

**Good King Wenceslas
Skydiggers**

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen
F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
F ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Brightly shone the moon that night, tho the frost was cruel
F ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ **F Bb F**
 When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Hither, page, an stand by me, if thou knowest it, telling
F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
F ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain
F ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ **F Bb F**
 Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes fountain.

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither
F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.
F ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together
F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ **F Bb F**
 Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.

Instrumental: ^

F ^ **Bb** ^ **F** ^ ^
F ^ **Dm7** ^ **Bb** ^ **C** ^ **Dm7** ^ **C** ^ **F** ^ **Bb** ^ **F**

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blow stronger
F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.
F ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**
 Mark my footsteps, my good page. Tread now in them boldly
F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**

Bb F

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

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**

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

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**

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

F ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F**

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

F ^ ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ **Bb** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ **Dm7** ^ ^ ^ **C** ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ **F Bb**

F

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