



Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

2017

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TOUCHED BY LIFE - A MUSICAL REFLECTION

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*Send actual requests for music and/or lyric examples to
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TO MY WIFE AND MY DAUGHTERS

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Gateways to the songs ...

We enter life strangers to ourselves, and to what lies ahead. And the roads we travel are built while walking.

Thus life is a continuous drama, intensely personal, acutely vulnerable, and heavy with existential meaning, for the gift of life is burdened with the knowledge that one day the gift will be reclaimed.

All through life we are endlessly touched / moved and branded by the impact of living, and we react to this impact in a multitude of general and personal ways.

Once in a while “the touch of life” has spurred me to expressions in the form of music and lyrics. Some of those are presented in this publication.

A little boy sitting drawing was once asked how he made his drawings. Oh, it is simple, he said: I just think and then I make lines around my thoughts.

“The gateways to the songs” presented below are some of my own “drawings”. They represent thoughts which have been transformed into music and lyrics, and so “the gateways” can be seen as introductions to each song in this publication. Together the songs build a personal statement within the framework which I have called “Touched by life”.

(1) PORTRAITURES - p. - 14 -

We look at the world around us through bifocal glasses. One focus is on objective details, but even more the world we see is a mental vision, a work of personal art.
That's how we come to love the world we see and to hate it.
That's why we embrace it and are frightened by it.

(2) IF - p. - 16 -

How do we meet the burden and the blessing of living? How do we meet the challenges and the problems? How do we meet the joys and the sorrows? How do we persist as the process of our numbered days runs its unavoidable course?

(3) REFLECTIONS - p. - 18 -

We can't go through life without wishing to be something to someone.
Feeling alone or abandoned is living a prologue to death.
And then, is there anything more precious than a whisper of care as we travel the rough roads of living?

(4) TRANSFORMATIONS - p. - 20 -

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.

(5) A DARK LULLABY - p. - 22 -

What is this enigma called Man? A machine of destruction? An advanced beast in a jungle of its own making, bent on creating sorrow, desperation, torment and violence?
Doesn't it matter to us at all that just as much as life creates us, we are the creators of life and thus ultimately we are the creators of death.

(6) BY YOUR HEARTH ON AN AUTUMN EVE - p. - 24 -

William Shakespeare, the great master of words, wrote: Parting is such sweet sorrow. Through these words Shakespeare speaks to us about how the dramatic process of living proceeds in a continuous dans macabre. Thus we are touched again and again by Shakespeare's words: Parting is such sweet sorrow, - sweet, for I've had the joy of being near you, sorrowful, because I have to leave you.

(7) I WONDER WHY - p. - 26 -

Throughout life the need for asking questions and the quest for finding answers often stands out as the essence of living.

We doubt, we wonder, foolishly, in earnest, in innocence or guilt, in pain or in gladness.

But our life depends on it. The endless whys and hows are essential to living, and they fade away with the final blowing out of our candles.

(8) AT DAWN - p. - 28 -

Dawn, what a beautiful word! What a breathtaking experience!

Mornings are truly the most pervasive symbols of life.

They reflect its' eternal character through a seemingly endless succession of new beginnings.

(9) STEP IN - p. - 30 -

Why do we say hello, and why do we say goodbye?

Is there a meaning to the seemingly meaningless?

Has fate its' own hidden, untouchable agenda ?

Or are we the lords of our manors, the kings of our castles?

(10) MOONLIGHT - p. - 32 -

It is an eerie, but an intensely moving experience feeling submerged in a timeless world of silvery stillness and then to meet time again in the lines of joy and sorrow that time has patiently etched into ones face.

(11) THE VOICE - p. - 36 -

The human voice is an instrument of miracles, great or small. Being able to illuminate successfully the innermost low-key sentiments hidden in a song, together with forcefully voicing the naked rudeness of living, are qualities to be cherished.

Those are qualities which are beautifully mastered by Paul Åge Johannessen. This song is inspired by him.

(12) SOMETIMES - p. - 38 -

While there is life there is hope – while there is hope there is life.

Hope is truly the cornerstone of living and hope is the daughter of trust - trust in ourselves, trust in other people. A man without hope and trust is just a man un-dead.

(13) SO FAR FROM ME - p. - 40 -

The logic of living is by no means objective, and so what's far may in a sense be near, and what's near may be deemed to be far.

Living, even more than a physical experience, is a mental creation.

In an important sense we dwell in the catacombs and the golden castles of our minds.

(14) MORNING BREEZE - p. - 42 -

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.

(15) A FOLK TALE - p. - 44 -

Our brains are truly an arena for all there is. Thus the scope of our reality and our rationality overrides by far the confines of the physical world; being a host to the infinite space of fantasy and imagination that makes us children of the universe.

(16) LET ME GO FREE - p. - 46 -

We are free and then never free.

We are bound by the limits of time and space. We are bound by the limits of cultural, social and personal existence.

And still we are free.

We are free to walk the windblown shores of living, bound for some unseen horizon.

(17) TIME'S OF THE ESSENCE - p. - 48 -

In uncertain times we realise more than ever that time is all we have, so time is the enemy and the saviour. Sensing that time's of the essence, we pray for more time. But like dry sand in the palm of our hand, time keeps slipping through our fingers until the last grain fades with us into nothingness.

(18) TO LIFE - p. - 50 -

How do we say thanks to life, when life itself defies our understanding?

How can we ever really pay homage to life, stunningly realising that life is greater than all words, greater than all acts.

(19) I WALK THROUGH THE DARK - p. - 52 -

Where does music come from? Where do words emerge from. What is the mysterious source?

In a way life writes the words. In a way life makes the music and we are only humble instruments of expression.

(20) LEAVES OF AUTUMN - p. - 54 -

Being alone doesn't always mean being lonely. Sometimes being alone is the gate to a blissful merging with a beautiful, seemingly everlasting moment of stillness and peace, while waiting for something untold to happen.

(21) NO MAN IS AN ISLAND - p. - 56 -

The English poet John Donne wrote some of the most truthful, but at the same time some of the most disturbing words ever written: No man is an island entirely unto himself.

Therefore, he also concluded: Don't ever ask for whom the bell tolls. The bell tolls for you.

Thus in principle, we never walk alone, why is it then that the feelings of loneliness and isolation seem so vividly pervasive?

(22) TO LIV - p. - 58 -

Ernest Hemingway expressed deeply disturbing words of wisdom, when he wrote: When you love there is no happy ending.

We know only too well that through living we are bound to die. But should we refrain from love because we know the ultimate price of loving and living?

Shouldn't we rejoice in being able to enjoy love, and through love enjoy life?

(23) TO KOLBRUN AND BIRGITTE: A SMALL SONG BY SMALL BEDS - p. - 60 -

It is a tremendous experience to sit by the bed of your child, listening to the seemingly endless questions about all there is. And the night moves in, softening the harsh impact of the day gone by.

More than anything else it is an unbelievable experience of trust and love. And you find yourself thinking: Do I really deserve such trust, such love? Can I ever learn to deserve it?

(24) MAYDAY - p. - 62 -

The world is crazy, we say. But the world is never crazy, only we are. We have the uncanny power to make the world look crazy, but still, - the crazy ones, that's us.

(25) RAIN - p. - 64 -

Once in a while the processes of nature may overwhelm us in an experience which fills the mental horizon to such an extent that nothing else seems to matter, or even seems to be real.

(26) THE TIME IS NOW - p. - 66 -

The concept of time is at the same time the most frightening, and the most fantastic concept of all, burdening our minds with its tremendous impact, as we come to realize that our time is now, it is always and only now, for better or for worse.

(27) HALLELUJAH - p. - 70 -

Is it a breach of decency, or of piety to sing a hymn to human indifference, carelessness, cynicism, egoism and gluttony?

Are not some hymns bound to be grotesque, if they are to be true to life under the great regime of Man?

(28) TO BIRGITTE - p. - 72 -

In the existential space where we live, stretched between joy and sorrow, a fight is continuously going on.

We fight to survive, we fight to move one step further, to maintain ourselves, to change, to master – and we try, and we try, and we try.

(29) YEARNING - p. - 74 -

In a very important sense yearning is the essence of living.

All our life we are somehow on our way home.

Sometimes we find what we seek in some paradise lost, sometimes we just know we'll find it in the things yet to come.

And so we move on, yearning, yearning.

(30) WHILE BILLOWS ROLL - p. - 76 -

An internationally renowned author once said that he only wrote of love and death - only love and death. Still he kept writing of all the endlessly varied aspects of human living. Illogical?

No, not at all. Through his acute, longstanding observation and recording of life in action, he had come to realize that love transcends everything.

And so lovers and "livers" die, but love and life never dies.

(31) THE WIND AND THE SEA - p. - 80 -

Lapping wavelets, breeze so soft that we hardly know it's there.

Towering tsunamis and raging hurricanes.

Life moves on in the rhythms of the wind and the sea. We are born into these rhythms and we die into them.

We live the horrors and the wonders of life in the arms of the wind and the sea – the windblown sea.

(32) BY THE LAKE AT NIGHT - p. - 82 -

Life never stands still, but once in a while we may feel as if everything is concentrated into an experience of momentary wholeness and unity.

And then perhaps time is of no importance, but only the engulfing feeling of nature, and the blessed closeness to those we love.

(33) A PRAYER - p. - 84 -

Sometimes the intensity of experience overwhelms us in the feeling of want, of yearning and sorrow.

We pray for help and the prayer becomes obsessive, magnified a thousand times through our feelings of loneliness and fear.

(34) MY SONG - p. - 86 -

We don't know life, we only can live it, so serenading life never brings forth more than a shadow of a song. But shadows may still be better than no shadows at all.

Life is an endless exercise in being humble, but rejoicing.

(35) WAITING FOR DAWN - p. - 88 -

I wonder if the miracle of life ever touches us more deeply than when we sense the first foreboding of daylight moving in on us.

