## 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
Throught the ages