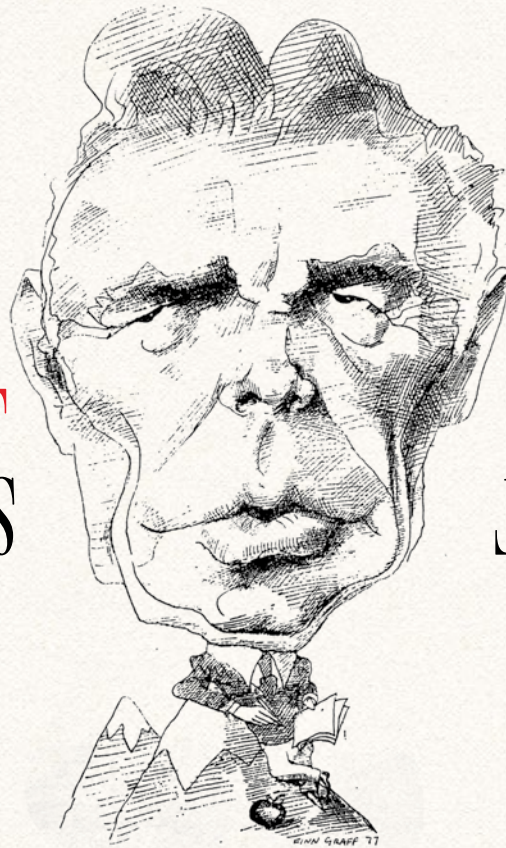


LAWQ  
CLASSICS

TVEITT  
SANGER



SONGS  
TVEITT

Liv Elise Nordskog — Soprano and Signe Bakke — Piano

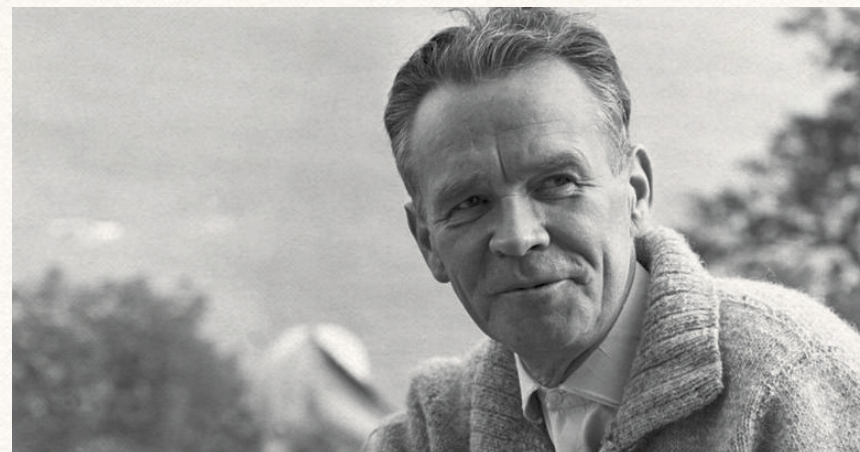
## Delving through Geirr Tveitt's treasure trove of songs

Who was Tveitt as a composer of songs? Did the songs he composed for soprano and piano contain the same raw power and friction, as well as that open impressionistic world of sound we cherished in his orchestral and piano music? This was foremost in our minds as we embarked on the research project at Bergen's Grieg Academy, which was entitled: *(Un)Settling—Sites and Styles: Performers in search of new expressive means*.

In the *Øverland* songs, with their considerable variations in character and expression, we found what we were looking for! We also struck

gold at the National Library in Oslo, where we managed to gain access to the radio programs that featured the premiere performances of precisely these songs. However, it was clear that these performances were from a different time with different ideals, exemplified by the vocal techniques used, with more depth and slower paces, though with a great deal of flexibility in the tempos. There was something foreign, but the slowness and the rubato did not cease to fascinate. It begged the question, could we tolerate that kind of slow tempo today? We felt the need to mimic it—measuring the rubatos from the recordings using the numbers of a metronome, and then imitated and tried them out with the slow tempos.

Diving in further we included songs by Falkberget, Sivle and Hauge, and



here too we experienced a mixed bag, with a broad range of variation between the songs. To highlight these different characteristics in the cycle, we experimented with timbres and at times pushed the extreme limits of what our musical ears could bear—from the thinnest intimate sounds to the most desperate of screams.

We feel that working with these beautiful songs has given us a broader and richer scope for expression. The question is, does it benefit the music? We certainly hope so.

— Liv Elise Nordskog  
and Signe Bakke

## Geirr Tveitt

Geirr Tveitt (1908-1981) is best known as the composer of *A Hundred Hardanger Tunes Op. 150*, as well as the orchestral suites op. 151 with its signature melody, the opening song *Velkomne med Æra*. Tveitt heard this folk poem on his family farm, *Haokostovo*, located 120 metres above Hardanger Fjord near the town of Norheimsund to the east of Bergen. This place was dear to Tveitt and held a central position in the composer's self-understanding and self-image. Indeed, the mythology and wisdom of the people who clung to the wild mountain nature of the western Norwegian fjords for generations became a central theme of Tveitt's music across a variety of genres, from the piano piece *Huldrahaugen*

which premiered in 1934, to the collection of orchestral Hardanger Tunes he released in the 1950s.

There is perhaps no other Norwegian or Nordic composer who managed to colour simple and unrefined folk melodies in such polished and sumptuous orchestral sounds. In many ways, this was a reaction to the modernist aesthetic that emerged in the European urban centres and made its way into Norway in the earlier decades of the 20th century. Tveitt initially aligned himself with the "national" composers, led by David Monrad Johansen, in his eagerness to use his music as an exploration of the 'true' and pure spirituality he saw in Norse history and local Norwegian folk culture.

