



SONGS OF SOARING BIRDS

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In Cold Dark

When sun and peaks slept under the cover of darkness
you whispered grief and fear into my ear,
you endured hardship and bitter winds
and asked me to remain by your side.

In the morning, when the sun appeared
and the song of birds swept away your woes
and our world seemed bright and beautiful
you wanted me to go my own way.

As I wander alone through life
and the dust of time weighs heavy on my mind,
I wish, in my cold and lonesome darkness,
that I could embrace you for a brief moment.

Bed of Bliss

On the shore my memories
gain solidity and strength.
I feel everything that used to be,
the love that was born here,
that moment of bliss that bore fruit
when I walked alone with you.

It is here you glide about the mind's world
as I feel the heart's rhythm
and my soul drifts toward you
as the sun warms my cheek,
so I'll fly away with those birds
that beautify the sky.

Bed of Bliss

I see your angel in the waves
as the blue ocean breathes,
it is here I feel a bright sun and smile
in a gentle southern breeze.
Your warmth enchants my mind
and my heart is content.

The Smile of Spring

When they reach my home, the birds tell me
that their search for happiness is their greatest delight
and, they say that, of course, they find the greatest bliss
as they drift about the blue skies in a gentle wind.

They tell me that the voyage of life is a wonderful quest,
a dance of light and joy that most manage to learn,
they talk about the affection that resides deep within us
and the love that life and hope will bring its children.

I'm a child in a spring breeze where great vistas open up
and heather and moss emerge from the winter shadows.
The birds flying to the seashore tell me
that a single little smile can change a huge world.

The Songbird

I write poetry in the black sand
as the gentle songbird sings,
flying peaceful across the fair country
swiftly, far and wide.

When the day nears its end, I feel
how melancholy pervades my mind
because my lovely songbird
flies away toward the open sea.

But then my joy alights anew
and I forget my broodings
because the songbird sings all the songs
that I write in the in sand.

The Path of Silence

He sits by the window, old and worn,
a grey-haired gentleman, bent by wisdom,
sincerely rejoicing in his dwindling energy,
his sorrows concealed by petrified ink
reflecting an assortment of fragmented memories.
His mighty spirit is ready for the journey
and before long he pushes the boat afloat.

The Path of Silence

His wisdom stored on yellowed pages
with glowing images of a prosperous life,
as merry songbirds gliding across the sky
his soul is released from toil and grief
with all the aspirations that the world awakened.
Away from his friends dwelling in different places
his spirit will sail throughout eternity.

