



# Jóhann Hergils Steinþórsson

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## Forspil

### Three little birds

"Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright"  
Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

*Rise up this morning, smiled with the rising sun  
Three little birds pitch by my doorstep  
Singing sweet songs of melodies pure and true  
Saying, "This is my message to you-ou-ou"*

Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright"  
Singing, "Don't worry about a thing (Don't worry)  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

*Rise up this morning.....*

Singing, "Don't worry about a thing (Worry about a thing, oh)  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright (Don't worry)  
Singing, "Don't worry about a thing (I won't worry)  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"  
Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright (I won't worry)  
Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"  
Singing, "Don't worry about a thing (Don't worry about a thing)  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright

*Bob Marley*





## Bæn

### Arms Of An Angel

Spend all your time waiting for that second chance  
For the break that will make it okay  
There's always some reason to feel not good enough  
And it's hard at the end of the day

I need some distraction or a beautiful release  
Memories seep from my veins  
Let me be empty and weightless  
And maybe I'll find some peace tonight

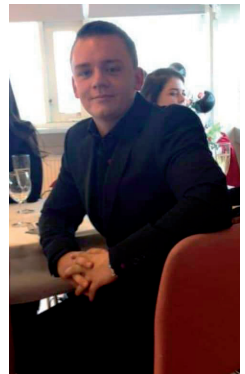
In the arms of an angel far away from here  
From this dark, cold hotel room and the endlessness that you fear  
You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie  
You're in the arms of an angel, may you find some comfort here

So tired of the straight line and everywhere you turn  
There's vultures and thieves at your back  
The storm keeps on twisting, you keep on building the lies  
That you make up for all that you lack

It don't make no difference, escape one last time  
It's easier to believe  
In this sweet madness, oh, this glorious sadness  
That brings me to my knees

In the arms of an angel far away from here  
From this dark, cold hotel room and the endlessness that you fear  
You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie  
In the arms of an angel, may you find some comfort here  
You're in the arms of an angel, may you find some comfort here

*Sarah McLachlan*



# Ritningarlestur

## The Funeral

I'm coming up only to hold you under  
And coming up only to show you're wrong  
And to know you is hard, we wonder  
To know you all wrong, we were

Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh

Really too late to call, so we wait for  
Morning to wake you is all we got  
But to know me as hardly golden  
Is to know me all wrong, they were

At every occasion, I'll be ready for the funeral  
At every occasion once more, it's called the funeral  
At every occasion, oh, I'm ready for the funeral  
At every occasion of one billion day funeral

I'm coming up only to you show you down for  
And coming up only to you show you're wrong  
To the outside, the dead leaves lay on the lawn  
Fore they died, and had trees to hang there upon

Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh

At every occasion, I'll be ready for the funeral  
At every occasion once more, it's called the funeral  
At every occasion, oh, I'm ready for the funeral  
At every occasion of one billion day funeral

*Ben Bridwell*



# Guðspjall

## Just Breathe

Yes, I understand  
That every life must end

As we sit alone  
I know someday we must go

Ohh, I'm a lucky man  
To count on both hands  
The ones I love

Some folks just have one  
Yeah, others they got none

Stay with me  
Let's just breathe

Practised on our sins  
Never gonna let me win

Under everything

Just another human being  
Yeah, I don't want to hurt  
There's so much in this world  
To make me believe  
Stay with me  
All I see

Did I say that I need you?  
Did I say that I want you?  
What if I did and I'm a fool you see  
No one knows this more than me  
'Cause I come clean  
I wonder everyday  
As I look upon your face

Everything you gave  
And nothing you would take

Nothing you would take  
Everything you gave  
Did I say that I need you?  
Did I say that I want you?  
What if I did and I'm a fool you see  
No one knows this more than me  
I come clean

Nothing you would take  
Everything you gave  
Hold me 'til I die  
Meet you on the other side

*Vedder Eddie Jerome*



# Minningarorð

## Hafið er svart

Djúpur er minn hugur eins og hafið  
Gat samt aldrei hugsað mig til þín  
Sátum föst í sama hugarfari  
Sem byrgði okkur sýn - ástin mín

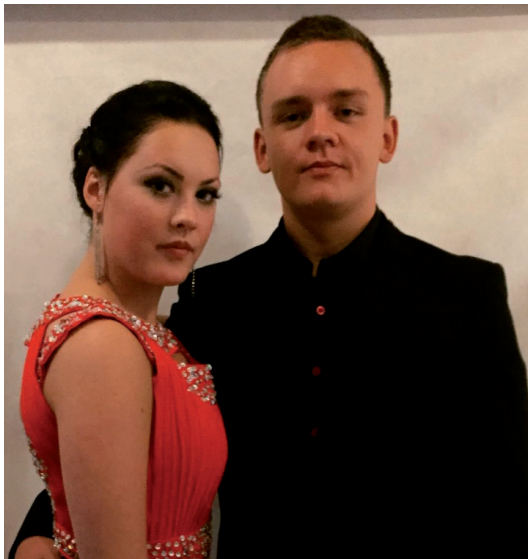
Oft mér birtist mynd á leið að land  
Að lífi mínu og hug ég deildi með þér  
Veruleikinn meiri reyndist vandi  
Og vaninn setti lífsreglurnar mér