At times, this passion led him to affiliate with ideological extremes,

including the Neo-Heathenistic circle based in Oslo in the 1930s. After the war, he toned down his ideological battles and foremost on his mind was to find a livelihood. The style he and most of the "national" composers of the interwar generation represented diminished in popularity during the 1950s and 1960s, and Tveitt had little regard for the music emerging at the time, be it electronic, atonal, or serialist.

During this time, the job as a programme consultant for Norwegian National Broadcasting (NRK) came as a blessing. From 1961 to 1975 his mission was to create newly-written music for texts by well-known Norwegian poets, including authors such as Jakob Sande, Arnulf Øverland, Olav H. Hauge, Johan Falkberget, Aslaug

Vaa, Herman Wildenvey, Per Sivle, Knut Hamsun and Sigrid Undset.

He also included programmes with other Norwegian cultural personalities, such as the painter Nicolai Astrup, the painter/fiddle player Lars Osa, the hymn writer Magnus Brostrup Landstad, as well as the explorer Roald Amundsen. This impressive project led Tveitt to compose over 200 new songs during this period, composed in various ensembles, for soprano or bass with orchestra (all the while having the Norwegian Radio Orchestra at his disposal) or for piano ensembles. Indeed, most of the songs included in this release were composed and premiered in connection with Tveitt's work with NRK: 1964 (Olav H. Hauge), 1965 (Johan Falkberget and Arnulf Øverland), and 1969 (Per Sivle).

## The songs <sup>and</sup> the poets

The programme containing songs by Øverland was entitled *Strange* is the house of the stars—*Arnulf Øverland reads, and Geirr Tveitt discusses the new Øverland poetry*. The soloists were Randi Helseth and Hans Glenne, backed by the Norwegian Radio Orchestra. Tveitt conducted, read the poetry, chatted and played the piano. In an interview for NRK's *Programbladet* magazine, he says: "For me, there was no doubt about how the music should be, because Øverland's poems, in all their simplicity, are so phonetically perfect that they are music in themselves. ... What they share with the folk songs is their clarity, and even have a metaphysical touch..."

Arnulf Øverland (1889—1968) was one of the most high-profile poets in Norway since he debuted in 1911 and is perhaps best known for his anti-Nazi poem *Du må ikke sove* (Dare not to sleep), published in 1936. His resistance activities as an anti-war poet during the Nazi occupation of Norway saw him sent to German concentration camps in 1940. Øverland has always been passionately engaged in the fight against oppression, and at times held radical political positions, using his poetry as a weapon. 1919 saw the release of his poetry collection *Brød og vin* (Bread and Wine) which included the texts for the songs *Der flakker så røde stjerner* (Where Red Stars Flutter), *Og si mig hvorfor vil du fare* (Tell Me Why You Want to Leave), *Det jodlet i røde skoger* (There was yodelling in red forests), *Stjernenes hus* (The

House of Stars), and *Et seil glir bort i kveldens blå* (A Sail Glides Away in the Evening Blue).

The collection *Hustavler* (House Notices) from 1929, containing the texts "Lindormen" (The Lindworm) and *Dagvise* (Day Song), is considered perhaps the most successful union of the artistic, humanistic, and politically engaged sides of his poetry. In his observations, Tveitt highlighted aspects of Øverland that had a special significance for him. He quotes Jens Børneboe in the programme, who sees Øverland as "a man who thinks for himself and comes into conflict with the majority," one who does not follow the profitability line and renounces external splendour in favour of inner beauty. Furthermore, Tveitt points out Øverland's sense of the

sacral tone, particularly in *Dagvise* (Day Song).

In setting music to *Lindormen* (The Lindworm), Tveitt emphasises what "resembles the primitive tone in old folk poetry," the archaic and the dramatic. Tveitt's palpable dissatisfaction with the zeitgeist is juxtaposed with a sense of nostalgia. This becomes crystal clear in the discussions, when he asserts that the "conditions of poetry in these modern times" are marked by "something lost", and when he explains his motto as a composer of the songs: "The laconic, introspective folk poems can trigger creative forces through the songs". Øverland's poems are "central, not original". They are "for people when they need them in times of sorrow and joy."

Several of the songs revolve around night and sleep as metaphors for death and fate, such as *I stjernens hus* (In the House of the Star), or in *Et seil glir bort i kveldens blå* (A Sail Glides Away in the Evening Blue). Here peace and tranquility await behind the evening's "blue" and sleep's "black," while the "sail" that glides away stands for a sense of loss. The colours in Øverland's poetry particularly excite the composer's creative interest, especially in *Der flakker så røde stjerner* (Where Red Stars Flutter). According to Tveitt, the colours are "expressions of the stages of the soul." He adds that he perceives the red stars as a scream, a red tone in the star's soul spectre. In the music itself, he emphasises this with the tenor's "scream", where the pitch is held steadily on one and the same tone, creating a dramatic effect.

