

# The Little People of Iceland

Coronatus

Elves and gnomes and  
Trolls and drawf's home  
Magic island  
Called Iceland  
The fireland

Leprechauns and hobgoblins  
All around this place  
All inside these stones  
In this land of fire and ice  
Called iceland, the gate land

The little people  
Of stormy Iceland  
The hidden folk of  
This magic island  
Are living inside  
Some rocks and hummocks  
Behind the cascade  
Under the hillocks

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The pixies and the old imps  
Underneath these rocks  
Beyond the cascades,  
By the hot wells in iceland  
The fire land, the gate land

Those nature spirits  
Are mostly friendly  
To all of those who  
Behave most kindly  
However, if one  
Dares to disturb them  
He will regret it  
And they will haunt 'em.

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Only a few folks  
Can reall see them

But in the dense fog  
You might just hear them  
Some silent whispering  
Around their places  
Will tell of their reign  
Through the ages