

**Good King Wenceslas
Skydiggers**

G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen
 G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
 G# Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â Eb Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 G#
 Brightly shone the moon that night, tho the frost was cruel
 G# Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Eb Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â Eb Â Â Â G# C# G#
 When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 Hither, page, an stand by me, if thou knowest it, telling
 G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
 G# Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â Â Eb Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain
 G# Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Eb Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Eb Â Â G# C# G#
 Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes fountain.

G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 G#
 Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither
 G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.
 G# Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â Â Eb Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 G#
 Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together
 G# Â Â Â Â Â Fm7 Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Eb Â Â Fm7 Â Â Eb Â Â Â G# C#
 G#
 Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.

Instrumental: Â

G# Â C# Â G# Â Â
 G# Â Fm7 Â C# Â Eb Â Fm7 Â Eb Â G# Â C# Â G#

G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â G#
 Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blow stronger
 G# Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â C# Â Â Â Â Â G#

Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.

G# ^ ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Fm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Eb** ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **G#**

Mark my footsteps, my good page. Tread now in them boldly

G# ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Fm7** ^ ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ **Eb** ^ ^ **Fm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Eb** ^ ^ ^ ^
G# C# G#

Thou shalt find the winters rage, freeze thy blood less coldly.

G# ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **G#**

In his masters steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted

G# ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **G#**

Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed.

G# ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Fm7** ^ ^ **Eb** ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **G#**

Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing

G# ^ ^ ^ **Fm7** ^ ^ ^ **C#** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Eb** ^ ^ **Fm7** ^ ^ ^ **Eb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **G#**
C# G#

Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.