The Falkberget songs, as with those of Øverland, were recorded at the poet's home. This time the ensemble consisted of bass, soprano accompanied by piano. Johan Falkberget (1879—1967) was a popular and highly-respected author in his time. His works spanned a wide range of themes, from poems of political struggle to lyrics and hymns with a focus on nature. His poetry collection from 1925, *Vers fra Rugelsjøen* (Verses from Rugelsjøen), contained the poems *Vårnatt ved Ruglesjøen* (Spring Night at Rugelsjøen), *Vårmorgen* (Spring Morning), and *I bjørkeskogen klokka fire morgen* (In the Birch Forest at Four in the Morning). This was the result of a 15-year's of writing, where he developed a free, unbound form, and where in his own words he "broke all the limits of verse and sought to create something new ...

in search of an 'unknown land with new revelations of beauty'." The collection received positive reviews and was described as "naked word art," where "profoundly penetrating" and "magnificent" content and vivid descriptions of nature's changing character are glorified in an "infinitely simple and moving individual tone." Indeed it was this tone that Tveitt tried to capture in *Vårmorgen* (Spring Morning). Simply built up over two motives, a floating piano opening culminates in a dreamy vocalise, when the piano starts painting in sparkling, bright tones to the words "star" and "sun", with deeper chord arpeggios being assigned to "foggy grey clouds" and "black trees". In his reflections on this, Tveitt pointed out that these poems express a "longing for the natural and the pure in the mountain wilderness,"

and he also recognises the Christian symbolism in them.

The programme featuring the poems of Olav H. Hauge was recorded at the poet's farm at Håkastad, with Tveitt himself at the piano and the singers Egil Norsjø and Aslaug Kristensen. Olav H. Hauge (1908—1994) is considered one of the foremost Norwegian poets of the 20th century. Born and raised in Ulvik in the Hardanger fjord area of western Norway, Hauge's poetry is strongly focused on the relationship between humans and nature, where traditions from romantic, Norwegian folk poetry and the Old Norse have been carried forward into a more modernist language including elements of Eastern influences, from Japanese haiku to Zen philosophy. In collections such as *Under bergfallet* (Beneath the Crag)

from 1951, deep reflection on the fragility of existence and the thin line between life, downfall, and death is expressed in folk song-like simplicity. The farmer, who lives under a mountain crag that could collapse at any moment, is used by Hauge as a metaphor. The poems from this collection, and especially those chosen by Tveitt, tend to be rather dark and can be read in the context of the post-war experience. In addition, it can be seen as a deeper confrontation with anxiety as a condition of human existence, bringing Hauge closer towards the genre of expressionism.

Tveitt gives the poem *Snø* (Snow) a chorale-like setting, which elevates the snow landscape as a symbol of the sacred and timeless. In *Svarte krossar* (Black Crosses) from the same collection, the crosses lean

forward over frozen ground, where the dead themselves have set down their own crosses and lain under the turf. Tveitt allows the poem text to repeat itself, to a steady and marked pulse in the piano, partly unsettled, partly reconciled with the eternal cycle of life and death. *Fortrolla skog* (Enchanted Forest) appears as one of Tveitt's most ambitious song settings. Here Tveitt uses a characteristic punctuated rhythm motif that appears consistently through his musical language in *Hardingtonar* (Hardanger Tunes). In this song, he paints a fully composed drama, where “evil spirits” in the forest live unfettered and strike back at any sign of life. This dark mood is broken up by *Selje-fløyta* (The Willow Flute). As the brightest song from the collection, it appears as a snapshot, where the piano

casts sunbeams over an old man's memory.

The Per Sivle songs were published as *Sju Sivlesongar* (Seven Sivle Songs) op. 166, and composed in 1957 on the occasion of Sivle's 100th anniversary, and was premiered in the town of Voss by Ingrid Bjoner. Tveitt's children Haako and Gyri illustrated the piano score. Per Sivle (1857—1904) rose to prominence as a poet around the turn of the last century. For this recording, number 6 in the collection, *Lur-leik*, was chosen and is taken from the collection *En fyrstykke og andre viser* (A Match and Other poems) from 1898.

Sivle's life was greatly affected by economic and health problems. In his poetry, he captures the zeitgeist of modern man's yearning at

the turn-of-the-century, where optimism, faith in the future, illness, and a sense of impending doom were contradictory poles that characterised both society and art. In his early poetry, Sivle's strong political commitment was expressed, while later he turned to historical motifs from the old sagas, which have been interpreted as critical observations of his own time. In spite of this, seriousness was not necessarily Sivle's dominant modus operandi, with his burlesque *Vossa-stubbar* (Stories from Voss) standing for a lighter, more humorous tone, and and in terms of genre here he used his local roots and dialect in a highly innovative way.

— Arnulf Christian Mattes



Arnulf Øverland

## DAGVISE

### Hilsen til morgenstjernen

Jeg hilser den rolige morgenstjerne som brenner i syd.  
Jeg hilser den tidlige luftning i løvet, hver våknende lyd.

En bi svinger ut på sin flyktige bane,  
det rauter fra fjøs og så galer en hane.  
O nyskapte stund! O nyskapte stund!  
Det blinker i ruter og blåner i sund.

En gang skal jeg også hilse den høstlige aftens ild  
og vente på den som vil skjære min aker: ham hører den til.

Og når de forrykende jevndøgnstorme  
har ødet og spredt hvad min hånd kunne forme,  
og ribbet mitt tre, og ribbet mitt tre,  
så vær mig velkommen, du stille sne.

## DAY SONG

### Greetings to the Morning star

I greet the tranquil morning star that burns in the southern sky.  
I greet the early breeze in the leaves, each waking sound nearby.

A bee swings out on its fleeting flight,  
a cow lowing softly, a rooster in light.  
Oh, newly born day! Oh, newly born day!  
The windows are gleaming and blue is the bay.

One day I shall also greet the autumn evening's glow  
and wait for the reaper to harvest my field; to him, it will go.

And when the equinox storms have roared  
and scattered what my hands have stored,  
and stripped my tree, and stripped my tree,  
then welcome, oh quiet snow, to me.