The Path of Silence

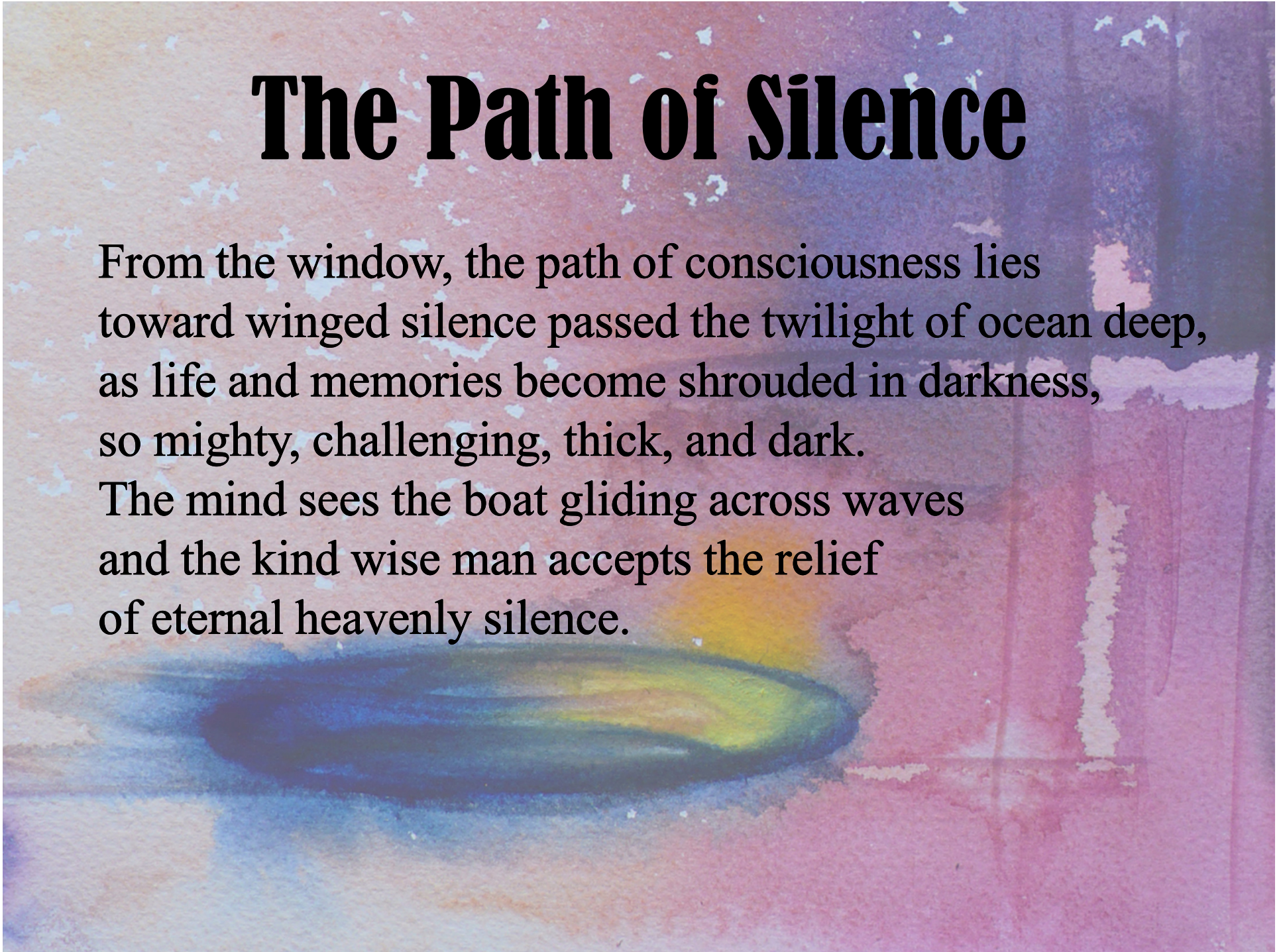
Now the windowpane is coated with salt from the sea
as his soul flutters toward heavenly depths,
and he feels as if his droopy eyes shed tears
as he kneels ecstatic by the rough stones on the shore.

And he longs for a voyage away from sorrows
toward the silence surrounded by the mind's music
belonging to a dream about a world gone by.

The Path of Silence

From the window, the path of consciousness lies toward winged silence passed the twilight of ocean deep, as life and memories become shrouded in darkness, so mighty, challenging, thick, and dark.

The mind sees the boat gliding across waves and the kind wise man accepts the relief of eternal heavenly silence.



Embraced by Birds

While the birds slept, I drifted among clouds
and the abysmal darkness was black
yet hope carried me home on her wings
as I mustered the mind's courage.

In meek stillness, the mind is fertile
and my heart trembles in my chest
as I ponder a dream that I had at dusk
of voices so tender and wise.

As morning breaks, I gaze at a mighty sight
in the earth below an icy wreath
yet, spring flower sweet, my consciousness
awakens with the dance of the birds.

Earth Lament

Weep for true sorrow
and show mercy to all life on Earth,
but do not flaunt your strife
as it is of no concern to most.

You weep for time gone by and vanished vigor,
your tears releasing such strong energy,
yet no one needs grieve for a night forgotten
it is lost and will never return.

Earth Lament

You let your tears relieve your mourning
to lighten the burden of your wounds and anger.
Yet do not mourn a bird flown away
as your future is so much more valuable.

You find strength when the mood is light and fresh,
you let your strings of joy resound
as the world's beauty resides in the smile of the one
who has wept for long enough.

A Bird's Heart

The heart of the bird quivers quietly
and your beauty is divine
as the inner being merges with the outer
in a fire that flares up inside you.

