

Yellow Sands

Daniel Sæther — countertenor

Expect the unexpected

‘Expect the unexpected’ is a well-known line from the play *An Ideal Husband* by Oscar Wilde. I experienced the true meaning of this saying about 10 years ago, when a colleague introduced me to some music by the Norwegian composer Arne Nordheim, composed for countertenor and theorbo. The piece titled ‘Three Unexpected Songs (1993)’ sparked my interest in Norwegian contemporary music composed for historical instruments. The collaboration between Carl Høgset and Arne Nordheim served as a major source of inspiration for the development of my own repertoire and my collaborations with Norwegian composers.

While studying music in England, I became closely acquainted with the works of several composers. Among them was Benjamin Britten, who had a close collaboration with the English countertenor Alfred Deller, for whom the role of Oberon in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* was written. I also became familiar with Michael Tippett’s work and the story behind his collaboration with Alfred Deller on ‘Songs for Ariel’, with texts from *The Tempest* by Shakespeare. As a countertenor studying in England, I had the opportunity to take lessons alongside other countertenors and quickly developed a sense of ‘lineage’; a living tradition tracing back to Deller. It was a tradition rooted in the preservation of historical repertoire yet equally committed to its renewal and the creation of something new.

The works presented on this recording emerge from that tradition yet reflect a personal approach in the choice of text and form. They have given me the opportunity to immerse myself in Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*, Renaissance poetry, biblical dramas in cantata form, and the humanistic poetry of Henrik Wergeland, which explores what it means to be a human in this world.

The quote ‘life can only be understood backwards (it must be lived forwards)’ by Kierkeg-

aard has stayed with me throughout the years, and its meaning captures the essence of my love for the music on this album. As a countertenor, I feel most confident when I build bridges; standing with one foot in the past and the other in the present. Musically, the works resonate with the ears of our time, but in terms of the texts, they deeply affect me because I recognise myself in them, encountering the same thoughts that were present several hundred years ago. The retrospective glance in the text casts the present in a new light, opening a door to a world that, in many ways, resembles our own, with our time as its backdrop.

These early (and surprising) musical encounters between Nordheim, Britten, and Tippett have evolved into a series of significant experiences, culminating in this latest album, ‘Yellow Sands’, which features curated works by Bjørn Kruse, Gisle Kverndokk, Lene Grenager and Herman Vogt. The journey towards this album began with ‘Unexpected Songs’ (2020) and ‘Vintersong’ (2022), both recorded at LAWO Classics, and inspired by pioneers of English and Norwegian contemporary music.

Finally; I’m eternally grateful for the opportunity to collaborate with all these composers and artists, whose long-standing contributions have made this album a reality.

Daniel Sæther, Artist

‘Yellow Sands’ – Songs for Ariel

Ariel is a central character in the play *The Tempest* by William Shakespeare. He is a magical spirit, serving Prospero, the main character and former Duke of Milan. Ariel is a complex character who plays a crucial part in the story, carrying out Prospero’s commands with his supernatural powers. He is neither human nor entirely divine, but rather an ethereal being, embodying the element of air and the magic of nature.

The Tempest is one of Shakespeare’s most musical plays, rich with songs that are woven into the plot. Ariel’s songs are magical and poetic.

I find Ariel’s airy and celestial nature to be a perfect fit for a countertenor. By using baroque instruments such as the bass theorbo, recorder, and viola da gamba, my intention is to create a world of sound that is both timeless and true to the spirit of Shakespeare.

Baroque instruments also have a distinctive airy character. The bass theorbo, with its long and resonant strings and tones, creates a lyrical and harmonic foundation in the composition. I use the great range of the viola da gamba both as an accompaniment and also as a melodic counterpoint to the vocals. The recorders, representing Ariel’s ethereal nature, imitate birdsong, the buzz of bees, and the whisper of the wind, enhancing the sense of Ariel’s deep connection with nature.

‘Come unto these yellow sands’ is from Act 1, Scene 2 of *The Tempest*. The song is part of Ariel’s magical powers and is used to guide Ferdinand, the prince of Naples, closer to Prospero and Miranda. Here, Ariel is using his song as an instrument to manipulate and enthrall.

‘Full fathom five’ is one of the most famous songs from *The Tempest*, also appearing in Act 1, Scene 2. The song is directed at Ferdinand and speaks of his father, Alonso, whom

Ferdinand believes drowned in the storm and now lies at the bottom of the sea, five fathoms deep.

Shakespeare’s text captures both the mysterious power of the sea and the human ability to transform through the forces of nature.

‘While You Here Snoring Lie’ is a short song performed by Ariel in Act 2, Scene 1. In this song, Ariel is attempting to rouse the sleeping Gonzalo, an honest adviser, to prevent a plot against Alonso, the King of Naples.

‘Where the Bee Sucks’ is performed by Ariel in Act 5, Scene 1. The song reflects Ariel’s joy at the prospect of soon being freed from Prospero’s service. Ariel identifies with the bee, a symbol of both hard work and pleasure. The bee rests upon the flower’s bell and soars through the air like the bat.

Shakespeare has always been a source of inspiration for me as a composer. I have composed music for many productions of his plays and have always been captivated by his magical and musical world. This is a sentiment shared by countless composers throughout the centuries. It has also been a pleasure to collaborate with such a distinguished countertenor as Daniel Sæther and his talented musicians. Writing for these unique instruments has been both exciting and instructive.

Gisle Kverndokk, Composer

Tre Canzoni

I am delighted that Daniel asked me to write a piece based on the Italian songs from Canti Carnascialeschi (Carnival Songs), which he supplied.

My interest in the philosopher Mikhail Bakhtin's concept of the carnivalesque fits perfectly with the constellation of the three selected songs, which deals with the hidden secrets and desires of love, along with the pain of doubt and uncertainty about the future: emotional certainty versus rational doubt.

They form a classic triad of insight into both the compositional structures and the themes of the lyrics by establishing a dialogical tension between love and pain, even while living a hard-working life.

I perceive the second song as dramaturgically related to both the first and last songs.

The man working the soil is the motif of the first song, illustrating the virtue of living off the earth.

The joy and pain of feeling careless love is the theme of the second song, pointing to the third song, which deals with the joys of play and frivolous thoughts, while there still is no certainty about tomorrow – “Di doman non c'è certezza”.

Björn Kruse, Composer

Then the Lord spoke to the Fish and it vomited Jonah out upon dry Land

In *Then the Lord spoke to the fish*, I use an old form, old instruments and an old text: The solo cantata form, baroque instruments and a biblical text are the starting point for an exploration of the timbral possibilities of the instruments in the work. I have been inspired by the series of baroque solo cantatas that were written each Sunday for the church service based on the Sunday's current text.

My work is based on the story of Jonah in the whale's belly (Jonah 2, 1-11). This story is dramatic and evocative, even though the biblical passage in which it is told is remarkably undramatic, as the title *Then the Lord spoke to the fish and it vomited Jonah out upon dry land* suggests. At the same time, the chapter contains a lengthy poetic prayer that is well suited as an aria. In addition to the biblical text, I have searched for the story in ancient Islamic and Jewish sources. This story is part of the common material of the three religions and the story is elaborated in different ways in the different sources. For example, both Islamic and Jewish sources describe what it looked like inside the whale's belly and what it was like to be inside. I've used the biblical story as a framework, but I've reworked the text and combined it with parts of text from different sources to create a cantata. The only part of the text that is directly quoted is in the movement “Prayer”, where I have used the poetic prayer from the Bible.

Musically, I've been inspired by baroque forms and the old instruments themselves, the recorder, viola da gamba and theorbo. I've been looking for timbral and technical possibilities that are not easily realised on newer instruments. I use elements from older compositional techniques, such as a circular harmonic series, recitatives and, not least, allegories; musical elements that directly represent physical phenomena, in this case waves, the sea and the depths of the ocean. At the same time, I use newer techniques and soundscapes.

The singer has to be both a countertenor and a baritone. The countertenor is the narrator and the main voice in the piece, while the baritone voice is used when Jonah has direct lines in the piece.

The work consists of five parts: “Introduction”, where we're told that Jonah is fleeing from the Lord on a ship when a storm hits them – “Calming the Sea”, where Jonah asks the crew to throw him overboard to calm the storm and where he is swallowed by the whale – “Inside the Whale”, where we learn what it's like inside the whale's belly – “Prayer”, where Jonah prays to the Lord to be saved – “On Land”, where the Lord speaks to the whale and it vomits Jonah out upon dry land.

Lene Grenager, Composer

Winter Flowers

Winter Flowers – four poems by Henrik Arnold Wergeland, set to music by Herman Vogt

- I. *How often shall we thank God?*
- II. *The Butterfly*
- III. *I wish I were a bird!*
- IV. *For My Wallflower*

The four poems by Wergeland, for which music has been composed, express a deep love for life and nature, as well as reflections on what it means to be human in this world. As with the rest of Wergeland's poetry, a profound sense of humanism is found at the centre of the four poems.

Henrik Wergeland (1808–1845) is a powerful representative of the humanistic ideals of the Age of Enlightenment and, at times, a revolutionary ahead of his time, as a rebel and radical, a defender of Jews, and a religious free-thinker. (In a letter to Nicolai Wergeland, dated 17th May 1845, he writes: ‘I die as a Deist, as a sincere worshipper of Allah’). Wergeland's unwavering stance on religious freedom, tolerance, and human rights is reflected in his views on equality, individual opportunity, and the intrinsic value of children. At the same time, existential themes are fundamental to his views: questions about life and death, and about how humanity perceives itself in relation to the whole – nature, the cosmos, and the divine.

It is in the tension between the beauty of the ‘small’ and ‘close’ and the eternal, profound questions that the work written for Bragernes Barokk finds its balance.

‘How often shall we thank God?’ is Wergeland's reworked translation of a poem from the German folk poetry collection *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (‘The Boy's Magic Horn’). Wergeland expands the poem from 18 to 26 lines. ‘The lines are longer and now feature a wavy rhythm,’ writes literary historian Sonja Hage-

mann in the book *Winter Flowers in the Nursery*. 'Through small inventions and changes, he has captured the seasons, night and day, flowers and stars; the landscape becomes alive and animated.' This poem is one of the four in *Winter Flowers* that is not strophic; instead, it takes the form of a prayer based on a litany.

'The Butterfly' is a children's poem – a genre Wergeland focused on extensively from an educational perspective. It reflects Wergeland's unique ability to truly perceive the simple and beautiful in nature, while simultaneously illuminating the grandeur of 'creation'. While studying composition at the Norwegian Academy of Music, I had a one-on-one session with the Italian composer Salvatore Sciarrino, one of the most remarkable and influential figures in contemporary music. I had just had my first child when he asked me: 'Have you ever written music for children? How about writing a piece for your newborn son?' The idea quietly matured for 19 years, until the birth of my second child. 'The Butterfly' is the result of the seed Sciarrino planted in my mind all those years ago.

'I Wish I Were a Bird!' is an exceptional poem. The bird symbolises the human longing for freedom, standing in contrast to the earthly limitations of our existence. In the music, the flute reflects the bird's ability to '...float freely over the valley, and to see in an instant its beauty! And let the gaze lower on a spot, I would rather think...' The cello, primarily a bass instrument, represents true human limitation in this movement, yet simultaneously reflects the longing for freedom as it rises upwards:

*With the bees' joy from bud to bud
my lustful eye would chase
all over the roofs of the town
and seek, what I love, up!*

'For my Wallflower' was written in 1845, shortly before Wergeland passed away. He was bedridden and quite ill during the last year of his life. Once again, we encounter Wergeland, who writes a beautiful poem inspired by the simple and close elements of nature, about the small flower outside his window. This illustrates Wergeland's striking ability to illuminate life's great questions through close-up images of his surroundings; the fleeting nature of existence, the cyclical character of nature, and the timeless thoughts on life and death:

*When I yell: open the window up!
my last look gets your golden top.
My soul kisses you,
while it flies free.*

Literature professor Jørgen Magnus Sejersted writes the following in the Great Norwegian Encyclopedia: 'Wergeland's poetry teems with ideas and images, expressing an intense sense of life'. In small details, the great questions in life about love and death, religion and history, and identity and humanity are reflected.' Great themes may perhaps be illuminated in new ways when nearly 200 years separate these worlds of ideas. Creating a connection to the past and those who came before us can hopefully teach us something about who we are as humans and possibly foster an awareness of continuity – a mental grounding in today's fleeting world.

