

Högni Egilsson:

# TOUCHED BY LIFE

*A MUSICAL REFLECTION*

# 14

P. 42 - 43 **MORNING BREEZE**

**Gateway** to the song:

Nothing is as overwhelming as the birth of a day;  
for the birth of a day really signifies the ever recurring birth of life.  
Before such an event we all stand humble, realizing how tiny we are,  
but at the same time rejoicing in the experience of observing the wonder over all wonders.

*(14) MORNING BREEZE*

How frail the morning,  
how faint the breeze,  
how feignless slumbers the night.  
The dawn is yawning, a day is nigh,  
the darkness gives way to light.  
From above in the vault of winds,  
lit by waning moonglow afar,  
a golden ray falls upon the earth  
from the eye of a shimmering star.  
Crooning waves at the open shore  
overwhelm the musical strand.  
A bird of prey opens up in song.  
The autumn colours the land.

The birth of day is over,  
and in the still of morning  
a chiming bell tells a song of life,  
and softly quivers away.

Now is the moment,  
now is the time  
when life is called to be born.  
This is the hour when angels sing  
an ode to the timid morn.  
Over the sea flies an only bird  
on the winds of hovering dawn.  
The flimsy veil of an after-night  
moves softly dancing away.  
Over the land rests the endless sky  
and the morning paints it aglow.  
The trembling mist wafts away and fades,  
a breeze caresses the bay.

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and in the still of morning  
a chiming bell tells a song of life  
and softly quivers away.

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Published in Iceland 2017  
by Gísli Ólafur Pétursson  
Layout of Music Pages: Eðvarð Lárusson.

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ISBN 978-9935-9190-9-0