

"The Huron Carol" (1643) by John de Brebeuf, SJ

`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 enwrapp'd 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.

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.

O children of the forest free, O 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.