

## A CAROL OF THE HURON INDIANS

1. 'Twas in the moon of winter-time  
When all the birds had fled  
That God the Lord Almighty  
Sent angel choirs instead  
Before their light the stars grew dim  
And wand'ring hunters heard the hymn

### ***Refrain***

"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born  
In excelsis gloria"

2. Within a lodge of broken bark  
The tender Babe was found,  
A ragged robe of rabbit skin  
Enwrapp'd His beauty round;  
The chiefs from far before him knelt,  
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt. ***Refrain***

3. 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. ***Refrain***