## UTOPIA

Å våkne en morgen ved fuglelyd fra skoger i solrødt veld  
det er som å vandre bestandig mot syd fra det hvite fjell.

Og å sovne en aften ved sakte sus av sydens regn  
det er som å finne sitt barndomshus og sin barndoms egn.

Men helst vil jeg våke ved stjernenes brand i angst og tvil,  
og drømme mig inn i mitt eget land mil efter mil

Men helst vil jeg våke ved stjernenes brand i angst og tvil,  
og drømme mig inn i mitt eget land mil efter mil.

## UTOPIA

To wake in the morning with birdsong's sound from forests in red-gold glow  
is like always wandering southbound from the mountains white with snow.

And to sleep at night with the gentle hum of southern rain so fine  
is like finding your childhood home and your memories in a line.

But I'd rather wake by the stars' bright flame in a world of fear and doubt,  
and dream of my own land's name, mile by mile, as it spreads out.

But I'd rather wake by the stars' bright flame in a world of fear and doubt,  
and dream of my own land's name, mile by mile, as it spreads out.

## OG SI MIG HVORFOR VIL DU FARE

Å si mig hvorfor du vil fare og ikke vil ta mig med  
Mit barn, det er svært å svare, jeg farer så langt avsted  
Så sitter jeg her ved ruten, men si når du kommer igjen  
Alle vandrer vi uten å vite hvorfra, hvorhen  
Jeg venter ved blomstertide, jeg venter til sneen sner  
Så lenge kan det vel lide at du ikke venter mer.

## AND TELL ME WHY YOU WANT TO GO

And tell me why you want to go and leave me all alone  
My child, it's hard to answer so, I'm traveling far from home  
I sit here by the window, please tell me when you'll return  
We wander without knowing from where we came, or yearn  
I'll wait until the flowers bloom, I'll wait till snowflakes fall  
But it might take so long, my dear, you won't wait after all.

## DET JODLET I RØDE SKOGER

Det jodlet i røde skoger.  
Det lekte i gyllen lind.  
Farvel, farvel så lenge!  
Det suser i stjerneskin.

Jeg jog i de øde daler,  
om natten falt der sne.  
Og skogene var så hvite,  
Og veiene ikke å se.

Den blanke skrift på himlen  
den slettet han ut med sin hånd  
og svøpte mig inn i mørke  
og pustet ut min ånd.

Men inne i søvnens demring  
der vokste det grønne trær.  
Og en som jeg hadde elsket  
møtte jeg atter der.

Og da jeg søkte tilbake  
da fant jeg et fremmed sted.  
Og den som har elsket noen  
har ikke siden fred.

Og den som har elsket noen  
har ikke siden fred.

## IT ECHOED IN SCARLET FORESTS

It echoed in the scarlet forests,  
A play in golden glen,  
Farewell, farewell, so long!  
Stars whisper in their ken.

I wandered through the valleys,  
Where night's white blankets lay,  
The forests draped in snowy hues,  
Paths lost without a way.

The shiny writings above me  
he wiped it away with his hand  
and then he enwrapped me in darkness  
Where life's last breath did land.

But in the dawn of slumber,  
the trees were growing green  
And one whom I had loved before,  
Again, were finally seen.

And when I sought to return  
I found a foreign ground.  
For those who've loved another  
Peace cannot be found.

For those who've loved another  
Peace cannot be found.

## DER FLAKKER SÅ RØDE STJERNER

Der flakker så røde stjerner, og sorgen har ingen skam.  
Og den som går vill i sin egen sjel, Gud hjelpe ham!

Det lyser rødt av en rute. Der ligger en stue, et hjem.  
Men lukker du mig inn hos dig når jeg engang finner frem?

## RED STARS FLICKER

Red stars flicker high and far, and sorrow has no shame.  
And he who is lost within his soul, God help his name!

A red light shines from a pane. There lies a home so dear.  
But will you let me in to stay when I at last appear?

## FLUEN

Her en stille vinteraften kom en ensom gammel flue  
for å se på hus og flytte, og nu bor hun i min stue.

Og når kvelden kommer til oss, tender jeg et lys i stuen  
og vi summer sakte sammen hver vår vise, jeg og fluen.  
Summ, summ, summ...

## THE FLY

On a quiet winter evening, came a fly so old and lonely  
to view the house and move in, and now she feels so homely.

And when the evening comes to us, I light a lamp so bright,  
and we hum a tune together, both the fly and I at night.  
Hum, hum, hum...



## LINDORMEN

Jeg bor i klippegreften oppunder fjellets kam.  
En gang var jeg en Kongesønn, og jeg kan minnes ham.  
Nu er jeg ormen Gram! Nu er jeg ormen Gram!  
Jeg gikk i rosengården, i gården var en brønn.  
Da hadde jeg en stemor, og jeg var kongens sønn.  
Og hun var ung og skjønn! Og hun var ung og skjønn!  
Jeg eier meget gull, ja jeg eier meget gull.  
Tre kister har jeg gravet ned og hver av dem er full.  
Hvor er den rene jomfru som løser mig av muld!  
Jeg søkte berg og hytte. Prinsesser har jeg tatt.  
Jeg tok dem inn i berget og synt dem min skatt.  
Jeg tar en ny i natt! Jeg tar en ny i natt!  
Jeg gjorde ingen mén, nei jeg gjorde ingen mén.  
De sitter tyst i berget som bleke kristenben.  
Men deres unge brødre har jeg skapt om til sten!  
Jeg liker hvite lam, ja jeg liker hvite lam.  
Syv kongeriker bærer sorg for onde ormen Gram.  
En gang var jeg en Kongesønn. Nu minnes ingen ham.  
Nu minnes ingen ham.