As the ships of night gather their tarnished sails and slip away we're born into life again and again.

(36) SLEEP - p. - 90 -

Sleep is not an enemy of life. It is just as important part of living as our waking hours.

In sleep we renew our contract with life again and again.

In a very important sense we're even more intensely alive in sleep than awake, as we are invited to enter the overwhelming universe of dreaming.

(37) THE WINDS OF THE WINTER - p. - 92 -

Winter in the north is a unique experience. Perhaps we never come nearer to the essence of ourselves, and to the essence of living, than when we are thrown into battle with the overwhelming powers of nature, having to endure our existential fears and at the same time holding on for dear life to our hopes and yearnings.

(38) THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY REVISITED – p. - 94 -

The drama of living is in the last instance always an individual experience, and so those who don't directly partake in that experience may not want to acknowledge the drama, or may not be able to understand it.

But still the drama of living is our common destiny and round the corner...

(39) THE SEVEN MILE SONG - p. - 96 -

There are moments in life without past or future, without a night or a day, without a sound or a sight, but with an incredible wholeness of being that makes you smile all the way.

(40) THE TOUCH OF LIFE - p. - 98 -

Why is life so overwhelming? Because life is everywhere and we are in the midst of it all; basking in it, loving it, hating it, frightened by it. But we are always touched by it, moved by it, wholly and unconditionally; free to challenge its limits, slaves to its ultimate logic.

(41) FAREWELL - p. - 98 -

Any song of a hello, is also a song of a goodbye. Any song of life is also a song of death. Any song at all, however small and insignificant is a hymn to the everlasting wonders of existence.

Songs

(1) PORTRAITURES

I walk the drowsy fields with your hand in my hand,
the harvest waiting ripe - molten gold on the land.
the birds - a choir of sirens in sycamore trees,
the sun - a crackling fire and we're smiling.

I stroll the pebbly shore with your arm touching mine,
my eyes are restless seas, clouds of heaven in thine,
the wail of drowning billows a dirge in the heart,
the day a shade of grey, and we're sighing.

Your arm is locked through mine on the arthritic street,
the aching thoroughfare raped by blistering feet,
the cars are roaming wolves on the tundra of tar,
they tear the day to shreds and it's screaming.

Portraits

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words & music :
Högni Egilsson

D/F# A7/E D D/C G/B D/A

I walk the drow-sy fields with your hand in my hand, the
I stroll the peb-bly shore with your arm touch-ing mine, my

5 F#m/A B7/A Em/A A

harv - est wait-ing ripe - molt-en gold on the land, the
eyes are rest-less seas, clouds of heav - en in thine, the

9 A#° Bm7 C#° D

birds - a choir of sir - ens in syc - a - more trees, the
wail of drown-ing bill- ows a dirge in the heart, the

13 D/C# Bm7 A7 D

sun - a crackl-ing fire and we're smil - ing.
day a shade of grey, and we're sigh - ing

(2) *IF*

If you freely give the world your warmth and care,
if you want to strive for peace and show you do,
if you build your life on hopes to help and share
I'll love you, I'll love you, I'll love you so,
I'll love you more than you'll ever know.

If you walk in pain through winter, storm and night,
if your way is rocky and your feet are bare,
if you still have faith in loving, life and right
I'll bless you, I'll bless you, I'll bless you so,
I'll bless you more than you'll ever know.

If you stretch your arms to hold a tiny hand,
if you have the strength to reach for lofty goals,
if you still feel small in work where you are grand,
I'll need you, I'll need you, I'll need you so,
I'll need you more than you'll ever know.

If you think the world should wait on you alone,
if your web is spread to kill a single life,
if you use the low to lift you to a throne
I'll hate you, I'll hate you, I'll hate you so,
I'll hate you more than you'll ever know.

If

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music
Högni Egilsson

B \flat F/A E \flat /G F/A B \flat E \flat /B \flat Gm B \flat

If you free - ly give the world your warmth and care, if you want to strive for
If you walk in pain through wint - er storm and night, if your way is rock - y

4 Cm F⁷ B \flat B \flat /A Gm /F E \flat /D Cm

peace and show you do, if you build your life on hopes to help and share I'll
and your feet are bare, if you still have faith in lov - ing, life and right I'll

7 E \flat ⁶ B \flat E \flat B \flat /D Cm F⁷ B \flat

love you, I'll love you, I'll love you so, I'll
bless you, I'll bless you, I'll bless you so, I'll

9 E \flat /G F/A B \flat E \flat /G F⁶ B \flat

love you more more than you'll ev - er know.
bless you more than you'll ev - er know.

(3) REFLECTIONS

Sense the glow on your face on a morning in May,
touch the mist in your hair and the grass on your way.
Feel the palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold,
hear the whisper of care when you're feeling old.
Feel the palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold,
hear the whisper of care when you're feeling so old.

Sense the rain on your lips on a dusk-ridden day,
brave the darkness of night and the snow in your way.
Feel the palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold,
hear the whisper of care when you're feeling old.
Feel the palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold,
hear the whisper of care when you're feeling so old.

As the day follows night, as the night follows day
I'll be near you forever, a part of your way.
I'll be palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold,
I'll be whisper of care when you're feeling old.
I'll be palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold,
I'll be whisper of care when you're feeling so old.

Reflections

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Cadd⁹ G/H Am G
 Sense the glow on your face on a morn - ing in May, touch[#] the
 Sense the rain on your lips on a dusk ridd - en day, brave the

5 Em Am G G⁷/F
 mist in your hair and the grass on your way. Feel the
 dark - ness of night and the snow in your way. Feel the

9 Am/E Em F/D C/E
 palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold, hear the
 palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold, hear the

13 Fadd⁹ Am Am⁷ G⁷/F Em Em/D
 whisp - er of care when you're feel - ing old. Feel the
 whisp - er of care when you're feel - ing old. Feel the

17 Fmaj⁷/C Em/G F/A C/G
 palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold, hear the
 palm on your cheek when you're wet and cold, hear the

21 Dm/F Fmaj⁹ Gsus G⁷ C
 whisp - er of care when you're feel - ing so old.
 whisp - er of care when you're feel - ing so old.

(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 Lárússon

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.

(5) A DARK LULLABY

Loud is the rumble from ravaged spaces,
rocking the screams from a mangled earth,
fraying the nerves is the hiss of hatred,
hard on the senses the cries of naked
and lost
forsaken from time of birth.
Cock your gun, what a shambles sweetheart,
shoot away through the gory night.
Brrrr, my baby, brrrr, my love,
bloody gloat the stars above.

Red drips the sun from the realms of heaven,
ripe are the heads for the swollen ground,
baring their fangs are the mad and mighty,
mauling and breaking go wheels of hatred and murder
faster
and round and round.
Gnash your teeth, what a sight my sweetheart,
swing away through the burning night.
Brrrr, my baby, brrrr, my love,
bloody gloat the stars above.

Ask yourself while the earth is burning,
ask yourself through the screams of fear;
is it enough to be asking questions,
is it enough to feel, oh so sorry,
to mutter oaths
or to shed a tear.
Roll your eyes for the broken beauty,
bleed away in the ghoulish night.
Brrrr, my baby, brrrr, my love,
bloody gloat the stars above.

A dark lullaby

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Dm(add 9) A⁷/D Dm(add 9) Gm/D A⁷/D Dm(add 9)/C

Loud is the rumb - le from rav - aged spac - es, rock - ing the screams from a mangl - ed earth,
Red drips the sun from the realms of heav - en, ripe are the heads for the swoll - en ground,

5 B^b F/A C/G Fm/A^b Dm(add 9)/A B^b/A Fmaj⁷ Gm⁷

fray ing the nerves is the hiss of hat - red, hard on the sens - es the cries of na - ked and
bar - ing their fangs are the mad and might - y, maul - ing and break - ing go wheels of ha - tred and

9 F⁶ Dm(add 9) A⁷ Dm(add 9) Gm C B^b F/D

lost for - sak - en from time of birth. Cock your gun, what a shambl - es sweet - heart,
murd - er fast - er and round and round. Gnash your teeth, what a sight my sweet - heart,

13 Gm Dm/A B^b/A Dm(add 9)/A A⁷/D Dm C^{#o}/D Dm

shoot a - way through the gor - y night. Brrr, my bab - y, brrr, my love.
swing a - way through the burn - ing night. Brrr, my bab - y, brrr, my love.

17 B^b/D Dm(add 9) A⁷/D Dm(add 9)

Blood - y gloat the stars a - bove.
Blood - y gloat the stars a - bove.

(6) BY YOUR HEARTH ON AN AUTUMN EVE

I lounge by your hearth as day is done,
a day to remember is moving on.
My glass is full to the brim and I bow
to beauty, dusk and the moon above.
I bow to you dear and the moon above.

I drink to your health, my heart at peace,
I hunger for nothing, but rest at ease.
My glass is half like the mischievous moon.
I may be off, but not too soon,
I may have to leave you, but not too soon.

I drink up to you, my lass, my love,
the lascivious moon titters from above,
my empty glass I lift to it's light,
I look at you and say goodnight,
I look and I kiss you and say goodnight.

By your hearth on an autumn eve

Arr.:
Paul Áge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

E^b Gm A^b E^b E^b Cm

I lounge by your hearth as day is done, a day to re-mem - ber is
I drink to your health, my heart at peace, I hung-er for no - thing, but

4 Gm B^b7 Fm A^b Gm 3 Cm A^b Gm Fm

mov-ing on. My glass is full to the brim and I bow to beau-ty, dusk and the
rest at ease. My glass is half like the mis-chie-vous moon. I may be off, but

8 Cm Gm A^b 3 B^b7 A^b E^b

moon a-bove. I bow to you dear and the moon a-bove.
not to soon, I may have to leave you, but not too soon.

