**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.