

Tull Jethro

"Coronach"

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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.

Coronach.

Coronach.

Coronach.

Coronach.

Coronach.

Coronach.

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 builds to stay the hand of
war.

With the wind from the east

Came the first of those that tread

Upon this shore, this throne of kings,

This realm, this new Jerusalem.

Coronach.

Coronach.

Coronach.

Coronach. (Coronach.)

Coronach. (Coronach.)

Coronach. (Coronach.)

(Note: Exactly what the chorus is saying is unclear. The best suggestion I've

heard is that it's the gaelic pronunciation of "Coronach

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