Herman Vogt, Composer

Yellow Sands –Four Songs for Ariel

from “The Tempest”
by William Shakespeare

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss’d
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
[Burthen (dispersedly, within): Bow-wow]
The watch-dogs bark!
[Burthen: Bow-wow]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FULL FANTOM FIVE

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
[Burthen: Ding-dong]
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

WHILE YOU HERE DO SNORING LIE

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Tre Canzoni

from Canti Carnascialeschi,
by Lorenzo de’Medici

CHE BELLA VITA / WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

(Ignoti/Anonymous 15th Century)
Che bella vita ha al mondo un villanello
Che ‘l giorno con due buoi per un campo ara!
Se gli è d’inverno sì ricopre quello
D’un sacco ch’è la veste sua più cara;
Se gli è d’estate in camicia e’n cappello,
“Anda giù! – senti’ dir con voce chiara,
E la sera rimena a casa e’ buoi
Et pasce loro et sè et dorme poi.

*What a fine life is the farmer’s in the open air,
Who plows the field with his two oxen by day!
If winter comes he covers his body bare
With a sack, his costliest garment; and he may
In summer wear a shirt, a cap upon his hair.
“Giddap!” you hear him in his clear voice say.
The night brings him and his oxen home again;
He feeds them, feeds himself and slumbers then.*

MADRIGALE / MADRIGAL (Matteo Maria Boiardo (1441 – 1494))

Canti meco, innamorati augelli,
Poi che vosco a cantar Amor me invita;
E voi, bei rivi e snelli,
Per la spiaggia fiorita,
Tenete a le mie rime el tuon suave.
La beltà, che io canto, è sì infinita,
Che il cor ardir non have
Pigliar lo incarco solo;
Ch’egli è debole e stanco,
e il peso è grave.
Vaghi augeleti, vui ne gite a volo,
Perché forsi credeti
Che il mio cor senta duolo,
E la zoggia ch’io sento non sapeti.
Vaghi augeleti, odeti;
Che quanto gira in todo
Il mare, e quanto spira zascun vento,
Non è piacer nel mondo,
Che aguagliar se potesse
a quel che io sento.

*Sing with me, you little amorous birds,
Since Love invites me now to sing with you;
And you, bright brooks, green swards,
Where flowers blossom too,
Keep with my rhymes harmonious
rhythm sweet.
Beauty, of whom I sing, is so complete
That my heart does not dare
To carry the burdon alone;
For it is weak and worn, the weight to bear.
Wandering birds, you fly away again,
Perhaps since you believe
My heart is full of pain,
And the joy I feel you cannot conceive.
Wandering birds, perceive:
As great as are the waters hurled
At sea, however great winds blow,
There is no pleasure in this world
That can compare with that I know.*

TRIONFO DI BACCO ED ARIANNA / THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS AND ADRIANE (Lorenzo il Magnifico, de’ Medici (1449 – 1492))

Quant’ è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c’è certezza.
Quest’ è Bacco e Arianna,
Belli, e l’un dell’altro ardenti:
Perché ‘l tempo fugge e ‘nganna,
Sempre insieme stan contenti.
Queste ninfe e altre genti
Sono allegre tuttavia.
Chi vuol essere lieto, sia:
Di domani non c’è certezza.
Questi lieti satiresti
Delle ninfe innamorati,
Per caverne e per boschetti
Han lor posto cento aguati:
Or da Bacco riscaldati,
Ballon saltan tuttavia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c’è certezza.

*How fair is youth that flies so fast!
Then be happy, ye who may;
What’s to come
Is still unsure.
Here are Bacchus and his lady,
Both so fair and both in love;
And, since time is swift and cheating,
In delight they dwell together.
Joyous are these Nymphs and others!
Then be happy, ye who may;
What’s to come
Is still unsure.
These laughing youthful Satyrs,
In the woodlands and mountains,
Spy upon the luring-places
of the Nymphs whom they adore!
Warm with Bacchus now they dance and leap!
Then be happy, ye who may;
What’s to come
Is still unsure.*

Then the Lord Spoke to the Fish and it Vomited Jonah out upon Dry Land

From biblical verses and traditional texts
adapted by the composer.

INTRODUCTION

Jonah ran from the Lord. He
found a ship and went into it.

But the Lord hurled a mighty
storm upon the sea and the ship
was in danger.

The sailors cast lots to decide
who had angered the Lord
and the lot fell on Jonah.

He said: Toss me into the sea
and it will quiet down.

CALMING THE SEA

They tossed him into the sea to
his knee-joints and the sea
calmed. They brought him back
on to the ship and the storm
raged again.

They tossed him into the sea to
his neck and the sea calmed.
They brought him back on to
the ship and the storm raged
again.

They tossed him entirely into
the sea and the storm ceased
from its raging.

A great fish swallowed Jonah
and he was in the belly of the
fish three days and three nights.

