

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

17

P. 48 - 49 **TIME'S OF THE ESSENCE**

Gateway to the song:

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.

(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 Lárusson

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.

17

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