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## Good King Wenceslas Skydiggers

 $\mathbf{F}$ #  $\hat{\mathbf{A}}$   $\hat{\mathbf{A}$ 

 $F\# \ \hat{A} \ \hat$ 

F# Â Â Â B Â Â Â Â Êbm7 Â Â Â C# Â Â Â B Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â F#

Brightly shone the moon that night, tho the frost was cruel

F#  $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$  Ebm7  $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{B}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$  Ebm7  $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$  F# B F# When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

 $\textbf{F\#} \; \hat{\textbf{A}} \; \hat{\textbf{A$ 

 $\mathbf{F}$ #  $\hat{\mathbf{A}}$   $\hat{\mathbf{A}}$   $\hat{\mathbf{A}}$   $\hat{\mathbf{B}}$   $\hat{\mathbf{A}}$   $\hat{\mathbf{A}$ 

F#  $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$  Ebm7  $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{B}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$  Ebm7  $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$   $\hat{A}$  F# B F# Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes fountain.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither

 $F\# \ \hat{A} \ \hat$ 

 $F\# \ \hat{A} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{B} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{B} \ \hat{A} \ \hat{$ 

F# Â Â Â Â Êbm7 Â Â Â Â B Â Â C# Â Â Ebm7 Â Â C# Â Â F# BF#

Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.

Instrumental: Â

**F#** Â **B** Â **F#** Â Â

F# Â Ebm7 Â B Â C# Â Ebm7 Â C# Â F# Â B Â F#

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

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