

# GOOD KING WENCESLAS

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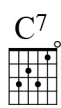
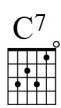
Words and music by  
John M. Neale



Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
On the feast of



Stephen,  
When the snow lay 'round about,









Deep and crisp and even;  
Brightly shone the

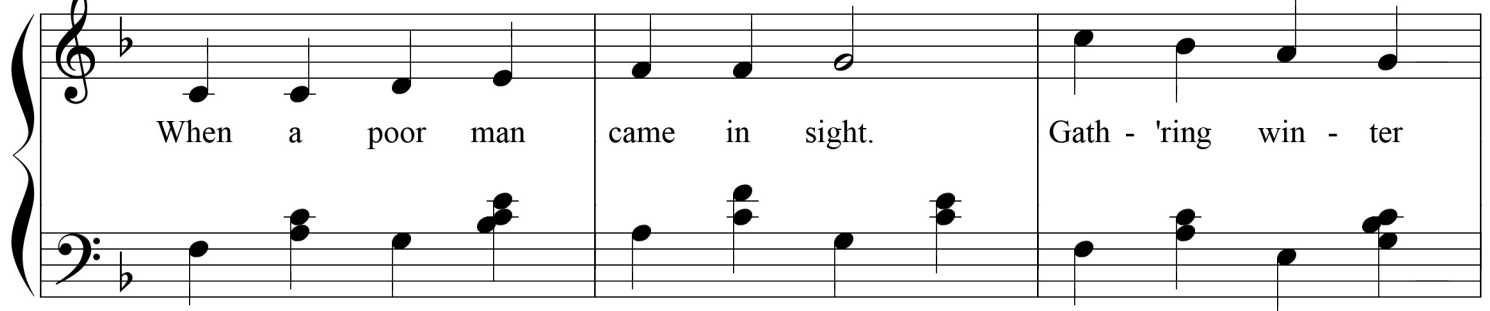





moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,

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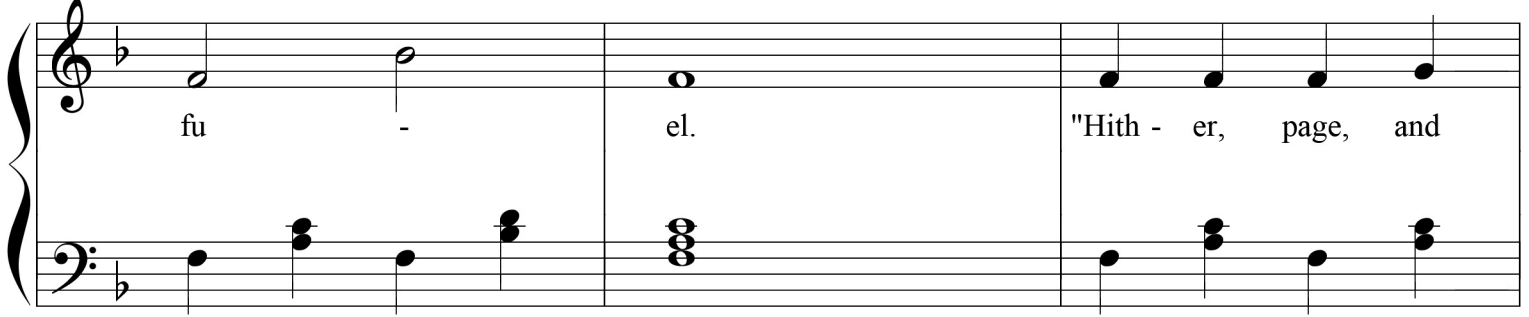










When a poor man came in sight. Gath - 'ring win - ter



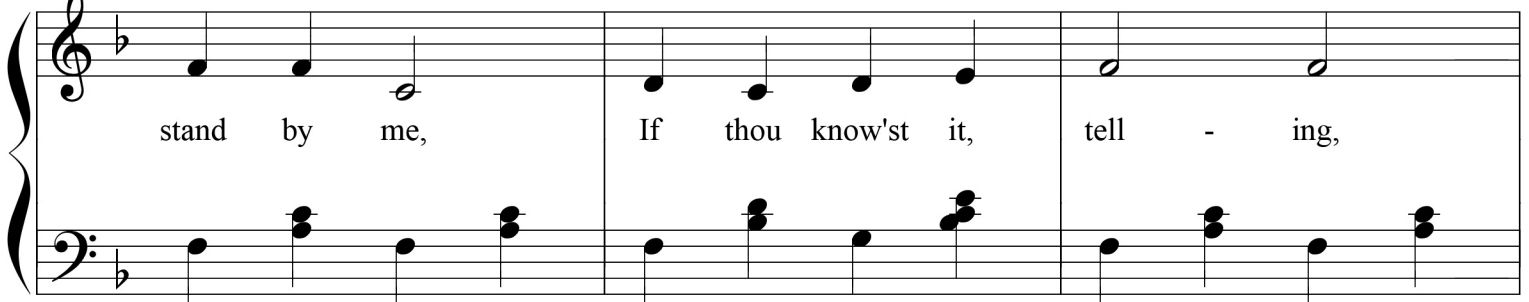






fu - el. "Hith - er, page, and



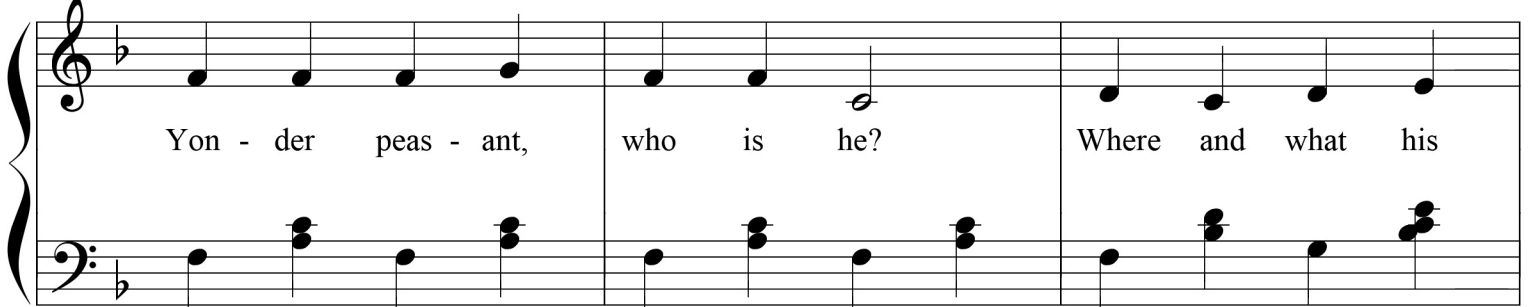




stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,



Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his



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F Dm

dwell - ing?" "Sire he lives a good league hence,

B♭ C7 F C7

Un - der - neath the moun - tain; Right a - gainst the

F C7 F C7 F B♭ F

for - rest fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain