

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

8

P. 28 - 29 **AT DAWN**

Gateway to the song:

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.

(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 your tears, my little love, it's
See the land a live a gain, it's
late dark at night, stars and moon wane
dark no more. Hear the wisp - y
up a - bove, in earl - y light.
wave - lets dance a - long the shore.
Look, the dawn is com - ing close so
Smell the mist - y morn - ing air, go,
frail meet and the young day.
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.

8

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