

The Huron Indian Carol

St. Jean de Brebeuf. English lyrics J.E. Middleton.

'Twas in the moon of win-ter-time when all the birds had fled,
That might-y Git-chi Man-i-tou sent an-gel choirs in - stead.
Be - - - fore their light the
stars grew dim, and won-d'ring hun - ters heard the hymn —
Je-sus, your King is born! Je-sus is born! In ex - cel-sis glo-ri - a!

'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 wond'ring 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
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 fox and beaver pelt.
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.)

Ye children of the forest free, ye 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!