

On Saint Stephen's Night

by Wilfred Knudson

Bright the hall was light
And warm the roaring fires
Quiet now the feasting host
Letting good food linger

Out the Lord gazed upon the snow
And the cold wind ripped
Yet a poor man came in sight
Gathering fuel yonder

“Tell me page who is he
That braves the screaming storm
For it is Saint Stephen’s Day
Why would he bear such Weather?”

“Lord his is a poor man
Who lives benight the mountain
He has not wood to heat his home
For his is a simple swineherd”

“Come hither page and servith me
Come bring my cloak and sworda
Bring me for me meat and wine
Bring good bread and tender

“Pack up a stout sack
And bind yourself a faggot
For to a poor man we shall gift
Food and forage yonder”

Into frigid frost they went
And over calves snow covered

Fierce wind into flags hoods made
Bearing frost and thoughts to ponder

Look the brave boy shakes
And cheeks are blazed crimson
“Master I can go no more”
Bid the page to his master

“Come by me braved lad
And in my footsteps tread
Against the wind I will shield
For the road stretches further”

And the page was filled with awe
For in his masters steps he trod
And heat was in the very sod
The frost touched him no longer

So to the little farm house came
Man and boy together
And the poor man’s house shook with song
For sweet was the the singer

Upon the doorframe the Lord did strike
And Angels sang Hosanna!
Here the Good King Wenceslas Came!
Like Magi to the Manger!