

# Good King Wenceslas

## The Ukulele Orchestra of GB

Good King Wen - ce - las looked out  
 "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,  
 "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
 "Sire, the night is dar - er now,  
 In his mas - ter's steps he trod,

On the Feast of Ste - ven,  
 If thou know'st it, tell - ing,  
 Bring me pine - logs hith - er;  
 And the wind blows strong - er;  
 Where the snow lay dint - ed;

When the snow lay round a - out, Deep and crisp and e - ven,  
 You - der peas - ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?"  
 Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er".  
 Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er".  
 Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the saint had print - ed;

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Thouth the frost was cru - el,  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;  
 Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;  
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly;  
 There - fore, Christ - ian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing.

When a poor man came in sight, Gath - ring win - ter  
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes'  
 Through the rude wind's wild la - ment  
 Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage  
 Ye who now will bless the poor,

Gath - ring win - ter  
 By Saint Ag - nes'  
 And the the blood less  
 Freeze thy thy selves find

fu - el.  
 foun - tain.  
 weath - er.  
 cold - ly.  
 bless - ing.