

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

22

P. 58 - 59 **TO LIV**

Gateway to the song:

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?

(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 rumbling call,
a whisper gone and hidden far from view.
But in the words I say,
in everything I write,
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 G^{sus} 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 G^{sus} 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 G^{sus} 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."

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