(7) I WONDER WHY

Oh, why are the oceans so angry?
and why do the eagles cry?
and why do the rivers keep roaming?
why shiver the woods in the moonlight?
I wonder, I wonder why,
I wonder, I wonder why.

The questions rise to fall, to fall,
to fade away, and so does all;
a morning wind that whistles by,
an evening gone to sleep.

Oh, why are some words like a thunder?
and why are some truths a lie?
and why are some songs made of sorrow?
why burn living dreams to a cinder?
I wonder, I wonder why,
I wonder, I wonder why.

The questions rise to fall, to fall,
to fade away, and so does all;
a morning wind that whistles by,
an evening gone to sleep.

Oh, why do some days walk so lonely?
and why do they say goodbye?
and why feel some heartbeats like hunger?
why harden some tears into bullets?
I wonder, I wonder why.
I wonder, I wonder why.

The questions rise to fall, to fall,
to fade away, and so does all;
a morning wind that whistles by,
an evening gone to sleep.

I wonder why

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárússon

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

D⁷ Gm F E^b D⁷

Oh, why are the oce - ans so ang - ry? and why do the eag - les cry? and
Oh, why are some words like a thund - er? and why are some truths a lie? and

5 D⁷ Gm F⁷ B^b

why do the riv - ers keep roam - ing? why shiv - er the woods in the moon - light? I
why are some songs made of sorr - ow? why burn liv - ing dreams to a cind - er? I

9 D⁷ Gm D⁷ Gm

wond - er, I wond - er why, I wond - er, I wond - er why. The
wond - er, I wond - er why, I wond - er, I wond - er why. The

13 D⁷ Gm D⁷ Gm

quest - ions rise to fall, to fall, to fade a - way, and so does all; a
quest - ions rise to fall, to fall, to fade a - way, and so does all; a

17 F⁷ B^b F⁷ B^b

morn - ing wind that whistl - es by, an even - ing gone to sleep.
morn - ing wind that whistl - es by, an even - ing gone to sleep.

(8) *AT DAWN*

Dry your tears, my little love,
it's late at night,
stars and moon wane up above,
in early light.

Look, the dawn is coming close
so frail and young.

Listen how the easy birds
break out in song.

Dry your eyes, oh, wipe away that worried tear,
smile away the dread of dusk, the day is here.

The day is here.

See the land alive again,
it's dark no more.

Hear the wispy wavelets dance
along the shore.

Smell the misty morning air,
go, meet the day.

Feel the monsters of your mind
just fade away.

Dry your eyes, oh, wipe away that worried tear,
smile away the dread of dusk, the day is here.

The day is here.

At dawn

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Dry See your tears, my little love, it's
 See the land a live a gain, it's
 late dark at no night, stars and moon wane
 up wave - a - bove, in earl - y light.
 Look, the dawn is com - ing close so
 Smell the mist - y morn - ing air, go,
 frail meet and the young.
 List - en how the eas - y birds break out in
 Feel the monst - ers of your mind just fade a -
 song. Dry your eyes, oh, wipe a - way that worri - ed tear,
 way. Dry your eyes, oh, wipe a - way that worri - ed tear,
 smile a - way the dread of dusk, the day
 smile a - way the dread of dusk, the day
 is here. The day is here.
 is here. The day is here.

Chords: B^b6, F/B^b, E^b/B^b, B^b6, Cm, F¹³, B^b6, F¹³, B^b, F/B^b, E^b/B^b, B^b, Cm, F¹³, B^b, Cm⁷, F⁷, B^b6, Gm, Cm⁷, F⁷, B^b, B^b6, Cm⁷, F⁷, B^b, A⁷, Dm, C⁷, F⁷, B^b, F/B^b, E^b/B^b, B^b, Cm⁷, F⁷, B^b, F¹³, B^b6, F/B^b, E^b/B^b, B^b, E^b, F⁶, B^b, Cm⁷, F⁹, B^b6.

Measure numbers: 5, 11, 16, 21, 25, 31, 40, 46.

(9) STEP IN

Step in, my love, the train wheels are turning,
a silence falls, a pain lingers burning.
It's searing my mind.
It's searing my mind.
A whisper remains in the air.
The train will not leave and the words have no end,
oh, why do we say goodbye.
The train will not leave and the words have no end,
oh, why do we say goodbye.

Step in, my love, the whistle is blowing,
the scarlet embers of pain keep on glowing.
They'll never go out.
They'll never go out.
The whisper remains in the air.
The train will not leave and the words have no end,
oh, why do we say goodbye.
The train will not leave and the words have no end,
oh, why do we say goodbye.

STEP IN

Arr:
Paul Áge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

A D/A D/E A/E Bm/D F#m6/C#

Step in, my love, the train wheels are turn - ing, a sil - ence falls, a
Step in, my love, the whist - le is blow - ing, the scar - let embers of

4 Bm7 E7 D E/D A6/D C#m/E

pain ling - ers burn - ing. It's sear - ing my mind. It's sear - ing my mind. A
pain keep on glow - ing. They'll nev - er go out. They'll nev - er go out. The

7 D/F# D#dim/F# E/G# E7 D/A E7/A

whisp - er re - mains in the air. _____ The train will not leave and the
whisp - er re - mains in the air. _____ The train will not leave and the

10 Bm/E A A/G# D/F# E7 1. A 2. A

words have no end, oh, why do we say good - bye. bye.
words have no end, oh, why do we say good - bye. bye.

(10) MOONLIGHT

Walking in moonlight
the earth draped in stillness
and ethereal clouds stealing by,
far away lingers the dawn
and the daylight - a dream in the shadows on high.

Not a sight of a bird,
not the sound of a wave,
not a stone being turned on the strand,
just the wonder of peace,
just the whisper of life,
just a step on a virginal land.

Chiseled in silver
the eternal mountains
are one with the glittering shore.
Bowing in awe to the magical moonlight
I merge - and then time is no more.

Yesterday droplets
are tickling my senses
like butterfly wings in my hair
stealthily moving
down lanes of a lifetime
floating like ghosts through the air.

Time gone by does not die
tales of death are a lie
it's just biding its moments of grace.
Time won't fly, time is nigh
and its touch like a sigh
that is told by the lines of your face.

Yesterday droplets
fall softly, so softly
while evening bells mournfully chime.
Water my eyes
in your yesterday waters
I'm lost in the embrace of time.

Moonlight

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Am Dm Am/E Dm E E7

Walk - ing in moon - light the earth draped in still - ness and e - the - real clouds steal - ing by,

Detailed description: This block contains the first four measures of the song. The melody is written on a treble clef staff in 6/8 time. Chords are indicated above the staff: Am, Dm, Am/E, Dm, E, and E7. The lyrics are written below the staff.

5 Am Fmaj7 G7 Am Dm E7 Am

far a - way ling - ers the dawn and the day - light, a dream in the shad - ows on high. Not a

Detailed description: This block contains measures 5 and 6. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. Chords are: Am, Fmaj7, G7, Am, Dm, E7, and Am. The lyrics continue below the staff.

9 Am E7 Dm F6 Am/E E7

sight of a bird, not the sound of a wave, not a stone be - ing turned on the strand, just the

Detailed description: This block contains measures 7 and 8. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. Chords are: Am, E7, Dm, F6, Am/E, and E7. The lyrics continue below the staff.

13 Am Fmaj7 E E7 Dm G9/D E7

wond - er of peace, just the whisp - er of life, just a step on a virg - in - al land.____

Detailed description: This block contains measures 9 through 12. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. Chords are: Am, Fmaj7, E, E7, Dm, G9/D, and E7. The lyrics continue below the staff, ending with a long line.

17 Am Dm Am/E Dm/F Dm/G E/G# E7/G#

Chis - eled in silv - er the e - tern - al moun - tains are one with the glitt - er - ing shore.____

Detailed description: This block contains measures 13 through 16. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. Chords are: Am, Dm, Am/E, Dm/F, Dm/G, E/G#, and E7/G#. The lyrics continue below the staff, ending with a long line.

21 Am Fmaj7 G7 Am Dm/A E7 Am

Bow - ing in awe to the mag - i - cal moon - light, I merge and then time is no more.

Detailed description: This block contains measures 17 through 20. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. Chords are: Am, Fmaj7, G7, Am, Dm/A, E7, and Am. The lyrics continue below the staff.

Moonlight - II

25 Am Dm Am/E Dm E E⁷

Yes-ter-day drop-lets are tick-ling my sens-es like butt-er-fly wings in my hair_____

29 Am Fmaj⁷ G⁷ Am Dm E⁷ Am

stealth-i-ly mov-ing down lanes of a life-time float-ing like ghosts through the air. Time gone

33 Am E⁷ Dm F⁶ Am/E E⁷

by does-n't die tales of death are a lie it's just bid-ing its mo-ments of grace. Time won't

37 Am Fmaj⁷ E E⁷ Dm G⁹/D E⁷

fly, time is nigh and its touch like a sigh that is told by the lines on your face_____

41 Am Dm Am/E Dm/F Dm/G E/G[#] E⁷/G[#]

Yes-ter-day drop-lets fall soft-ly, so soft-ly while even-ing bells mourn-full-y chime_____

45 Am Fmaj⁷ G⁷ Am Dm E⁷

Wat-er my eyes in your yes-ter-day wat-ers I'm lost in the em-brace of

48 Am D.S. al coda Dm E⁷ Am

time. told by the lines on your face_____

(11) THE VOICE

I heard a voice as soft as summer flowers.
I heard a voice as dark as winter rain.
I heard a voice of sunshine and of showers.
Let's hear that voice again.

Bring me autumn skies. Let me smell the seven seas.
Let me roam the town at night.
Let the joyful sound of a song of love
spread the morning light.

I heard a voice as soft as summer flowers.
I heard a voice as dark as winter rain.
I heard a voice of sunshine and of showers.
Let's hear that voice, let's hear that voice again.

