

Högni Egilsson:

# TOUCHED BY LIFE

## *A MUSICAL REFLECTION*

# 30

### P. 76 - 79 **WHILE BILLOWS ROLL**

**Gateway** to the song:

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.

(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 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 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 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 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 D<sup>6</sup> D+ D /C# Bm /A

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

29 G A<sup>9</sup> 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 A<sup>7</sup> 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 A<sup>7</sup> D F#<sup>7</sup> 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.

# 30

## TOUCHED BY LIFE - A MUSICAL REFLECTION

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(20 - 54) Leaves of autumn

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### **(30 - 76) While billows roll**

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