

Huron Carol ('t Was in the moon of wintertime)

'T was 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 hunter 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  
Enwrapp'd 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."

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.  
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 heaven  
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."

Jesse Edgar Middleton, 1872-1960, French Canadian Melody, Mark Burrows  
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