Sing me a song to tell a lovely story.
Sing me a song of beauty and of pain.
Sing me a song of misery and glory.
Let's hear that voice again.

Let the singing roll like the waves upon a shore.
Let the music build a tune;
- freary winter skies,
- flower buds of May,
- flaming nights in June.

Sing me a song to tell a lovely story.
Sing me a song of beauty and of pain.
Sing me a song of misery and glory.
Let's hear that voice, let's hear that voice again.

The voice

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson/
Paul Áge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Cm G/B G G/B Cm Dm^{7b5} B^b G/B

I heard a voice as soft as sum-mer flow-ers. I heard a voice as dark as win-ter rain.
Sing me a song to tell a love-ly sto-ry. Sing me a song of beau-ty and of pain.

5 G Cm Fm A^{b7b5} Cm G Cm

I heard a voice of sun-shine and of show-ers. Let's hear that voice a - gain.
Sing me a song of mi-ser-y and glo-ry. Let's hear that voice a - gain.

9 Cm G Cm G Cm Am^{7b5}

Bring me au-tumn skies. Let me smell the sev-en seas. Let me roam the town at night.
Let the sing-ing roll like the waves up-on a shore. Let the mu-sic build a tune;

15 Fm Am^{7b5} A^{b7maj7} A^{b7b5} G+ G⁷

Let the joy-ful sound of a song of love spread the morn-ing light.
fear-y win-ter skies, flower buds of May, flam-ing nights in June.

20 Cm G/B G G/B Cm Dm^{7b5} B^b G/B

I heard a voice as soft as sum-mer flow-ers. I heard a voice as dark as win-ter rain.
Sing me a song to tell a love-ly sto-ry. Sing me a song of beau-ty and of pain.

24 G Cm Fm A^{b7b5} Cm D7/F[#] A^{b7b5} Cm

I heard a voice of sun-shine and of show-ers. Let's hear that voice, let's hear that voice a - gain.
Sing me a song of mi-ser-y and glory. Let's hear that voice, let's hear that voice a - gain.

(12) SOMETIMES

Torn are the wings of the winds flown by,
voices locked in a silent cry,
wintry clouds draping windows of tomorrow.

Sometimes I wonder,
sometimes I cry,
and sometimes I call to you;
you, of my dreams, give me sometimes sunlight
and sometimes a morning dew,
and sometimes a morning dew.

Sometimes I wonder,
sometimes I cry,
and sometimes I call to you;
you, of my hopes, give me sometimes shelter
and sometimes my peace anew,
and sometimes my peace anew.

Oft' do I wonder.
Oft' do I cry
and often I call in vain.
But in my heart I shall hope forever
and humbly I call again,
and humbly I call again.

Sometimes

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Cm B^b E^b /D Cm /E^b Fm B^b

Torn are the wings of the winds flown by, voices locked in a silent cry,

5 Cm B^b/D E^b G⁷ Cm

win - try clouds drap - ing wind - ows of to - mor - row.

9 Cm B^b A^b Gm E^b B^b Gm B^b

Some - times I wond - er, some-times I cry, and some - times I call to you;
Some - times I wond - er, some-times I cry, and some - times I call to you;

13 E^b B^b/D A^b/C E^b

you, of my dreams, give me some - times sun - light and some -
you, of my hopes, give me some - times shelt - er and some -

15 B^b7 E^b Fm B^b7 E^b

times a morn - ing dew, and some-times a morn - ing dew.
times my peace a - new, and some-times my peace a - new.

(13) SO FAR FROM ME

So far from me, but still so near, so near me,
I never felt the spell of life so clearly.
It's winter - still it's summer and you're singing,
your cherished face, your haunting voice so near.
But in the dark of night the silky roses have shed a lonely tear.

Come rain or shine, come joy and sun or sorrow,
come spring or fall, come even-tide and morrow.
If you were here, - the core of every yearning.
If you were here you'd fill my being, dear.
But in the dark of night the silky roses have shed a lonely tear.

So far, so near, the winds of life keep flowing.
The words, the husks of troubled thoughts, keep blowing.
Along the winding roads of fate they flutter
to falter, stop and roam so far, so near.
But in the dark of night the silky roses have shed a lonely tear

So far from me

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Am Dm G⁷

So far from me, but still so near, so near me, I nev - er felt the spell of life so
Come rain or shine, come joy and sun or sorr-ow, come spring or fall, come ev - en - tide and

4 C Am Dm

clear - ly. It's win-ter - still it's sum - mer and you're sing - ing, your cher - ished
morr - ow. If you were here - the core of ever - y yearn-ing. If you were

7 E⁷ Am Bm^{7(b5)} E⁷ Am

face, your haunt-ing voice so near. But in the dark of night the silk - y
here you'd fill my be - ing, dear. But in the dark of night the silk - y

10 Dm G⁷ C

ros - es have shed a lone - ly tear.
ros - es have shed a lone - ly tear.

(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 moonglow 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} A^{+/}

-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

(15) A FOLK TALE

There was a swain and the sweetest lass
rhapsodullia da.
He said to her “Will you marry me?
I’ll milk the cows and be good to thee
as hopsa sa.
I’ll make you the queen of the moor and the mountains,
I’ll make you...
I’ll make you the queen.

There was a swain and the sweetest lass
rhapsodullia da.
He said to her “You look good as gold.
Please go my way till we’re both so old
as hopsa sa.
I’ll make you the queen of the moor and the mountains,
I’ll make you...
I’ll make you the queen.

There was a swain and the sweetest lass
rhapsodullia da.
She said to him “You are sweet and kind,
but shame on you, you are dumb and blind
as hopsa sa.
Of course I’m the queen of the moor and the mountains,
Of course I’m the...
Of course I’m the queen.

There was a swain and the sweetest lass
rhapsodullia da.
She said to him “I am up to you.
It’s only you who can make me true
so hopsa sa.
I’m queen of your dreams of the moor and the mountains,
I’m queen of...
I’m queen of your dreams.

A folk tale

Arr.:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

G Em C D Am D G

There was a swain and the sweet - est lass rhaps - o - dull - i - a da. He
There was a swain and the sweet - est lass rhaps - o - dull i - a da. He

5 G G/F# C/E Bm/D Am/C D7/C G/B Bm

said to her: "Will you mar - ry me? I'll milk the cows and be good to thee as
said to her; "You look good as gold. Please go my way till we're both so old as

9 D7 C/G G G Em D7 G

hops - a - sa. I'll make you the queen of the moor and the moun - tains, I'll
hops - a - sa. I'll make you the queen of the moor and the moun - tains, I'll

12 C D7 Em Bm C G/D C D7 G

make you mmm..... I'll make you the queen."
make you mmm..... I'll make you the queen."

(16) LET ME GO FREE

Give me a day dank with a leaden sky,
day like the pang of a sad goodbye.
Lash me with storms.
Let there be snow,
do lynch every joy that I know.
But let me go free to hear, to sense and see.
Let me go free upon the endless shore
and I shall ask no more.

Give me a night naked without a light,
night like the gasp of a sudden fright.
Murder my sleep.
Maim every dream,
do make every breath like a scream.
But let me go free to hear, to sense and see.
Let me go free upon the endless shore
and I shall ask no more.

Give me a time mauled by the fangs of fear,
time like the burn of a sudden tear.
Lie to my face.
laugh at my fear,
don't leave to me anything dear.
But let me go free to hear, to sense and see.
Let me go free upon the endless shore
and I shall ask no more.

Let me go free

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárússon

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Bm F#7 Bm

Give me a day dank with a lea - den sky,
Give me a night nak - ed with - out a light,

5 Bm Em A7 D F#7/C#

day like the pang of a sad good - bye. Lash me with
night like the gasp of a sudd - en fright. Mur - der my

9 Bm F#m G Em7 C#m7b5

storms. Let there be snow, do lynch ever - y
sleep. Maim ever - y dream, do make ever - y

13 F#7 Bm F#7 Bm

joy that I know. But - let me go free to hear, to
breath like a scream. But - let me go free to hear, to

17 Em6 Bm F#7 Bm Em6 A7 D

sense and see. Let me go free up - on the end - less shore,
sense and see. Let me go free up - on the end - less shore,

21 Gmaj7 C#m7b5 F#7 Bm

and I shall ask no more.
and I shall ask no more.

(17) TIME'S OF THE ESSENCE

Tell me, tell me wandering wind
how wide's the gorge of hate.
Tell me, tell me whispering wind
a tale of human fate.
Strong winds are blowing,
deep waters flowing.
It's cold and getting late.
Tell me, tell me, time's of the essence
and time goes by.

Tell me, tell me wandering wind
how wide's the bridge of pain.
Tell me, tell me whispering wind
how cold the fearless rain.
How soft the crying,
how hard the dying,
how dark the sorrows lane.
Tell me, tell me, time's of the essence
and time goes by.

Night falls, night fades, never again
this night will take our hand.
Day breaks, day is dying again,
and dusk's upon the land.
Our waking hours, like wind and showers
are written on the sand.
Time is, time was, time's of the essence
and time goes by.

Time's of the essence

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárússon

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

C#m F#m C#m C#m/G# G#sus G#7 C#m

Tell me, tell me wand - er - ing wind how wide's the gorge of hate. Tell
Tell me, tell me wand - er - ing wind how wide's the bridge of pain. Tell

5 C#m F#m C#m F#m C#m

me, tell me whisp - er - ing wind, a tale of hu - man fate. Strong
me, tell me whisp - er - ing wind how cold the fear - less rain. How

9 C#m C#m F#m C#m G#sus G#7 C#m

winds are blow - ing, deep wa - ters flow - ing. It's cold and gett - ing late. Tell
soft the cry - ing, how hard the dy - ing, how dark the sorr - ows lane. Tell

13 F#m C#m C#m G#7 C#m

me, tell me, time's of the ess - ence and time goes by.
me, tell me, time's of the ess - ence and time goes by.

