

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