## THE LIND SERPENT

I dwell in rocky crevices beneath the mountain's crown.  
Once, I was a king's own son, and I recall his renown.  
Now I am the serpent Gram! Now I am the serpent Gram!  
I walked in rosy gardens, the garden had a spring.  
I used to have a stepmom, my father was a king.  
And she would dance and sing! And she would dance and sing!  
I own a lot of gold, yes I own a lot of gold.  
Three chests I've buried way down deep, each one a treasure hold.  
Where is the so pure maiden, to free me from this mold?  
I searched through hills and cabins. Princesses I have sought.  
I took them to the mountain and showed them all I'd got.  
I'll take another caught! I'll take another caught!  
I caused them no real pain, no, I caused them no real pain.  
They sit still in the mountain, like statues, oh so plain.  
But I have turned their brothers to stone, with no refrain!  
I care for the white lambs, yes, I care for the white lambs.  
All kingdoms seven mourn the evil serpent known as Gram.  
Once, I was a king's own son, now they don't know who I am.  
Now they don't know who I am.

## VUGGEVISE

Tre liljer står i skove. Mitt lille barn må sove.  
Nu kommer alle stjerner små, -nu kommer alle stjerner små,  
og alver leker mellem strå, -og alver leker mellem strå.

Tre liljer står i skove. Mitt lille barn må sove.  
Nu kommer alle stjerner små, -nu kommer alle stjerner små,  
og alver leker mellem strå, -og alver leker mellem strå.

Tre liljer står i skove. Mitt lille barn må sove.  
Du seiler i en gylden båt, -du seiler i en gylden båt,  
og jeg i hjertet full av gråt, -og jeg i hjertet full av gråt.

Tre liljer står i skove. Mitt lille barn må sove.  
Der er en natt så dyp og svær, -der er en natt så dyp og svær,  
at ingen vet hvor dyp den er, -at ingen vet hvor dyp den er.

Tre liljer står i skove. Mitt lille barn må sove.  
Men det er dine søstre små  
og deres søvn jeg tenker på.  
Men det er dine søstre små  
og deres søvn jeg tenker på.

## LULLABY

Three lilies there may be. Now sleep, my little baby.  
Now come all the stars so bright,—now come all the stars so bright,  
and fairies dance in the moon's light,—and fairies dance in the moon's light.

Three lilies there may be. Now sleep, my little baby.  
Now come all the stars so bright,—now come all the stars so bright,  
and fairies dance in the moon's light,—and fairies dance in the moon's light.

Three lilies there may be. Now sleep, my little baby.  
You're sailing in a golden boat,—you're sailing in a golden boat,  
and my heart fills with aching bloat,—and my heart fills with aching bloat.

Three lilies there may be. Now sleep, my little baby.  
There's a night so vast and grand,—there's a night so vast and grand,  
that no one knows its full demand,—that no one knows its full demand.

Three lilies there may be. Now sleep, my little baby.  
But it's your sisters, oh so dear,  
and their sleep that I do revere.  
But it's your sisters, oh so dear,  
and their sleep that I do revere.

## STJERNENES HUS

Selsomt er stjernenes hus! Selsomt er stjernenes hus!  
Frem kan de skride i rummene uten å vende.  
Gjennom årtusener så vi dem kretse  
og brenne tyst over jordens brus.

Der har vi lest vår lov. Der har vi lest vår lov.  
Midt i det svimlende rum er det redt oss et leie.  
Selv har vi fulgt usynlige skjebneveie som om vi sov.

Alt som hender, er hendt. Alt som hender, er hendt.  
Slekt efter slekt har stupt over samme stene,  
jaget og herjet i flokk og forsmektet alene,  
bygget og brent og brent.

Freden, vår drøm om fred! Freden, vår drøm om fred!  
Hoper nogen oss sammen og byr oss å vandre,  
tumle imellem hverandre og trampe hverandre,  
følger vi med.

Selsomt er stjernenes hus! Selsomt er stjernenes hus!

## THE HOUSE <sup>OF</sup> THE STARS

Strange is the house of the stars! Strange is the house of the stars!  
Forwards they stride through the realms without turning.  
Through the millennia we watched them circle  
and burn above this sweet earth of ours.

There we've learned our law. There we've learned our law.  
In the midst of swirling space, a bed is spread.  
We've followed invisible paths of destiny as if asleep, in awe.

All that happens, have been. Built and burned, it's seen.  
From age to age they've stumbled over the same stone,  
hunted and ravaged, together and alone,  
Through cycles repeated, a truth we've gleaned.

Peace, our dream of peace! Peace, our dream of peace!  
If someone gathers us together and bids us to roam,  
tumble amidst each other, trample, and groan,  
we follow with ease.

Strange is the house of the stars! Strange is the house of the stars!

## ET SEIL GLIR BORT

Et seil glir bort i kveldens blå,  
og sakte faller søvnen på,  
og under nattens stjernebro  
går mennesker og dyr til ro.

Og søvnen faller sort og sær  
på mennesker og dyr og trær.  
Men først bak stjernene et sted  
er søvnen søvn, er freden fred.

Men først bak stjernene et sted  
er søvnen søvn, er freden fred.

## A SAIL GLIDES AWAY

A sail glides away in the evening's hue,  
and slowly descends the sleep's soft cue,  
under the night's starry dome askew,  
people and creatures bid day adieu.

And sleep descends, deep and true,  
on people and creatures, the trees too.  
But far beyond the stars, so deep  
will peace be peace, and sleep be sleep.

But far beyond the stars, so deep  
will peace be peace, and sleep be sleep.



