'Twas in the moon of winter-time, when all the birds had fled, that

God the Lord of all the earth sent angel-choirs instead; before their light the

stars grew dim, Jesus your
King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

With in a lodge of broken bark The tender babe was found,

In a lodge of broken bark The tender babe was found,

A ragged robe of rabbit skin Enwrapped his beauty 'round;

And as the hunter

A ragged robe of rabbit skin,
braves drew nigh, The angel song rang loud and high: Ee sous a-

braves drew nigh, The angel song rang loud. Ee sous a-

an - gel song Ee sous a-

ha - ton - nya, Je - sus is born, in ex - cel - sis

ha - ton - nya, Je - sus is born, in ex - cel - sis glo - ri-

ha - ton - nya, Je - sus is born, in ex -

