**3 - Good King Wenceslas**

In the singing of this carol we have a mix of legend, history and a chance to either sing at each other or practice our voices!

The carol, usually reserved for festive concerts rather than included within worship, tells the story of a Bohemian King going on a journey to give alms to the poor on the feast of Stephen on the 26th December.

During the journey his page struggles against the cold and almost gives up. By following in the Kings footsteps he can continue, step by step, through the snow.

This Carol, whilst based on the historical legend of Saint Wenceslaus 1 – Duke of Bohemia, reminds us today of the many people forced onto journey’s of great hardship due to famine, conflict and fear. Today we think of those in Nagorno-Karabakh, Syria, Eritrea, Ethiopia along with the 11 million other refugees in our world today. We think of those enabling safe passage and new homes and pray for those who risk their everything for a better life.

Yes we sing this song and we sing it joyfully but let us never forget the safety and blessings we have and give thanks to God for them.

**Versions to enjoy**

<https://youtu.be/SQVUMG6LZGM> sing a long

<https://youtu.be/xU0j6yOsSYM> in parts

[Horrible Histories: Good King Wenceslas - CBBC - BBC](https://www.bbc.co.uk/cbbc/watch/horrible-histories-carols-good-king-wenceslas) horrible histories version

**Good King Wenceslas looked out**

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the Feast of Stephen  
When the snow lay round about  
Deep and crisp and even  
Brightly shone the moon that night  
Though the frost was cruel  
When a poor man came in sight  
Gathering winter fuel

**Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou knowst it, telling  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?***Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain  
Right against the forest fence  
By Saint Agnes fountain.*

**Bring me flesh and bring me wine  
Bring me pine logs hither  
Thou and I shall see him dine  
When we bear them thither**.  
Page and monarch, forth they went  
Forth they went together  
Through the rude winds wild lament  
And the bitter weather

*Sire, the night is darker now  
And the wind blows stronger  
Fails my heart, I know not how  
I can go no longer.***Mark my footsteps, good my page  
Tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shall find the winters rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.**

In his masters step he trod  
Where the snow lay dinted  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the Saint had printed  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure  
Wealth or rank possessing  
Ye, who now will bless the poor  
Shall yourselves find blessing.