

'Twas in the moon of wintertime

Capo 3 (Em)      Gm (Em)      Gmsus4 (Emsus4)      Gm (Em)      Gmsus4 (Emsus4)

1 'Twas in the moon of win - ter - time, when all the birds had

Gm (Em)      Gmsus4 (Emsus4)

fled, that God the Lord of all the earth sent

Gm (Em)      Gmsus4 (Emsus4)      Gm (Em)

an - gel choirs in - stead; be - fore their light the

F (D)      Gm (Em)      F (D)

stars grew dim, and won - dering hunt - ers heard the hymn:

In an ensemble of keyboard and guitars, the keyboard player should use the guitar chords above the staff instead of the printed accompaniment.

Words: Jesse Edgar Middleton (1872-1960), alt.  
 Music: *Une jeune pucelle*, French folk melody, 16th cent.; arr. William Bradley Roberts (b. 1947)  
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♩ = 54 - 60  
 86. 86. 88 with Refrain



*Refrain*

Gm (Em)                      Dm (Bm)                      Gm (Em)                      F (D)

Gm (Em)                      Cm (Am)                      Gm (Em)                      Dm (Bm)                      Gm (Em)

- 2 Within a lodge of broken bark  
the tender babe was found,  
a ragged robe of rabbit skin  
enwrapped his beauty round;  
but as the hunter braves drew nigh,  
the angel-song rang loud and high:  
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,  
in excelsis gloria.
- 3 The earliest moon of winter-time  
in 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.  
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,  
in excelsis gloria.
- 4 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.