

Grey the mist --- cold the dawn;
Cruel the sea and stern the shore.
Brave the man who sets his course
For albion.

Sweet the rose --- sharp the thorn;
Meek the soil and proud the corn.
Blessed the lamb that would be born
Within this green and pleasant land.
Hi-o-ran-i-o
Hi-o-ran-i-o

Brown furrow shine
Beneath the rain washed blue.
Bright crystal streams
From eagle mountains born.
Fortune has smiled on those who wake anew,
Within this fortress nature built
To stay the hand of war.

With the wind from the east
Came the first of those who tread
Upon this stone, this stone of kings;
This realm, this new jerusalem.
Hi-o-ran-i-o
Hi-o-ran-i-o