

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

4

P. 20 - 21 **TRANSFORMATIONS**

Gateway to the song:

What a memory to cherish;
waking up to a morning gilded by sunlight
growing out of nothing, but still transforming everything?
What a memory to hold on to;
the adolescent beauty of the still sleepy world dawning upon us,
pregnant with the knowledge that we are alive, and it is just perfect.

(4) TRANSFORMATIONS

How dark the rain is falling
in woeful torrents upon my hand,
the windy clouds are dancing
a mad fandango above the strand,
the restless billows moving
in fancy rythms along the sand.
The mountains cry in the arms of thunder,
their flimsy garments are torn asunder.
Small flowers bow to the restless rainbow,
the hillside sparkles in diamonds - and then
how soft the rain is falling
in shaky droplets upon the land.

How soft the sun is falling
in golden torrents upon my hand,
on high the moon is waning
a spectre lost in a nowhere land,
the shadows burnt to cinder
by silent touch from a magic wand.
The universe serenades the wonder,
the music leaps from the unseen yonder
to blaze the land with the gift of morning,
to bless the moment with surging life - and then
how soft the sun is falling
a new day calling upon the strand.

Transformations

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

C F C/G A^b6 C/G G⁺ C

How dark the rain is fall - ing in woef - ul to - rrents up - on my hand, the
How soft the sun is fall - ing in gold - en tor - rents up - on my hand, on

5 C Am C/G D⁷ G⁷

wind - y clouds are danc - ing a mad fan - dang - o a - bove the strand, the
high the moon is wan - ing a spec - tre lost in a no - where land, the

9 C Am C/G A^b6 C/G G⁺ C

rest - less bill - ows mov - ing in fanc - y ryth - ms a - long the sand. The
shad - ows burnt to cind - er by si - lent touch from a mag - ic wand. The

13 G 3 Dm Am E Am

moun - tains cry in the arms of thun - der, their flim - sy gar - ments are torn a - sund - er. Small
un - i - verse ser - e - nades the won - der, the mu - sic leaps from the un - seen yon - der to

17 G⁷ Dm Am E Am E

flo - wers bow to the rest - less rain - bow, the hill - side spark - les in di - a - monds - and
blaze the land with the gift of mor - ning, to bless the mom - ent with surg - ing life - and

21 Am C F C/G A^b6

then how soft the rain is fall - ing in shak - y
then how soft the sun is fall - ing a new day

24 C/G G⁺ C

drop - lets up - on the land.
call - ing up - on the earth.

4

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P. 20 - 21 **TRANSFORMATIONS**

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Published in Iceland 2017

by Gísli Ólafur Pétursson

Layout of Music Pages: Eðvarð Lárusson.

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ISBN 978-9935-9190-9-0