

# SKÖL TO THE SKIER

by Bob Gibson

With snow in the air and the wind in our faces, We're  
F C D G  
read - y to an - swer the call of the north, In the  
F C  
heart of each skier is the yen to be freer, when  
G7 C  
win - ter calls all of the ski - ers come forth.

## EXTRA VERSES

It's high in the heavens the sun it is shining  
Sending down beams on the glistening white snow,  
Hark hear the yodel the voice from the mountain,  
And the echo that comes from the valley below.

Then high on the summit we see how they gather,  
Push off with their poles and a shout, "Undalay!"

A leap and a spring on their sleek wooden wings,  
Like eagles the skiers take flight and away.

A crouch and a spring don't you see how they're leaping,  
Skimming off moguls like birds of the air,  
When faint hearts are failing the skier is sailing,  
The thrills can't be numbered for skiers who dare.

It's hail to the winter you men who have dared it,  
Sköl to the friends and the skiers we know.  
It's hail to the frost and the whistling north winds,  
Sköl to the call of the mountains and snow.