

Huron Carol

Bruce Cockburn

'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 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
Enwrapp'd His beauty round
And 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 fur 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

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