

**Good King Wenceslas
Skydiggers**

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A
Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen
A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A A A
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
A A A A A D A A A A F#m7 A A A E A A A D A A A A A A A A A
Brightly shone the moon that night, tho the frost was cruel
A A A A F#m7 A A A D A A A E A A A F#m7 A A A E A A A A D A A
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A A A A
Hither, page, an stand by me, if thou knowest it, telling
A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A A A
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?
A A A A A D A A A A F#m7 A A A A E A A A D A A A A A A A A A
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain
A A A F#m7 A A A A D A A A E A A A F#m7 A A A E A A A A D A A
Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes fountain.

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A A A A
Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither
A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A A A
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.
A A A A A D A A A A F#m7 A A A A E A A A D A A A A A A A A A A
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together
A A A A A A F#m7 A A A A D A A A E A A F#m7 A A A E A A A A D A A
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.

Instrumental: A

A A D A A A A
A A F#m7 A D A E A F#m7 A E A A A D A A

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A A A A A
Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blow stronger
A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A D A A A A A A A
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.
A A A A A D A A A A F#m7 A A A A E A A A D A A A A A A A
Mark my footsteps, my good page. Tread now in them boldly
A A A A A A F#m7 A A A A D A A A E A A F#m7 A A A A E A A A A A A

A D A

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

A A

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

A A

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

A A

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

A D

A

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