

Gáhttára Idit  
Vokterens Morgen  
The Guardian's Dawn



*Inga Ravna Eira*

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Vokterens Morgen  
The Guardian's Dawn

Davvi Girji 2019





# The Guardian's Dawn

## *The Herding*

ena ena ena ena  
cus cus cus cus  
ena cus ena cus  
ena ena ena  
cus cus cus

giš giš  
guš guš  
giš guš giš guš  
giš giš  
guš guš

they are turning  
stop the herd

run run

hai hai hai hai  
hoi hoi hoi hoi  
hui hui hui  
huv huv huv

Čebo Čebo Čebo  
Čebo cov Cebo cov  
cov cov cov  
Cebo cov Čebo cov

run run

run run

hai hai hai hai  
huv huv huv huv  
hui hui hui hui  
hoi hoi hoi hoi

giš giš  
guš guš  
giš guš  
giš giš



## *The Gods*

The gods turned the earth  
hiding the gold and wealth  
under the stones  
But the strangers sorryly found it

The gods covered the earth with water  
hiding the oil and wealth  
Under the seabed  
But the strangers sorryly found it

The spirits and the people  
of the underworld fled  
hiding in the mountains  
But were still harassed

How dare they  
challenge gods and spirits



# *Nothing*

Nothing to sacrifice  
to displaced gods  
how to worship unfamiliar gods  
in alien worshipping sites

Nothing  
nothing to sacrifice  
nothing  
nothing at all

Nothing  
nothing to sacrifice  
nothing  
nothing at all

## *My Creator*

Thank you  
my Creator  
for the reindeer that still licks the fawn  
during the spring blizzards  
and for the mosquitoes that still fly  
among green buds

Thank you  
my Creator  
for the triumph of fertility

It is strange  
my Creator  
that the butterflies still fly  
with such bright colours  
and that the cloudberryes still ripen  
during frosty nights

Thank you  
my Creator  
for the triumph of life

Thank you  
my Creator  
for that the snail still shows  
the shape of the calves' antlers  
and for the reindeer ox that  
still is rutting  
while plants wither

Thank you  
my Creator  
for the triumph of fertility

It is strange  
my Creator  
that the northern lights still glimmer  
in the moonlight of the polar night  
and that the sun still rises  
during the cold frost of winter

Thank you  
my Creator  
for the triumph of life

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