You shiver in terror of the shadow
if your radiant brightness knows
that the dark of night is tapping at your window
even though your glowing soul is warm.

A Bird's Heart

And even if the bird's heart
can conceal its warmth and strength
you want the world to see
the hope that resides in the light.



A Dove

My beautiful dove, let your light wings
lift you to the bright skies of heaven
where you will find an ultimate shelter with all
who walked here down the path of life,
they saw how you made all from nothing,
they could enjoy your highest dreams.
My little poem is my tribute to you.

A Dove

Yes, even if your heart beat stops
resounding with bright hope and desire
in a world where your winding path lay
through a life that you found fairly complicated,
and even if you could never sing songs,
your true nature was all a-glow,
conveying the message of a supreme, wondrous force.

A Dove

Soon, an angel's song will break the silence,
Lightening our sorrows and softening our distress;
we hear at last the true pitch of the world,
creating a solid bond between us.

Now you glide around the skies as a gentle breeze,
in the light, your dream's highest peak appears
as you are now a dove, beautiful and free.

A Waltz

By your portrait I light a candle
and recall the embrace that touched my heart.
Although memories flutter in a distant haze
they fade away without disappearing.

I think of the doves that danced so long ago
and a beautiful dreamlike waltz I describe with words;
I recall how we soared by a wreath of sunflowers,
songbirds directing this loving dance.

Then delight was aroused as dandelion and violet
sought shelter behind the hills and mounds
and touched the delight of love awakened
for a brief moment of life in a rhythm three, four.

The Mirror of Birds

In a mirror, questions wield great powers
although the cracks in the glass control our fate
showing that forces recording history of late
can unite ideas, time, and light like flowers.
The birds sing heavenly praise a-plenty
achieving its purpose when faces come together;
those eyes that float around the river yet to be
and the image of the past longs for joy's soft feather,
yet is burdened with wishes for truth and reconciliation
in the sand on the shore where dreams foam and lather.

The Mirror of Birds

Here you asked me to wait for the day
when you would reappeared in my mirror
and my soul sensed the sound of your words
as I missed your eyes the most.

Then I had to chase the eternal delay
as tearful fear lay quivering in my heart,
because the flesh is weak as the raven alighting
upon the ocean as deep as a smoke all black.

Although the face in the mirror remains,
its reflection exacerbates our struggle with the twilight.

The Mirror of Birds

And still I'm waiting in the distance
and my flickering gaze is wandering in darkness
as if I believe neither in time nor space
but lead my mind toward the light that was extinguished
at night in the churning sea.

Now I feel that my heart is landing
and my mind will be so fresh and so fertile
as your heavenly spirit flies through the air
so beauty and stillness dance on the beach
as the feathers dry in the sparkling sand.

Birds Remembered

At day's end when the sun sets by the sea
and your warm lips emit a radiant smile,
I sit alone in autumn and feel the blessed sunlight
gently covering my deep eyes.

In my mind I see birds that flew from branch to branch
as tears of joy flooded from my cheek,
the song that lived is but a memory;
a bliss eagerly greeted by a joyful mind.

In silent stillness, I will follow for a while
yes, the birds that I saw here before.
Then I glide out to sea to join dream's wonderful world
and the glory of life watches over me.

I Sing for You

As a song loving sparrow I weather my wings and tail,
I wish I could soar toward the clouds' downy fur
and my songs sound so good under the clear skies,
in human hearts, they merge with the dreamy fire of love.

As my tunes turn into friendship and ease,
and wonder expressed in heavenly words,
in the colorful garden they acquire immortal beauty
as their warmth keeps the world from dissonance.

I love to sing in the dark of sparkling life
and the light brings me a deeper and swifter flood of music,
on the loving wings of blissful freedom I glide,
singing for a world that longs to hear my message.

One Chapter

I came to you with two hands full of nothing
and went with you to the city of our dreams
in spring when the world's birds
could fly with love and tender grief.

With you I shared days filled with joyful wonder
and dreams that I took seriously
but now our past is a memory of beauty
preserved in the great book of life.

In fact, it was the heartbeat that dictated
the writing on the wall of love,
because I now have my two hands full of joy,
celebrating all that we once had.