

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

37

P. 92 - 93 **THE WINDS OF THE WINTER**

Gateway to the song:

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.

(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

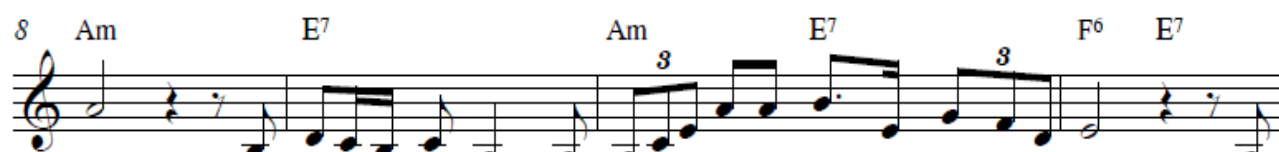
Words and music:
Högni Egilsson



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



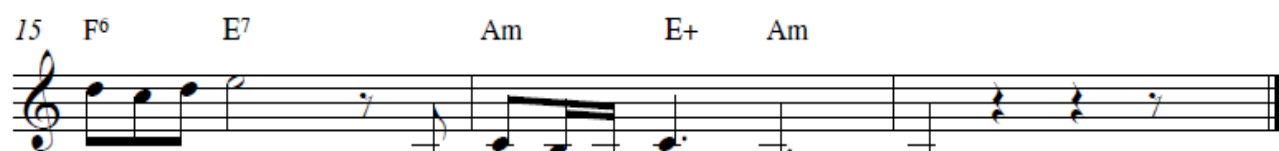
sky. The scream-ing bil-low ar-mies race thund-er-ing a-shore. My world seems torn to piec-es by and
roam. I'm lone-ly as the moonlight and long-ing, but in vain, I'm lost and gone and nev-er com-ing



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



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



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

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Published in Iceland 2012
by Gisli Olafur Petursson
Layout of Music Pages: Edvard Larusson.

*Send actual requests
for music and/or lyric examples to
Iceland Music Information Centre
www.mic.is * itm@mic.is*

ISBN 978-9979-9289-7-3