

# 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