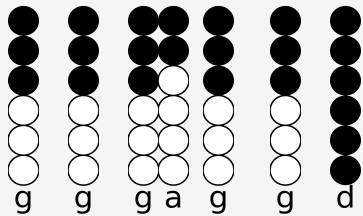


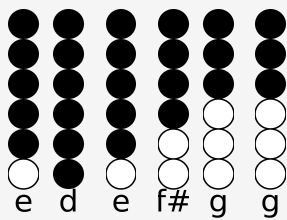
Tin whistle tabs for: Good King Wenceslas

Categories: Christmas

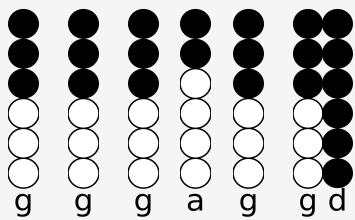
Author/Performer: John Mason Neale



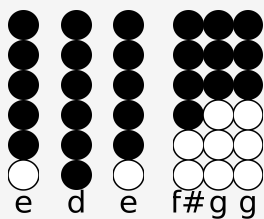
Good King Wenceslas looked out



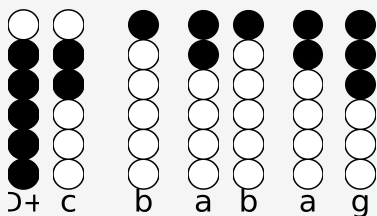
On the feast of Stephen



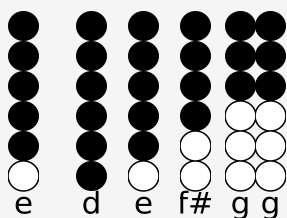
When the snow lay round about



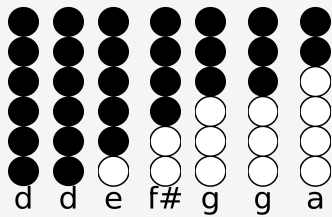
Deep and crisp and even



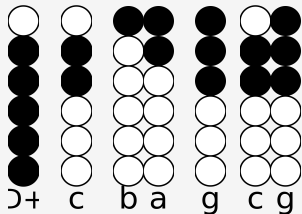
Brightly shone the moon that night



Though the frost was cruel



When a poor man came in sight



Gath'ring winter fu--ueel

Hither, page, and stand by me

If thou know'st 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 pine logs hither

Thou and I will see him dine

When we bear him 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 blows 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 had printed

Therefore, Christian men, be sure

Wealth or rank possessing

Ye who now will bless the poor

Shall yourselves find blessing