

The Huron Carol

'Twas in the moon of wintertime,
When all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wondering hunters heard the hymn:

Refrain

*Jesus your King is born,
Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.*

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped His beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high:

Refrain

The earliest moon of wintertime
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on
The helpless Infant there.
The chiefs from far before Him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

Refrain

O children of the forest free,
the angel-song is true,
The holy Child of earth and Heav'n
Is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy,
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.

Refrain