Johan Falkberget

## VÅRNATT

Isen driver—  
driver i sønnavind for revne seil.  
Og mot oss blusser et stålkvitt lys  
som sol fra store speil.

Over svarte råker en islom kretser i store svinger.  
Og vatnet drypper i gyldne dråper  
Og vatnet drypper i gyldne dråper fra spisse vinger.

Isen driver.

## SPRING NIGHT

The ice drifts—  
drifts in southerly winds, tearing sails.  
And towards us flames a steel-white light  
like sun from grand mirrors.

Above black cracks, a loon circles in great sweeps.  
And water drips in golden drops  
And water drips in golden drops from pointed wings.

The ice drifts.

## DEN GAMLE KRONGLEBJØRK

Igjen du står med snø i dine gamle, stive armer,  
og vugger sakte frem og tilbake i den kalde blåst...  
vugger ditt eget sinn i søvn.

Viddenes gråe datter med lenker i den frosne jord,  
her har du stått med drømmer bak ditt blinde blikk  
og ventet på at rusten skulle ete dine lenker over.

En stormnatt vil en lenke springe dypt derved.  
Men er du fri? Å nei!  
Da vil drømmens bilde stille svinne  
og nattens stjerner er vitner til din død.

## THE OLD TWISTED BIRCH

Once again you stand with snow in your old, stiff arms,  
and sway slowly back and forth in the cold wind...  
swaying your own mind to sleep.

The grey daughter of the vastness with chains in the frozen earth,  
here you have stood with dreams behind your blind gaze  
and waited for rust to eat away your chains.

A stormy night will break a chain deep down.  
But are you free? Oh no!  
Then the image of dreams will quietly fade  
and the stars of the night bear witness to your death.

## I BJØRKESKOGEN KLOKKEN FIRE MORGEN

Her står tre ved tre  
som skygger mot den frosne sne.

Å, kronglebjørk! Å kronglebjørk!  
Din stamme er så kvit som duken,  
som er svøpt omkring din rot,  
duken som er foldet ut av englehender  
over lyng og stener under dine grener.

Å, kronglebjørk! Å, kronglebjørk!  
Din stamme er så kvit som duken  
som er svøpt omkring din rot.

Og fra solens røde esse drypper,  
drypper sølv og gull,  
drypper, drypper sølv og gull,  
drypper lydløst ned i dine frosne kvister.

Å, kronglebjørk! Å, kronglebjørk!  
Din stamme er så kvit.  
Så kvit, så kvit.

## IN THE BIRCH FOREST AT FOUR IN THE MORNING

Here stand tree by tree  
as shadows on the frozen lea.

Oh, twisted birch! Oh, twisted birch!  
Your trunk is white as the snow,  
which is wrapped around your root,  
the snow that is unfolded by angel hands  
over heather and stones beneath your branches.

Oh, twisted birch! Oh, twisted birch!  
Your trunk is white as the snow  
that is wrapped around your root.

And from the red forge of the sun dripping,  
dripping silver and gold,  
dripping, dripping silver and gold,  
dripping silently down into your frozen twigs.

Oh, twisted birch! Oh, twisted birch!  
Your trunk is so white.  
So white, so white.

## VÅRMORGEN

Stjerne etter stjerne soper med sine bleke ris  
skoddegråe skyer av det nattblå himmelhvelv.

Og solen går omkring på snøen  
og tenner sine første morgenlys, sine røde morgenlys.

Og svarte trær suser innover heiene i sønnavind,  
suser i sol og sønnavind.

Og en fugl med kvite vinger  
inn i årerøken svinger,  
svinger over kojens måsågrodde tak.

... Skoddegrå skyer av det nattblå himmelhvelv.

## SPRING MORNING

Star after star sweeps with its pale twigs  
fog-grey clouds off the night-blue sky dome.

And the sun moves across the snow  
and ignites its first morning lights, its red morning lights.

And black trees rustle inland over the hills in southern winds,  
rustle in sun and southern winds.

And a bird with white wings  
swings into the smoke-laden oars,  
swings over the cabin's moss-covered roof.

... Fog-grey clouds off the night-blue sky dome.

MÅNEN HANG STOR  
OG MESSINGGUL

Vårnatten var sølvlys og stille,  
månen hang stor og messinggul på en kvist  
i kronglebjørkkrattet nord på åsen.

THE MOON HUNG LARGE  
AND BRASS YELLOW

The spring night was silver-lit and quiet,  
the moon hung large and brass yellow on a branch  
in the twisted birch thicket north on the hill.





Olav H. Hauge

## REVEBJØLLOR

Ut or løynde skogdjup kjem revebjøllor,  
raude grenaderar med grøne spjot.

I kvite steinurdi stikk dei fram og ringlar, ringlar,  
ingen stad i skogen kjem dei slik i brand.

Ut or løynde skogdjup kjem revebjøllor,  
raude grenaderar med grøne spjot.

## FOXGLOVES

Out of hidden forest depths come foxgloves,  
red grenadiers with green spears.

In white stone-enclosures they protrude and coil, coil,  
nowhere in the forest do they come so brightly.

Out of hidden forest depths come foxgloves,  
red grenadiers with green spears.

## FELA

Eg hev ei gomol fela,  
ho heng der på sin vegg  
og vevkon'vev og støv seg  
på stol og skruva legg,  
ho heng der som eit vitne  
med sine strengjer slitne,  
med sine strengjer slitne.

I mange Herrens år hev  
ho hengje der i ro.  
Eg tok ho ned ei kveldsstund  
og ville prøva ho.  
Ho skreik og bar seg ille,  
men let seg endå stille,  
men let seg endå stille.