(18) TO LIFE

Good is the day, is the day,
with the dancing waves on the bay,
with the rosy dawn, with the rising sun,
with the right to breathe and the thrill to run.
Good is the day, is the day.

Good is the night, is the night,
with the new-born stars and their light,
with the putrid dark, with the placid sleep,
with the peace to think and the chance to weep.
Good is the night, is the night.

Good is this life, is this life,
with its loving, sorrow and strife,
with its naughty romps and the need to care,
with its naked truths and the dreams to share,
Good is this life, is this life.

To life

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárússon

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

D A⁷ D

Good is the day, is the day, with the danc - ing
Good is the night, is the night, with the new - born

6 G D G A⁷

waves on the bay, with the ros - y dawn, with the
stars and their light, with the pu - trid dark, with the

11 D Bm G F#m

ris - ing sun, with the right to breathe and the
plac - id sleep, with the peace to think and the

15 Bm E⁹/G# A 7 D A⁷ D

thrill to run. Good is the day - is the day,
chance to weep. Good is the night - is the night.

(19) I WALK THROUGH THE DARK

I walk through the dark, the dark turns to light.
The dark turns to light in you.
The shadows grow into sunshine bright.
The sunshine grows into you.

I whistle a tune, the wind is all mine,
its value a gift from you.
My poorest song turns to song divine,
my singing grows out of you.

I write simple words, the writing is mine,
its virtue and strength from you.
My words so poor turn to words divine,
my writing grows out of you.

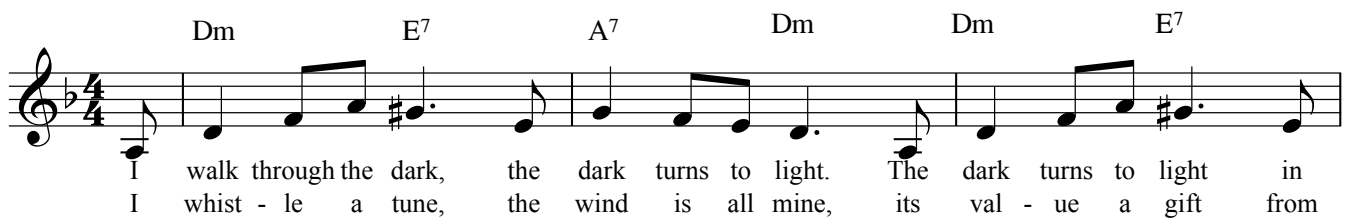
I walk through the night, the night turns to day,
the night turns to day in you.
The twilight grows into golden rays,
the golden rays into you.

I walk through the dark

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

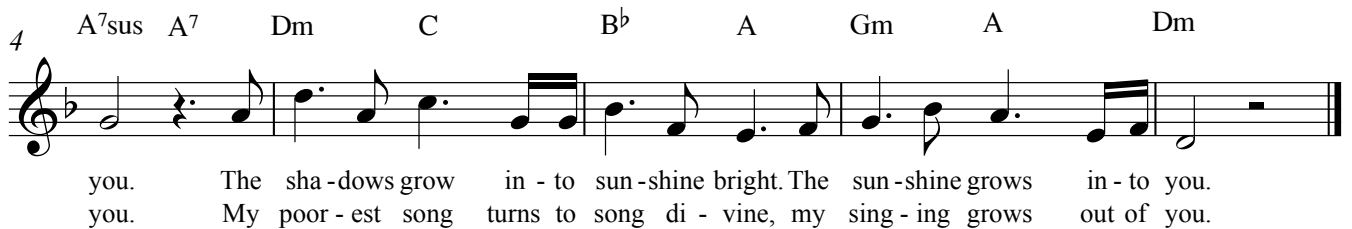
Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Dm E⁷ A⁷ Dm Dm E⁷



I walk through the dark, the dark turns to light. The dark turns to light in
I whist - le a tune, the wind is all mine, its val - ue a gift from

4 A⁷_{sus} A⁷ Dm C B^b A Gm A Dm



you. The sha - dows grow in - to sun - shine bright. The sun - shine grows in - to you.
you. My poor - est song turns to song di - vine, my sing - ing grows out of you.

(20) *LEAVES OF AUTUMN*

Autumn leaves are softly falling, falling.
Far away the summer birds have strayed.
In my solitude, on a tiny flute
I keep playing while I yearn and wait.
That is my pastime I'm playing the hours away.
Out of the mouthpiece the skies turn to blue from the grey.
Fall autumn leaves, keep falling.

With a doubtful smile the sun is shining.
Churning, toss the billows at the shore.
Where I am alone, even resting prone,
I keep playing like I did before.
That is my pastime I'm playing the hours away.
Out of the mouthpiece the skies turn to blue from the grey.
Fall autumn leaves, keep falling.

Leaves of autumn

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

E B⁶/D[#] C[#]m B E B⁶/D[#] C[#]m /B

Au - tumn leaves are soft - ly fall - ing, fall - ing. Far a - way the summ - er birds have strayed.
With a doubt - ful smile the sun is shin - ing. Churn - ing, toss the bill - ows at the shore.

5 A G[#]m B⁷ E C[#]m F[#]7 Bsus⁷ B⁷

In my sol - i - tude, on a tin - y flute I keep play - ing while I yearn and wait.
Where I am a - lone, ev - en rest - ing prone, I keep play - ing like I did be - fore.

9 E B/D[#] A/C[#] G[#]/B[#] E A/C[#]

That is my pas - time I'm play - ing the ho - urs a - way. Out of the mouth - piece the
That is my pas - time I'm play - ing the ho - urs a - way. Out of the mouth - piece the

14 B/D[#] A/C[#] A E B¹³ A B Esus E

skies turn to blue from the grey. Fall au - tumn leaves, keep fall - ing.
skies turn to blue from the grey. Fall au - tumn leaves, keep fall - ing.

(21) NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

I have heard the words: no man is an island,
while in the lonely crowd.
In the empty laughs, the urgent nonsense,
every blustering shout.
Just no man is an island, no man is an island,
an echo - nightmare - scream.
Do you hear the words when seeking an island at day
to enter your dream.

I have heard the words: no man is an island,
from every lonely face.
From the hungry smiles, the hearts in waiting,
hands that yearn to embrace.
Just no man is an island, no man is an island,
an echo - mocking - blue.
Do you hear the words when you feel an island unseen
- and all there is you.

No man is an island

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

B \flat Gm F/A B \flat F 7 B \flat Gm E \flat F 7

I have heard the words: no man is an is-land, while in the lone - ly crowd. In the
I have heard the words: no man is an is-land, from eve - ry lone - ly face. From the

5 Cm 7 Dm F B \flat^4 ³ Cm B \flat F

emp - ty laughs, the urg - ent non - sense, ever - y blus - ter - ing shout. Just no
hung - ry smiles, the hearts in wait - ing hands that yearn to em - brace. Just no

9 E \flat B \flat /D Cm 7 B \flat E \flat Dm

man is an is - land, no man is an is - land, an ech - o, night - mare
man is an is - land, no man is an is - land, an ech - o, mock - ing

12 Gm F B \flat Gm B \flat F

scream. blue. Do you hear the words when seek - ing an is - land at
Do you hear the words when you feel an is - land - un -

15 B \flat E \flat F B \flat

day seen - - to and en - ter there your dream.
seen - - and all there is you.

(22) *TO LIV*

You ask me what I see and I will say to you,
“My eyes behold a world I love and fear.
I witness people cry.
I watch the children play
and walking see the twilight moving near.
I stoop to see the summer grow,
I see the march of hooded snow,
in every vision old a vista new.
But in the smallest grain as in the rambling heights,
yes, everywhere I go I’m seeing you.”

You ask me what I hear and I will say to you,
“My ears are tuned to symphonies of life;
it’s violins so soft
the vibrant saxophones,
the wanton, eerie sounds of drums and fife.
I listen to the living ground,
I laugh with every playful sound,
I’m lost in every low down note of blue.
But in the smallest sigh as in the roaring scream,
yes, everywhere I go I’m hearing you.”

You ask me what I write
and I will say to you:
In every humble word I pray to life.
In every word I die,
in every word I’m born,
in every word are merging joy and strife.
My words are echo off a wall,
an angry shout, a rambling call,
a whisper gone and hidden far from view.
But in my reveries,
in every dream come true,
in every thought of mine I bow to you.

To Liv

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

C Am C F C Dm F⁶ Gsus G

You ask me what I see and I will say to you, "My eyes be-hold a world I love and
You ask me what I hear and I will say to you, "My ears are tuned to sym-pho-nies of

4 C C Am C F C Dm F⁶ Gsus G

fear. I witness people cry. I watch the chil-dren play and walk-ing see the twi-light mov-ing
life; it's vi-o-lins so soft the vib-rant sax-o-phones, the wan-ton, ee-rie sounds of drums and

8 C C Em B^o/F C

near. I stoop to see the sum-mer grow, I see the march of hood-ed snow, in
fife. I lis-ten to the liv-ing ground, I laugh with ev-ery play-ful sound, I'm

11 Am D¹³ G⁷ C Am

ever-y visi-on old a vist-a new. But in the small-est grain as
lost in eve-ry low down note of blue. But in the small-est sigh as

14 C A^b C Dm F⁶ Gsus G⁷ C

in the ram-bling heights, yes, eve-ry-where I go I'm see-ing you."
in the roar-ing scream, yes, eve-ry-where I go I'm hear-ing you."

(23) TO KOLBRUN AND BIRGITTE: A SMALL SONG BY SMALL BEDS

Perhaps you'll ask me if music has meaning for me.
Perhaps you'll wonder if I hear the whispering tree,
if I look for the stars,
if I listen to you,
if I like being free.
Then I'll answer, yes, little love.

Perhaps you'll ask if the sun is a ship in the sky.
Perhaps you'll wonder if moon is a cloud rolling by,
if the winter has teeth,
if the weather feels good,
if the woods ever cry.
Then I'll answer, no, little love.

