

**Michael W. Smith**

**"Memoirs: A Trilogy: The Voice/Good King Wenceslaus/Hark the Herald Ange"**

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The Voice

Follow the footsteps  
Or travel down your own road  
Designing your fate  
Hear what your heart says  
Still you decide which way to go  
Your life's an open gate

(CHORUS)

'Le bon et 'le mal  
These are the voices  
We nous somme liberti'  
We make the choices

Echoes of laughter  
Dancing in distant corridors  
With the tears of hearts undone  
Dreams we chase after  
Give us the key to any door  
We are what we become

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Holding and reaching  
We face the calm, we face the fear  
As we learn to win and love  
Voices and speaking  
Still we hear what we want to hear  
Our life is ours to choose

Chorus

Good King Wenceslaus

Good King Wenceslaus 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 pinelogs  
hither  
Thou and I will 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 my good page, tread thou in them  
boldly  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less  
coldly.

In his master's steps 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.

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Angels we have heard on high  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains  
And the mountains in reply  
Echo back their joyous strains

Gloria O Gloria in excelsis Deo (x4)

Come to Bethlehem and see  
(Gloria O sing Gloria)  
Him whose birth the angels sing  
(Gloria O sing Gloria)  
Come adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord the newborn king

Gloria O Gloria in excelsis Deo (x4)

Angels we have heard on high  
(Gloria O sing Gloria)  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains  
(Gloria O sing Gloria)  
Jesus Lord of heav'n and earth  
With us sing our Savior's birth

Gloria O Gloria in excelsis Deo (x8)

Alleluia

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