Eg freista varleg strjuka  
min kjæraste slått,  
men fælte reint av låten,  
og stogga heller brått  
og leita etter veilo  
men fela ho var heil, ho,  
men fela ho var heil, ho.

Det nyttar ikkje spela  
um fela so er stillt,  
når hugen din er brosten  
og ber på sjukt og ilt;  
For det er ikkje fela,  
Men sjeli som skal spela,  
Men sjeli som skal spela.

## FORTROLLA SKOG

Hev du høyrte um den fortrolla skogen?  
Svart og lauvsnøydd låg han langt av leid.  
Aldri såg du dyri der eller fugleplogen.  
Aldri ljoma losen der på heid.

Dagen rann ikkje,  
soli fekk ikkje skina yver marki,  
lagd i daudens vald.  
Ingen varme den klaka stuen tina,  
stormen streid i greino,  
nifs og kald.

Vonde vette der var trygge gøymde,  
og dei kviskra sit og vilde vél:  
–Hugs! Kor godt i gomol tid me drøymde,  
lat ikkje soli lokka med sit spel.

Sov i god ro.  
Lat oss ikkje nækja  
for ein lettlynd våryl gror og knupp.  
Snø og stormar, veit me,  
kjem til å spækja dei  
som let si blomeklukke upp.

## ENCHANTED FOREST

Have you heard of the enchanted forest?  
Black and leafless, far away it lay.  
Never saw you animals there or birds in chorus.  
Never did the huntsman's call there play.

The day did not dawn,  
the sun could not shine over the fields,  
claimed by death's bold hold.  
No warmth thawed the frozen room,  
the storm fought in the branches,  
grim and cold.

Evil spirits hid away secure,  
whispering and willing well:  
–Remember! How sweet in old times we dreamt,  
let not the sun with its game compel.

Sleep in peace now.  
Let's not deny  
one light-hearted spring to bud and bloom.  
Snow and storms, we know,  
will come to harden those  
who let their blossom bells assume.

## SVARTE KROSSAR

Svarte krossar i kvite snjo  
luter i regnet gruve.

Hit kom dei døde  
yver klungermo  
med krossar på herd  
og sette dei frå seg  
og gjekk til ro  
under si klaka tuve.

## BLACK CROSSES

Black crosses in the white snow  
bow in the rain, forlorn.

Here came the dead  
over thorny moor  
with crosses on shoulders  
they set them down  
and went to rest  
under their frozen mound.

## SELJEFLØYTA

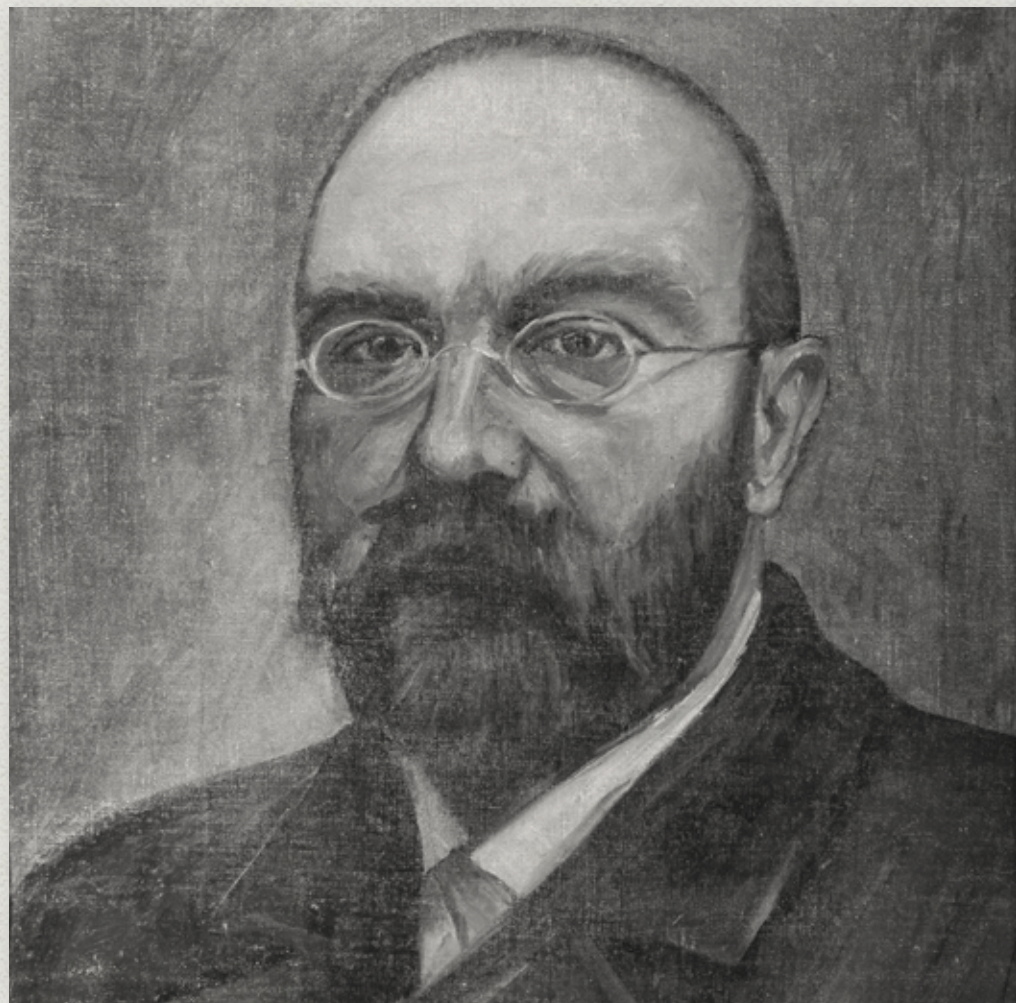
Eg fann ein seljerunne  
ein dag eg hogg ned mork  
og skar ei seljefløyte  
av grøn og savgul bork.