Perhaps you'll ask me if I like a walk in the sun.
Perhaps you'll wonder if I hate the sound of a gun,
if I believe in peace,
if I believe in love,
if I believe you're five.
Then I'll answer, yes, little love.

Perhaps you'll ask me if war is a wonderful play.
Perhaps you'll wonder if death is a troll by the way,
if the ugly is nice,
if the night is a day
and if you're to blame.
Then I'll answer, no, little love.

Perhaps you'll ask me if I feel the spell of the night.
Perhaps you'll wonder if I like to stay by your side,
if I want you to smile,
if I want you to sleep
and to ask me again.
Then I'll answer, yes, little love.

To Kolbrún and Birgitte: A small song by small beds

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

E B Am⁶ E

Per - haps you'll ask me if mu - sic has mean - ing for me.
Per - haps you'll ask if the sun is a ship in the sky.

5 C#m G#/C B⁶ A E

Per - haps you'll wond - er if I hear the whisp - er - ing tree, if I
Per - haps you'll wond - er if moon is a cloud roll - ing by, if the

8 A E/G# F#m C#m

look for the stars, if I list - en to you,
wint - er has teeth, if the weath - er feels good,

11 F#m C#m C+ E/B Am E

if I like be - ing free. Then I'll an - swer, yes, litt - le love.
if the woods ev - er cry. Then I'll an - swer, no, litt - le love.

(24) *MAYDAY*

My children starve;
what a day, what a day,
they were dying certainly - anyway.
Who am I to fret?
Why should I be low?
The world is a wonderful place.

My brother's shot;
what a sight, what a sight,
it served the pacifist - very right.
Who am I to cry?
Why should I be cross?
The world is a wonderful place.

My sister's raped;
what a day, what a day,
they did it thoroughly - anyway.
Who am I to judge?
Why should I be mad?
The world is a wonderful place.

Oh, my aching tooth;
what a time, what a time,
the torture's ripening – it's a crime.
Who are you to smile?
Go to hell you heel.
The world is a woebegone place.

Mayday

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

E B B/D# E

My child - ren starve; what a day, what a day, they were
My broth - er's shot; what a sight, what a sight, it____

5 A E F#m B E

dy - ing cer - tain - ly an - y way. Who am
served the pac - i - fist - ver - y right. Who am

9 A F#m E C#m

I to fret? Why should I be low? The
I to cry? Why should I be cross? The

13 E B E

world is a won - der - ful place.
world is a won - der - ful place.

(25) *RAIN*

Fountain of spring is falling on my pane.
It's rain, rain, rain.
There's a fragrance of flowers in the rain.
Every bud feels like bursting in the rain.

Droplets of summer singing on my pane.
It's rain, rain, rain.
Like a song made of silver is the rain
and the whole world is humming with the rain.

Torrents of autumn thunder on my pane.
It's rain, rain, rain.
Hands of darkness are drumming in the rain.
Even time feels like trembling in the rain.


Tokens of winter whisper from above.
It's snow, snow, snow.
All the land is the lily white of snow.
Life has withered to grains of falling snow.

Rain

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson


Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Cm G⁷ Cm Cm G⁷ Cm B^b/D



Foun-tain of spring is fall-ing on my pane. It's rain, rain, rain. There's a
Drop-lets of sum - mer sing-ing on my pane. It's rain, rain, rain. Like a

5 E^b B^b7 Cm Cm/G G⁷ Cm



frag-rance of flow-ers in the rain. Ever - y bud feels like burst-ing in the rain.
song made of silv - er is the rain and the whole world is humm-ing with the rain.

(26) *THE TIME IS NOW*

The hours sing an endless song of life,
and every minute tells a newborn story.
The tiny seconds turn the pages roughly.
The tiny seconds turn the pages softly,
for tears, for joy or glory.

Go meet the winds of winter,
the gales like screaming thunder
across the icy waters,
upon your puckered brow.
And in the eerie hellfire,
in every freezing moment
there is an urgent whisper:
your time is here and now.

Come touch the budding flowers.
The symphony of summer
is playing on your senses,
is driving off your fear.
And on the lapping wavelets
a bird is softly crooning:
this is your only morning
your time is now and here.

The time is now
the time is always now.
It tells the when,
but never why or how.
It tells the when, but never why or how.

The time is now

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson/
Paul Áge Johnnesen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Bm F#7 Bm Bm C#m7b5

The ho-urs sing an end-less song of life, and eve-ry mi - nute tells a new-born

4 D D A7 D

sto - ry. The tin - y sec - onds turn the pag - es rough - ly. The

7 D A7 D /C# Bm G Bm

tin - y sec - onds turn the pag - es soft - ly, for tears, for joy or glor - y. Go

11 Bm Em F#7 C#m7b Bm

meet the winds of wint - er, the gales like scream - ing thund - er a - cross the ic - y wat - ers, up -

14 C#7/G# F#7/A# G/B Em A7 D

on your puck - ered brow. And in the eer - ie hell - fire, in ever - y freez - ing mo - ment there

the time is now - II

17 C#m7b5 Em Bm /F# F#7 Bm

is an ur - gent whisp - er: your time is here and now. Come

19 Bm Em F#7 C#m7b5 Bm

touch the budd-ing flow-ers. The sym-pho - ny of sum-mer is play-ing on your sens-es, is

22 C#7/G# F#7/A# G/B Em A7 D

driv-ing off your fear. And on the lap-ping wave-lets a bird is soft - ly croon-ing: this

25 C#m7b5 Em Bm /F# F#7 Bm G/B F#7

is your on - ly morn-ing your time is now and here. The time is now the

28 A7/C# D Em C#m7b5 F#7 Bm /A

time is al - ways now. It tells the when, but never why or how. It

31 G C#m7b5 F#7 Bm

tells the when, but nev - er why or how.

(27) *HALLELUJAH*

Biting deeply out of the air
I'll get fat on my tarry share.
Oily, grimy I don't care
for I'll have my blessing in the morning.
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
We'll be decomposed in the morning.

Blessed hormones built in my hips,
blessed pills at my fingertips,
sucked with greed to lungs and lips,
I long for the results in the morning.
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
We'll all be mutants in the morning.

Blessed water brown on the shale,
blessed streaming foul in the vale,
rain from heaven rank and stale,
we're ready for glory in the morning.
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
We'll rise in sulphur in the morning.

Hallelujah

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

D G D

Bit - ing deep - ly out of the air I'll get fat on my
Bless - ed hor - mones built in my hips, bless - ed pills at my

4 Bm A D G

tar - ry share. Oil - y, grim - y I don't care for
fing - er - tips, sucked with greed to lungs and lips, I

7 D D/F# G⁶ A⁷ D D

I'll have my bless - ing in the morn - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah,
long for the re - sults in the morn - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah,

10 G Bm G D G⁶ A⁷ D

hal - le - lu - jah. We'll be de - com - posed in the morn - ing.
hal - le lu - jah. We'll all be mut - ants in the morn - ing.

(28) TO BIRGITTE

Watch the starry skies.
The stars are twinkling.
Gaze upon the moon. The moon is blue.
In the still of night,
in the magic light
everything belongs to you.
Watch the starry skies.

Hear the drumming seas,
the waters singing.
Sense the river's tireless urge to roam.
If you go astray
you will find a way,
and your strength will lead you home.
Hear the drumming seas.

Move against the wind.
The wind is blowing.
Stand against the tide. The tide is high.
But your dreams are young
and your will is strong.
Let your spirit brave the sky.
Move against the wind.

Move against the sea, the tide, the waves, the wind.
Move against the wind.

To Birgitte

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Dm F⁶ Gm⁶ Dm/A Dm B^b

Watch the star - ry skies. The stars are twinkl - ing. Gaze up - on the moon, the
Hear the drumm - ing seas, the wa - ters sing - ing. Sense the riv - er's tire - less

4 Gm A⁷ C E^ø A^{7(b9)} Dm

moon is blue. In the still of night, in the mag - ic light ever - y -
urge to roam. If you go a - stray you will find a way, and your

7 B^b Asus⁴ A⁷ Gm B^b C Dm

thing be - longs to you. Watch the star - ry skies.
strength will lead you home. - Hear the drumm - ing seas.

11 B^b G/B C G/B A/C[#] B^b/D Dm

Move a - gainst the sea, the tide, the waves, the wind. Move a - gainst the wind.

(29) *YEARNING*

There is an island in the sea,
an island beckoning to me.
Come home again.
Come home to me.
Come home across the waiting sea.

There is a mountain by the sea,
a mountain crying out to me.
Come home again.
Come home to me.
Come home across the raging sea.

There is a flower by the sea
a flower whispering to me.
Come home again.
Come home to me.
Come home across the sleeping sea.

And in my mind I waft away,
the waves are smiling and they say,
“We’ll take you back.
We’ll take you home
to thunder rock and sunlight bay.”


The sea is wide, the mountain high,
the flower small against the sky.
I’m coming back,
I’m coming home,
I’m coming home to rest and die.

Yearning

Arr.:
Paul Áge Johannessen


Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

C/G Dm/G Am⁷/G Em⁹/G Dm/F G/F E⁷



There is an is - land in the sea, an is - land beck - on - ing to me. Come home a -
There is a moun - tain by the sea, a moun - tain cry - ing out to me. Come home a -

5 Am Dm/A F F[♯]° Em/G G⁷ C



gain. Come home to me. Come home a - cross the wait - ing sea.
gain. Come home to me. Come home a - cross the rag - ing sea.

(30) WHILE BILLOWS ROLL

While billows roll, the rivers flow
and skies are painted blue.
My empty fingers grope towards your hand
and every trifling lane I walk is leading home to you.

My life is filled with you, my love,
your laughter in the sun,
your easy charm, your tears of care and strife
and every breath you utter sounds
an urgent prayer to life.