Sumir finna sína föstu hillu  
Sjálfur aldrei fann ég þennan frið  
Í klettunum ég klifra í leit að syllu  
Klafinn þungur hangir fastur við  
Verst var þó að óviljandi særa  
Ykkur sem að stóðuð mér þó hjá  
Megi lífið farsæld ykkur færa  
Bráðum þegar farinn verð ég frá

Nú held ég út  
Nú held ég út  
Út  
Nú held ég út  
Nú held ég út  
Út  
Nú held ég út  
Nú held ég út  
Út  
Nú held ég út  
Nú held ég út  
Út

Hafið er svart  
Hafið er svart  
Hafið er svart  
Hafið er kalt  
Hafið er kalt  
Hafið er bjart og friðsælt

*Jónas Sig*



# Bæn - Faðir vor

Yfir Borgina

Ó hve ég er orðinn einn  
En fel það fyrir þér  
Hljótt harm minn ber

Veit hvað gerir mér gott en illa get  
Hætt við götunnar seið  
Eyk mína neyð

Ég reika af stað en þungt er skref  
Því sprottið upp hefur borg  
Með mannlaus torg  
Sem birgir mér sýn og heftir för  
Húsin hratt fjölga sér  
Ég fastur er

Ef ég gæti komist út til þín  
Yfir borgina  
Og fundið leið  
Til að komast aftur heim til þín  
Í gegnum borgina  
Ég brýt mér leið

Reyni að elta þann veg sem vinsæll er  
En fljótt hann leikur mig grátt  
Ég tapa átt

Ó hve ég er orðinn einn  
Vildi ég væri með þér  
Nú harm minn kveð

Ef ég gæti komist út til þín  
Yfir borgina  
Og fundið leið  
Til að komast aftur heim til þín  
Í gegnum borgina  
Ég brýt mér leið

*Valdimar*

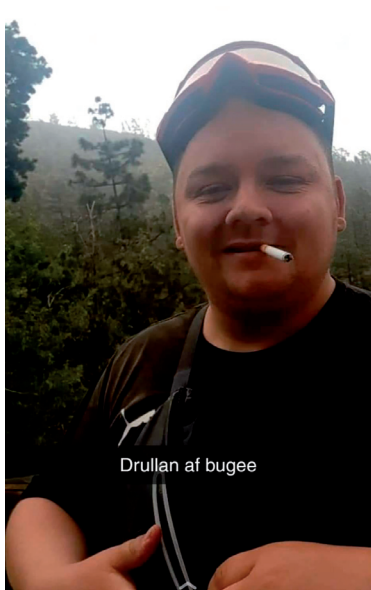


# Moldun

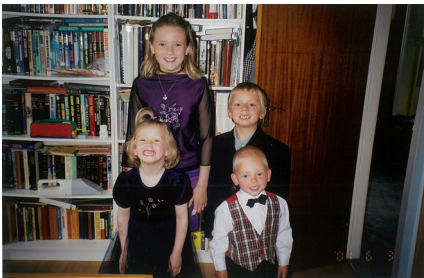
## Leiðin okkar allra

Ég ætla mér út að halda  
örlogin valda því  
mörgum á ég greiða að gjalda  
það er gömul saga og ný  
guð einn veit hvert leið mín liggur  
lífið svo flókið er  
oft ég er í hjarta hryggur  
en harka samt af mér  
eitt lítið knús elsku mamma  
áður en ég fer  
nú er ég kominn til að kveðja  
ég kem aldrei framár hér  
er mánaljósið feugar fjöllin  
ég feta veginn minn  
dyrnar opnar draumahöllin  
og dregur mig þar inn  
ég þakkir sendi, sendi öllum  
þetta er kveðjan mín  
ég mun ganga á þessum vegi  
uns lífsins dagur dvín.

*Þorsteinn Einarsson  
Einar Georg Einarsson*







# Blessun

## Eftirspil

### "Killing Me Softly"

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

I heard he sang a good song,  
I heard he had a style  
And so I came to see him,  
To listen for a while  
And there he was this young boy,  
A stranger to my eyes

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

I felt all flushed with fever,  
Embarrassed by the crowd  
I felt he found my letters,  
And read each one out loud  
I prayed that he would finish,  
But he just kept right on

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

He sang as if he knew me,  
In all my dark despair  
And then he looked right through me,  
As if I wasn't there  
And he just kept on singing,  
Singing clear and strong





Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life with his words  
Killing me



He was strumming my pain  
Yeah, he was singing my life  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

*Charles Fox, Norman Gimbel*





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Séra Dóra Björg Sigurðardóttir jarðsyngur  
Píanóleikari: Birgir Þórisson  
Söngur: Valdimar Guðmundsson  
Útfararþjónusta Borgarfjarðar og Stranda

Aðstandendur þakka innilega samúð og hlýhug  
og bjóða viðstöddum að þiggja veitingar í Jónsbúð að athöfn lokinni.

Bálför fer fram

Jarðsett verður síðar í Akraneskirkjugarði