Det var so ven ein vårdag,  
– eg minnest endå godt  
– eg sette meg på steinen  
og bles ein plistreslått.

## THE WILLOW FLUTE

I found a willow thicket  
one day while chopping wood  
and carved a willow flute then  
from bark, both green and good.

It was a lovely spring day,  
– I still remember well  
– I sat upon a stone there  
and blew a tune to tell.



Per Sivle

Og uppe i Fjellom  
der budde eit Troll,  
og det var eit Troll heitte Hein.  
Han hadde ei Stova  
der inni ein Koll,  
og Stova ho var no taa Stein.  
Og Troll  
i Koll  
og Hein  
i Stein,  
han sat der og lydde i Kollen,  
naar Gjenta bles Lur nedpaa Vollen.

Og Jutulen opna  
si Stein-Dør paa Glytt  
og sette si Stein-Hand fyr Truten:  
“Aa vena mi Gjenta,  
aa skund deg og flytt!  
kom upp og ver Kona i Nuten  
hjaa Troll  
i Koll,  
hjaa Hein  
i Stein!  
Eg breider deg Gull-Tjeld paa Tilja,  
um du meg vil vera til Vilja!”

“Nei, du er so gamall  
og graakald og tung  
og kann inkje kyssa fyr Trynet.  
Og eg er so spretti  
og raudleitt og ung  
og frisk som ein Vaardag i Synet.  
Du Troll  
i Koll,  
du Hein  
i Stein  
— aa lium og lu-um og lilja!  
eg vil deg kje vera til Vilja!”



## Liv Elise Nordskog

Liv Elise Nordskog obtained her masters at the Grieg Academy, University of Bergen, majoring in Richard Strauss's lieder. She has been a soloist with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra on numerous occasions, as well as with the Pori Sinfonietta in Finland and the musicians from the BIT20 Ensemble. In 2012, she sang with the Ottawa Brock Consort in Ottawa, Canada.

She has performed the Wesendonck songs by R. Wagner with various ensembles, as well as works by several other composers including Pergolesi, Andriessen and Crumb. She also has a keen interest in songs from the 20th century.

In addition to her achievements as a vocalist, Liv Elise Nordskog has been employed as a violinist in the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra since 1987.



## Signe Bakke

Signe Bakke is Professor of Piano and Accompaniment at the Grieg Academy, University of Bergen, where she has been employed since 1992. She gave her debut concert in 1981, and since then she has been active as a soloist, chamber musician and accompanist. She has been closely affiliated with the Edvard Grieg Museum—Troidhaugen in Bergen, where she has regularly given concerts for over twenty years. Bakke has had engagements at the Bergen International Festival and has been featured at the Ultima—Oslo Contemporary Music Festival as well as many other festivals abroad.

Bakke has collaborated with many composers and her premiere performances include works by

Ketil Hvoslef, Morten Eide Pedersen, and the Japanese composer Karen Tanaka. The recording *Crystalline*—*Piano Works by Karen Tanaka* (2L, 2011) received excellent reviews internationally. Bakke has also recorded several CDs featuring the works of Edvard Grieg.

In 2021 she was honored together with James Clapperton, BIT-ensemble, René Wiik and Craig Farr, winning the *Spellemannpris* (The Norwegian Grammy Awards) in the category of contemporary music for the recording *Soccorsi*, featuring the music of the Norwegian composer Morten Eide Pedersen (1958—2014).

# Liv Elise Nordskog and Signe Bakke

Liv Elise Nordskog and Signe Bakke have enjoyed a close and fruitful collaboration for many years, performing numerous concerts featuring songs from the Norwegian and international classical repertoire. They also share a common interest in tracking down lesser-known repertoires. On the 100th anniversary of Olivier Messiaen's birth in 2008, they performed several concerts with a programme exclusively devoted to his works, with Liv Elise Nordskog both singing and playing the violin. In 2013, they released the CD *Pour Mi*, featuring works by Olivier Messiaen and his first

wife Claire Delbos, receiving very positive reviews both in Norway and internationally.

This CD with songs by Geirr Tveitt is part of a research project focusing on Norwegian music at the Grieg Academy in Bergen.

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## Geirr Tveitt 1908—1981

### Sanger til dikt av Arnulf Øverland:

1. Dagvise (hilsen til morgenstjernen) 02:31
2. Utopia 03:56
3. Og si mig hvorfor vil du fare 01:48
4. Det jodler i røde skoger 02:13
5. Der flakker så røde stjerner 01:16
6. Fluen 00:58
7. Lindormen 03:15
8. Vuggevise 04:04
9. Stjernens hus 06:20
10. Et seil glir bort i kveldens blå 02:39

### Sanger til dikt av Johan Falkberget

11. Vårnatt 01:52
12. Den gamle kronglebjørk 02:15
13. I bjørkeskogen klokken fire morgen 02:47
14. Vårmorgen 01:57
15. Månen hang stor og messinggul 01:59

### Sanger til dikt av Olav H. Hauge <sup>op. 243</sup>

16. Revebjøller 01:25
17. Fela 02:36
18. Snø 01:13
19. Fortrolla skog 03:12
20. Svarte krossar 03:31
21. Selje-fløyta 00:46

### Sanger til dikt av Per Sivle

22. Lur-leik 03:52