You are mine, my laughter and my tear,
you are mine, so endearingly dear.

While billows roll, the rivers flow
and skies are painted blue.
My empty fingers grope towards your hand
and every trifling lane I walk is leading home to you.

While songs are sung and music works
its wonders on the mind.
While tales are told and thoughts are born to grow
my sorrow's deep, my joy is great
because I know, I KNOW.

My life shall end, I know so well,
but love is ever more
in dreams of every newborn summer's day,
where nothing changes, nothing ends,
and no one fades away.

You are mine, my laughter and my tear.
You are mine, so endearingly dear.

While billows roll, the rivers flow
and skies are painted blue.
My empty fingers grope towards your hand
and every trifling lane I walk is leading home to you.

While billows roll

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

While bill - ows roll, the riv - ers flow and skies are paint - ed blue. My
While songs are sung and mu - sic works its wond - ers on the mind. While

5 D D⁺ G Em A⁷ D F^{#7}
emp - ty fing - ers grope to - wards your hand and ever - y tri - fling
tales are told and thoughts are born to grow my sor - row's deep, my

9 G Em D/A A D D
lane I walk is lead - ing home to you. My life is filled with
joy is great be - cause I know, I KNOW. My life shall end, I

13 Bm G A⁷ D D⁺
you, my love, your laugh - ter in the sun, your eas - y charm, your
know so well, but love is ev - er - more in dreams of eve - ry

17 G Em A⁷ D F^{#7} G Em
tears of care and strife and ever - y breath you utt - er sounds an
new - born sum - mer's day, where no - thing chang - es, no - thing ends, and

While billows roll - II

21 D/A A D D D+

urg - ent prayer to life. You are mine, my
no one fades a - way. You are mine, my

25 D⁶ D+ D /C# Bm /A

laugh - ter and my tear, you are mine, so
laug - ter and my tear, you are mine, so

29 G A⁹ D D Bm

en - dear - ing - ly dear. While bil - lows roll, the riv - ers flow and
en - dear - ing - ly dear. While bil - lows roll, the riv - ers flow and

33 G A⁷ D D+ G Em

skies are paint - ed blue. My emp - ty fing - ers grope to - wards your
skies are paint - ed blue. My emp - ty fing - ers grope to - wards your

37 A⁷ D F#7 G Em D/A A D

hand and eve - ry tri - fling lane I walk is lead - ing home to you.
hand and eve - ry tri - fling lane I walk is lead - ing home to you.

(31) THE WIND AND THE SEA

The wind - a music on my senses,
the wind - a dancing on my brow,
the wind - an echo of my dreaming,
and all my strands of living
are blowing in the wind.

The wind - the crying out of sorrow,
the wind - the singing out of joy,
the wind - a symphony around us,
and all the strings of nature
are playing in the wind.

The sea - a cradle for the living,
the sea - a bosom for the dead,
the sea - a tournament of monsters,
a march of endless shadows
that fall to rise again.

The sea - a tear to touch my being,
a smile to lighten up my soul.

The sea - a wilderness, a wonder,
a wistful revelation,
a caress by a foe.

The sea,
the wind,
the windblown sea.

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

The wind and the sea

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

1 Dm A⁷ Dm A⁷ Dm A⁷ Dm

The wind - a mu-sic on my sens-es, the wind - a danc-ing on my brow, the

5 F C F B^bm D^bmaj D^ø

wind - an ech-o of my dream-ing, and all my strands of liv-ing are blow-ing in the

8 C⁷/E Fm C⁷ Fm C⁷ Fm C⁷

wind. The wind - the cry-ing out of sorr-ow, the wind - the sing-ing out of

12 Fm A^b E^b7 A^b D^bm F^bΔ F^ø

joy, the wind - a sym-phon-y a-round us, and all the strings of nat-ure are play-ing in the

16 E^b7/G A^bm E^b7 A^bm E^b7 A^bm E^b7

wind. The sea - a cra-dle for the liv-ing, the sea - a bos-om for the

20 A^bm C^b G^b7 C^b Em G^Δ A^bø

dead, the sea - a tourn-a-ment of monst-ers, a march of end-less shad-ows that fall to rise a-

24 G^b7/B^b Bm F[#]7 Bm F[#]7 Bm F[#]7

gain. The sea - a tear to touch my be-ing, a smile to light-en up my

28 Bm D A⁷ D Gm

soul. The sea - a wil-der-ness, a wond-er, a wist-ful re-ve-

31 B^Δ B^ø A⁷/C[#] Dm A⁷ Dm

la-tion, a car-ess by a foe. The sea, the wind, the wind-blown sea.

(32) BY THE LAKE AT NIGHT

How shimmering the moonglow
in the cradle of the water,
how ethereal the blanket
of the shadows far and high,
how flimsy move the fingers
of the lights from distant shorelines,
how engulfing the stillness
of nature's blissful sigh.

It's spring again and everything seems new,
so is my love, and feeling close to you,
as night moves on.

How restful cuddle mountains
in the bosom of the skyline,
how unbending the vigil
of the firs along the trail.
A wand of ruffling breezelets
moves across the dreamy hillside,
while on the dawning waters
stirs a meditating sail.

It's spring again and everything seems new,
so is my love, and feeling close to you,
as night goes by.

By the lake at night

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Am Dm E⁷ Dm Am

How shimm-er-ing the moon-glow in the crad-le of the wat-er, how e-the-real the blank-et of the
How rest-ful cudd-le moun-tains in the bos-om of the sky-line, how un-bend-ing the vig-il of the

4 Dm E E⁷ Am F G C/G

shad-ows far and high, how flims-y move the fing-ers of the lights from dist-ant shore-lines, how
firs a-long the trail. A wand of ruf-fling breeze-lets moves a cross the dream-y hill-side, while

7 G^{#o} Am E⁷ F Am/D Am

en-gulf-ing the still-ness of natu-re's bliss-ful sigh.
on the dawn-ing wat-ers stirs a med-i-tat-ing sail.

10 Am/G F⁶/G Dm/G 3

It's spring a-gain and ever-y-thing seems
It's spring a-gain and ever-y-thing seems

13 C C/B Am G Dm⁶ 3

new, so is my love, and feel-ing close to
new, so is my love, and feel-ing close to

17 E E⁷ Am

you, as night moves on.
you, as night goes by.

(33) *A PRAYER*

Turn on the light,
it's dark.
The day is around me,
mocking my pathetic shout.
I miss you.
Please, turn on the light.

Turn on the light, please!
The sun is upon me,
blinding my eyes,
baring my wretched shadow,
searing my naked body,
ripping it open,
drying me, burning me,
gloating upon my ashes.

Please, turn on the light!
Hold the grey mist that is me,
and even my ashes shall whisper:
I miss you!

Turn off the dark,
it's dawn.
The day is around me,
hovering pale on the air
of morning.
Please, turn off the dark.

Turn off the dark, please,
the sun is arising,
born from the night,
breaking the reign of shadows,
caressing sleepy flowers,
blessing them open.
Touching me lovingly,
lost in the arms of morning.

Please, turn off the dark.
Born is a beautiful day,
born is a prayer to life.
I love you.

A prayer

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Gm D7 Gm Eb 3 Cm

Turn on the light, it's dark. The day is a-round me, mock-ing my pa-thet-ic shout. I

4 Gm Eb Bb Gm D7 Gm

miss you. Please, turn on the light. Turn on the light, please! The sun is up-on me,

8 Eb 3 Cm Gm Eb Cm

blind-ing my eyes, bar-ing my wretch-ed shad-ow, sear-ing my nak-ed

10 Gm/Bb Cm Gm Gm/Bb 3 3 Cm 3 D7

bod-y, ripp-ing it op-en, dry-ing me, burn-ing me, gloat-ing up-on my

13 Gm Gm Gm/F 3 Gm/E Eb 3 /D 3 Cm /Bb

ash-es. Please, turn on the light! Hold the grey mist that is me, and

16 Am7b5 3 D7 Gm

ev-en my ash-es shall whisp-er: I miss you!

(34) *MY SONG*

My song is just a sigh,
a whisper on a windy night,
a willow on a hidden shore,
a starlet out of sight.
And so my song is just a sigh that flutters through my brain.
A humble prayer to life to sound again.

My song is just a dream,
my words a humble wish to be
a wave upon a far-off shore,
a breeze that's roaming free.
And so my song is like a dream that wanders through the night,
a prayer in the dark for morning-light.

My song is just a song
that lingers on the autumn air.
It quivers on your silent lips,
and stirs your resting hair.
And so my song is like a bird a-dreaming of a flight
to soar up to the sky, into the night.

My song

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

G Am G/B G/B Am G D/F#

My song is just a sigh, a whisper on a wind-y night, a
My song is just a dream, my words an un-born wish to be a
My song is just a song that ling-ers on the au-tumn air, it

5 C G/B C A⁹ D⁹ D

will - ow on a hidd - en shore, a star - let out of sight. And
wave up - on a far off shore, a breeze that's roam - ing free. And
quiv - ers on your sil - ent lips and stirs your rest - ing hair. And

9 C G/B Em Am C B⁷ D

so my song is just a sigh that flutt - ers through my brain. A
so my voice is like a dream that wan - ders through the night, a
so my song is like a bird a - dream-ing of a flight; to

13 G Am G/B G/D D G

hum - ble pray - er to life to sound again.
pray - er in the dark for morn - ing light.
soar up to the sky in - to the night.

(35) WAITING FOR DAWN

Whispering on my brow, breeze of an early morning,
breeze of an early morning soft on my brow.

The ships of night hover on the air.
No lanterns show the way,
no chants are heard from the hidden bow,
no bells are ringing out.

Abide with me you early morning breeze.

Whispering on my brow, breeze of an early morning,
breeze of an early morning soft on my brow.

The ships are moored in a silent dream.
No sea stirs up their wake,
no wind is filling the phantom sails,
no heels are clacking out.

