

Huron Carol

Sarah McLachlan

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 wondering 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
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

O children of the forest free, O son 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

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