Children's Church Christmas Lesson

'twas in the moon of winter-time
when all the birds had fled,
that mighty gitchi Manitou
sent angel choirs instead;
before the light the stars grew dim,
and wondering hunters herd 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 raged robe of rabbit skin
enwrapp'd his beauty round;
but as the hunter braves drew nigh,
the angel song rang loud and high... refrain

the earliest moon of winter-time 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,
O sons 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... refrain