It was in Bethlehem, a little corner of Judea,
That Mary had a baby boy at midnight in a stable.
He was the Son of God and he was the King of Kings.
Since I was a little child I’ve known this story.

There were three wise kings who followed a great star
With gifts in their hands to come worship the child.
And they were quite amazed when they saw little Jesus
Lying between a cow and a donkey.

Hear that, my friends! Noel is a strange story indeed!
Jesus, Son of God, King of Kings, doesn’t even have a cradle.
He sleeps on the straw among animals. Oh my!

They called him Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God;
The Everlasting Father, too;
And he was the Prince of Peace.
Both shepherds and wisemen bowed down to worship him.
They gave him gifts according to what they had.

Back then, if we’d been there we’d have done something fitting.
We’ have offered him music of the best Haitian kind.
We’ have brought drums, manniboulas, vaccins, maracas;
With fine banjo strums we’d have charmed little Jesus.

Jesus, Jesus, our little Jesus, we love you greatly.
You bring peace to all people and you offer us grace.
Noel, long live Noel!