

# Huron Carol

## The Canadian Tenors

'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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