

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

HURON CAROL

'Twas in the moon of wintertime,
When all the birds had fled,
Great Spirit, Lord of all the earth
Sent angel choirs instead.
Before their light the stars grew dim
And wandering hunters heard the hymn:

Refrain:

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 hunters brave drew nigh
The angel song rang loud and high: *(Refrain)*

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. *(Refrain)*

O children of the forest free,
The angel song is true:
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)*

SCAN THESE QR CODES TO LISTEN TO A FEW OF THE MANY
TRANSLATIONS AND ARRANGEMENTS OF THIS CAROL:



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