



December 31, 2023  
THE SONGS WE SING AT CHRISTMAS  
“Good King Wenceslas”  
Philippians 2:1-11

**About the Song**

Written by John Mason Neale in 1853 to fit a 13th century carol “Eastertime is Come”  
Based on the life of Saint Wenceslas I, Duke of Bohemia (907-935) (modern day Czech Republic)  
Wenceslas was assassinated by his brother, later venerated by popular legend  
Posthumously declared a king by Holy Roman Emperor Otto (962-973)

**Wealth and Rank Possessing**

Using our strengths and resources to aid the vulnerable as opposed to further one’s self  
Have this mind in you that is yours in Christ Jesus: **Phil 2:5**  
Count others more significant than yourself: **Phil 2:3**  
Jesus did not count equality a thing to be grasped but emptied Himself: **Phil 2:6-7**  
The secret to self emptying: **John 13:3**  
Knowing Who He was, knowing what He had, and knowing where He was going  
Identity as God’s children, rich indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and the new creation  
The “Can’t Lose” Mentality

**Tread Thou in Them Boldly**

Giving the gift of footprints to follow  
Informal: your life as a model (now and later)  
Who knows who might be watching? **Ecclesiastes 10:12**  
Formal: relationships of influence (offering time together, advice, trust)  
Embracing the grace of following in others’ footprints  
Informal: imitation, past or present  
All learning is a journey from imitation to mastery to innovation  
Formal: seeking, asking to spend time with someone you admire  
Life as jazz

## Good King Wenceslas

---

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 master's 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.