

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

14

P. 42 - 43 **MORNING BREEZE**

Gateway to the song:

Nothing is as overwhelming as the birth of a day;
for the birth of a day really signifies the ever recurring birth of life.
Before such an event we all stand humble, realizing how tiny we are,
but at the same time rejoicing in the experience of observing the wonder over all wonders.

(14) MORNING BREEZE

How frail the morning,
how faint the breeze,
how feignless slumbers the night.
The dawn is yawning, a day is nigh,
the darkness gives way to light.
From above in the vault of winds,
lit by waning moonglow afar,
a golden ray falls upon the earth
from the eye of a shimmering star.
Crooning waves at the open shore
overwhelm the musical strand.
A bird of prey opens up in song.
The autumn colours the land.

The birth of day is over,
and in the still of morning
a chiming bell tells a song of life,
and softly quivers away.

Now is the moment,
now is the time
when life is called to be born.
This is the hour when angels sing
an ode to the timid morn.
Over the sea flies an only bird
on the winds of hovering dawn.
The flimsy veil of an after-night
moves softly dancing away.
Over the land rests the endless sky
and the morning paints it aglow.
The trembling mist wafts away and fades,
a breeze caresses the bay.

The birth of day is over,
and in the still of morning
a chiming bell tells a song of life
and softly quivers away.

Morning breeze

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Dm Gm Dm Em^{7b5} A⁷



How frail the mor-ning, how faint the breeze, how feign-less slum-bers the night.
Now is the mo-ment. Now is the time when life is called to be born.

5 Dm Gm Em^{7b5} Dm A⁷ Dm Dm



The dawn is yawn-ing, a day is nigh, the dark-ness gives way to light. From a-bove in the
This is the ho-ur when an-gels sing an ode to the tim-id morn. Ov-er the sea flies an

10 A⁷/C[#] Cm⁶ G/B B^{b6} Dm/A



vault of winds, lit by wan-ing moon-glow a-far, a gold-en ray falls up-on the earth from
one-ly bird on the winds of ho-ver-ing dawn. The flim-sy veil of an-oth-er night moves

15 E⁷/G[#] A⁷ Dm A/C[#]




the eye of a shimmering star. Croon-ing waves at the op-en shore ov-er-
soft-ly danc-ing a-way. O-ver the land rests the end-less sky and the

19 Cm⁶ G/B B^{b6} A⁷ Dm Em^{7b5} A⁷



-whelm the mus-i-cal strand. A bird of prey op-ens up in song. The aut-umn col-ours the
morn-ing paints it a-glow. The trem-bling mist wafts a-way and fades. A breeze car-ess-es the

24 Dm Dm F Dm A Dm F Dm



land. The birth of day is ov-er, and in the still of morn-ing a
bay. The birth of day is ov-er, and in the still of morn-ing a

29 Gm⁶ Dm Em^{7b5} A⁷ Dm



chim-ing bell tells a song of life and soft-ly quiv-ers a-way
chim-ing bell tells a song of life and soft-ly quiv-ers a-way

14

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