

The Huron Carol

Rann $\text{♩} = 90$

'Twas in the moon of win-ter-time when all the birds had fled,
 With-in a lodge of bro-ken bark the ten-der Babe was found,
 The earl-iest moon of win-ter-time is not so round and fair,
 O child-ren of the for-est free, O sons of Man-i-tou,

That might-y Gi-tchi Ma-ni-tou sent an-gel choirs in-stead;
 A rag-ged robe of rab-bit skin en-wrapp'd His beau-ty round;
 As was the ring of glo-ry on the help-less in-fant there;
 The Ho-ly Child of earth and heaven is born to-day for you.

Be-fore their light the stars grew dim, and won-d'ring hun-ters
 But as the hun-ter braves drew nigh, the an-gel song rang
 The chiefs from far be-fore him knelt with gifts of fox and
 Come kneel be-fore the ra-diant Boy who brings you beau-ty,

heard the hymn:
 loud and high:
 bea-ver pelt.
 peace and joy.

Am Em⁷ Am Em Am E⁷ Am Dm Am G Dm Em⁷ Am Em⁷ Am G Dm

Em⁷ Am G Am C Em Am G Am G Am E Am G F E Am Em⁷ Am Em Am E⁷ Am