Abide with me you early morning breeze.

Whispering on my brow, breeze of an early morning
breeze of an early morning soft on my brow.

The ships are battered, the ships are old,
the ships have veered astray,
they gather closely their tarnished sails
and quietly fade away.

Abide with me you early morning breeze.

Waiting for dawn

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Gm Gm⁴/F[#] B^b/F Gm/E E^bmaj⁷ Cm⁶/E^b B^b+/D B^b+/F[#]

Whisp-er - ing on my brow, breeze of an ear - ly morn - ing,
Whisp-er - ing on my brow, breeze of an ear - ly morn - ing,

5 Gm Gm⁹/F Gm/E E^b⁶ D

breeze of an ear - ly morn - ing soft on my brow. The
breeze of an ear - ly morn - ing soft on my brow. The

9 Gm Dm E^b E^b/G Cm/G F[#]dim Gm/F B^b/D

ships of night hov-er on the air. No lant - erns show the way, no
ships are moored in a si-lent dream. No sea stirs up their wake, no

13 Cm F⁷/C Gm/D C[#]dim A⁷/C[#] D

chants are heard from the hidd - en bow, no bells are ring - ing out. A -
wind is fill - ing the phan - tom sails, no heels are clack - ing out. A -

17 Gm A A D Gm

bide with me you ear - ly morn - ing breeze.
bide with me you ear - ly morn - ing breeze.

(36) SLEEP

Close your eyes, now it's night
and the cares of the day
are just memories lost in a cloud.
Dream along, little one,
and your sleep is a song,
and your breath is a music to fly you away.
Now your body is still,
but your soul's roaming free
in a search for a light that may follow you home.
Close your eyes, now it's night
and the world is at peace.
You shall wake to a morning to call your own.

Sleep

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Am Em F C

Close your eyes, now it's night and the cares of the day are just

5 Dm Am Dm⁶ E⁷ Am

mem - o - ries lost in a cloud. Dream a - long, litt - le

10 Em F C Dm

one, and your sleep is a song, and your breath is a

14 Am B⁷ E⁷

mu - sic to fly [#]you a - way. Now your bod - y is

19 Am E⁷ Am E⁷

still, [#]but your soul's roam - ing free [#]in a search for a

23 Am Dm E⁷ Am

light that may foll - ow you home. Close your eyes, now it's

27 Em F C Dm

night and the world is at peace. You shall wake to a

31 F Am E⁷ Am

morn - ing to call your own.

(37) THE WINDS OF THE WINTER

A stormy winter night
I'm walking by the sea.
The moonlit clouds tear broken through the sky.
The screaming billow armies race thundering ashore.
My world seems torn to pieces by and by.

The winds of the winter;
a river of frozen dreams that's haunting my mind.
The wail of a thousand yearnings mocking my soul,
a song so cold,
a singing so old,
the winds of the winter.

A vision fills my mind;
the world has gone astray
I'm lost in space forever doomed to roam.
I'm lonely as the moonlight and longing, but in vain.
I'm lost and gone and never coming home.

The winds of the winter;
a river of frozen dreams that's haunting my mind.
The wail of a thousand yearnings mocking my soul,
a song so cold,
a singing so old,
the winds of the winter.

The winds of the winter

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Am Em F C Dm Am B^ø

A storm-y wint-er night I'm walk-ing by the sea. The moon-lit clouds tear brok-en through the
A vi-sion fills my mind; the world has gone a-stray I'm lost in space for-ev-er doomed to

4 E E⁷ Am E F C Dm Am/E E⁷

sky. The scream-ing bil-low ar-mies race thund-er-ing a-shore. My world seems torn to piec-es by and
roam. I'm lone-ly as the moonlight and long-ing, but in vain, I'm lost and gone and nev-er com-ing

8 Am E⁷ Am E⁷ F⁶ E⁷

by. The winds of the wint-er; a riv-er of froz-en dreams that's haunt-ing my mind. The
home. The winds of the wint-er; a riv-er of froz-en dreams that's haunt-ing my mind. The

12 Am F Dm B^ø E⁷ F⁶ E⁷

wail of a thous-and yearn-ings mock-ing my soul, a song so cold, a
wail of a thou-sand yearn-ings mock-ing my soul, a song so cold, a

15 F⁶ E⁷ Am E+ Am

sing-ing so old, the winds of the wint-er.
sing-ing so old, the winds of the wint-er.

(38) THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY REVISITED

Here I am.
I'm alone outside your door.
I'm alone outside your world
for ever more.
Here I am.
I'm blinded by the sun
and I shiver in the rain.
I'm a rock that broke to pieces
on your shore.

And I'm trying not to love you
and I'm longing to be near you
and I'm trying to forget you
and I'm trying
and I'm crying.

Here I am.
We were doomed to lose our way.
We were lovers in the day
and through the night.
Here I am.
We made music for the wind.
We wrote poems on the air.
We were Gods in darkness
lost in morning light.

And I'm trying not to love you
and I'm longing to be near you
and I'm trying to forget you
and I'm trying
and I'm crying.

Why, oh why?
Why don't yearnings just go by?
Why don't memories just die?
Why is living such a nightmare
of a why?

And I'm trying not to love you
and I'm longing to be near you
and I'm trying to forget you
and I'm trying
and I'm crying.

The Bridges of Madison County Revisited

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárússon

Words & music:
Högni Egilsson

Am E⁷ Am C E⁷ Am C E⁷ Am F Esus⁷ E⁷

Here I am. I'm a-lone out-side your door. I'm a-lone out-side your world for ev-er more.
Here I am.....

5 Am E⁷ Am C E⁷ Am C E⁷ Am C E⁷ Am F

Here I am. I'm blind-ed by the sun and I shiv-er in the rain. I'm a rock that broke to piec-es on your
Here I am.....
Why, oh why?.....

9 Esus⁷ E⁷ Am

shore. And I'm try-ing not to love you and I'm long-ing to be near you and I'm

12

try-ing to for-get you and I'm try-ing and I'm cry-ing.

(39) THE SEVEN MILE SONG

How bright is the beautiful morning!
How bold is the shimmering day!
I'll sing you a song
that is seven miles long
and soon you will smile all the way.

The seven mile song

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words & music:
Högni Egilsson

C F C Am G

How bright is the beau-ti - ful morn - ing! How bold is the shim-mer-ing day! I'll

5 F C/E Am F C F C

sing you a song that is sev - en miles long and soon you will smile all the way. I'll

9 F C/E Am F C F C

sing you a song that is sev - en miles long and soon you will smile all the way.

(40) THE TOUCH OF LIFE

I see you in the nightfall
in fragrant sleepy flowers.
I see you in the lightning
adorning noonday showers.
I see you in the waves
on the windy shores of morning.
I see you in the sparrow.

I see you on the mountain
in rivers swiftly streaming.
I see you in the breathing
of children quietly dreaming.
I see you in the waves
on the windy shores of morning.
I see you in the sparrow.

I see you in the light
of a lonely, bleak December.
I see you in the laughter
of summers to remember.
I see you in the waves
on the windy shores of morning.
I see you in the sparrow.

I find you, walking slowly
the weary grounds of sorrow.
I find you, glad embracing
the promise of tomorrow.
I see you in the waves
on the windy shores of morning
I see you in the sparrow.
I see you in the waves
on the windy shores of morning.
I see you in the sparrow.

The touch of life

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson



I see you in the night - fall in fra-grant sleep-y flow - ers. I see you in the light-ning a -
I see you on the mount-ain in riv - ers swift-ly stream - ing. I see you in the breath-ing of



dorn - ing noon-day show - ers. I see you in the waves on the wind - y shores of morn - ing. I
childr - en quiet - ly dream - ing. I see you in the waves on the wind - y shores of morn - ing. I



see you in the sparr - ow.
see you in the sparr - ow.

(41) *FAREWELL*

When the day meets the night
and the night meets the sky
in the mild evening breeze
I'll be saying goodbye.
And the wavelets will sing
a song for the road,
and the stars shall be blinking up high,
and the stars shall be blinking up high.

When the sky meets the night
and the night meets the day
in the soft twilight glow
I'll be going away.
And the flowers will bow
as I whisper farewell,
and the wind shall be hearing me pray,
and the wind shall be hearing me pray.

When it's time for the road,
and the time for goodbye
when the day meets the night
and the night meets the sky,
I'll be loving you still,
oh, I know that I will,
and my whisper shall sound like I cry,
and my whisper shall sound like I cry.

Farewell

Arr.:
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

$\text{♩} = 90$

Am Am/C G7 C

Where the day meets the night and the night meets the sky in the
sky meets the night and the night meets the day in the
time for the road, when there's time for good bye, where the

6 Am E7 Dm E7 Am

mild even ing breeze I'll be say ing good bye and the wave lets will sing a
soft even ing glow I'll be go ing a way and the flow ers will bow and
day meets the night and the night meets the sky, I'll be lov ing you still ohI

12 E7/B Am/C G/B G7 E7 F E7/G#

song for the road, and the stars will be blink ing up high, and the stars will be
whisp er fare well, and the wind shall be hear ing me pray, and the wind shall be
know that I will, and my whisp er shall sound like a cry, and my whisp er will

19 Am *Fine* x3

blink ing up high.
hear ing me pray.
sound like a cry.
Where the
When it's



*...and thus the "touch of life"
runs through my veins like moving waters.*

*Acutely clear under a brilliant morning sun.
Murky, reflecting heavy clouds of thunder.
Cold in the pale light of a newborn morning.
Warm in the glow of an Indian summer.
Roaring through dark, forbidden canyons.
Whispering in lush, fragrant pastures.*

*... and thus I stand in the waters,
feeling their impact on my body and my mind.*

*Soft as the caress of a small, caring hand. Hard as the fist of untamed violence.
Cold as a winter-storm on the open seas. Warm as the memory of love.*

And I merge with the moving waters ...