

December 11, 2011

## 'Twas in the Moon of Wintertime

(tune: VU 71)

'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 wandering hunters heard the hymn:  
Jesus your King is born,  
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Chrétiens, prenez courage,  
Jésus Sauveur est né  
du Malin les ouvrages  
a jamais sont ruinés,  
quand il chante merveille,  
à ces troublants appas  
ne prétez plus l'oreille.  
Jésus est né: In excelsis gloria.

Oyez cette nouvelle,  
dont un ange est porteur.  
Oyez, âmes fidèles;  
et dilatez vos coeurs.  
La Vierge dans l'étable  
entoure de ses bras  
L'Enfant-Dieu adorable.  
Jésus est né: In excelsis gloria.

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:  
Jesus your King is born,  
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

# Jesus, Our Brother

(VU 56)

Jesus, our brother, kind and good,  
was humbly born in a stable rude,  
and the friendly beasts around him stood,  
Jesus, our brother, kind and good.

“I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown,  
“I carried the mother uphill and down,  
I carried his mother to Bethlehem town;  
I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

“I,” said the cow, all white and red,  
“I gave him my manger for his bed,  
I gave him hay to pillow his head;  
I,” said the cow, all white and red.

“I,” said the sheep with curly horn,  
“I gave him my wool for his blanket warm,  
he wore my coat on the Christmas morn;  
I,” said the sheep with curly horn.