

Huron Carol

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



**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:

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

O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
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:

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

Words: Jean de Brébeuf
Music: Traditional 16th century French melody

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