

Huron Christmas Carol

The Nylons

'Twas in the moon of wintertime, when all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchimanitou (sp?) sent angel choirs instead.
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wandering hunters heard the hymn:

Chorus: "Jesus our King is born. Jesus is born.
In exchelsis deo."

'Twas in a lodge of broken bark the tender babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin had wrapped his beauty round.
The chiefs from far before him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.
Chorus

Oh children of the forest free, oh sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and Heav'n is born this day for you.
Come kneel before ths radiant boy who brings you beauty, peace,
and joy.
Chorus: repeat and fade.