INSIDE THE WHALE

Whale, O Whale! We shall not
make Jonah into your
sustenance! Rather We make
you a retreat for him, a
sanctuary.

The darkness of the belly.
The darkness of the sea.
The darkness of the night.

He entered the whale's mouth
and he stood therein. The two
eyes of the fish were like
windows of glass giving light to
Jonah.

One pearl was suspended in the
belly of the fish, and it gave
illumination to Jonah, like the
sun which shines with its might
at noon, and it showed Jonah all
that was in the sea and in the
depths.

Jonah said to himself, «What is
that sound?» And the Lord
revealed: This is the sea fauna
glorifying God.

PRAYER

I called to the Lord out of my
distress, and He answered me.
Out of the belly of hell I cried,
and You heard my voice.

You cast me into the deep, into
the heart of the seas, and the
flood surrounded me. All Your
billows and Your waves passed
over me.

Then I said, 'I am cast away
from Your sight; yet I will look
again to Your holy temple.'

The waters encompassed me;
even to my soul the deep
surrounded me; weeds were
wrapped around my head.

I went down to the foundations
of the mountains; the earth with
its bars was around me forever;
yet You have brought up my life
from the pit, O Lord my God.

When my life was ebbing away,
I remembered the Lord; and my
prayer came to You, into Your
holy temple.

ON LAND

Then the Lord spoke to the fish,
and it vomited Jonah out upon
dry land.

Vinterblommer

– Winter Flowers

Four Poems by

Henrik Arnold Wergeland

HVOR OFTE SKAL GUD TAKKET? /

HOW OFTEN SHALL WE THANK GOD?

Saa mange Gange som der er Sand
paa Havsensbunden, paa Flodens Strand,
som der er Blommer paa Eng om Vaaren,
som der er Draaber af Blod i Aaren,
som der er Stjerner paa Nattens Hvælv,
som jeg har syndet mod Gud, jeg Selv,
som der i Skoven er Bar og Blade
og Straa og Agner i Bondens Lade,
som der er Torne i Nypehæk,
som der er Smaafisk og Steen i Bæk,
som Træet kløves kan ud i Splinter,
som Sneens Flokker i barsken Vinter,
saamange Gange som der er Myg
om Sommerqvellen paa Flodens Ryg,
som der om Høsten er sorte Krager
som der er Ax paa en vakker Ager,
som der er Penge i Engelland,
som der er Gnister i Ildebrand,
som der i Kummerens Barm er Taarer,
som der er Spørgsmaal og Raad hos Daarer,
som der er Tagsteen paa Kongens Slot,
som man har Venner, naar det gaaer godt,
som der er bølgende Græs paa Marken,
som der var levende Dyr i Arken,
saa mange Gange, og flere med,
skal Gud lovprises i Evighed.
Amen!

*As many times as there is sand
on the ocean bed, on the river strand,
as flowers on the fields in spring reign,
as there are drops of blood in the vein,
as there are stars in the night sky,
as I have sinned against God, have I,
as in the forest there are leaves
and in the farmhouse straw and reeds,
as there are thorns in the bushlet,
as there are fish and rocks in the inlet,
as the tree can be cleaved to splinter,
as the snow rages in harsh winter,
as many times as there are mosquitoes
on the river side in summer's eve,
as there are black crows at harvest
as grain on the farm after a tempest,
as there is money in England,
as there is sparks in firebrand,
as tears in the bosom of the sad,
as there is questions and advice in the mad,
as there are shingles on the king's roofs,
as you have friends, when fortune behoves,
as the grass waves in the park,
as there were living animals in the ark,
as many times, and more too,
shall God eternally be thanked by you.
Amen!*

SOMMERFUGLEN / THE BUTTERFLY

Den prægtigklædte Sommerfugl
er fløjen fra Guds Haand.
Han gav den gyldne Ringe
og røde Purpurbaand.

Han lærte den at flyve højt,
højere end jeg er.
Den har nok Fuglens Lyster,
men ei dens Duun og Fjer.

Og alle Verdens Mennesker
og alle Kongebud
ei gjøre kan en Sommerfugl.
Det kan alene Gud.

*The dashing butterfly
has flown from God's hand.
He gave it golden rings
and red purple band.*

*He taught it to fly high,
higher than I am.
It has the wants of the bird,
but not it's down and feather.*

*And all the World's people
and all the king's bids
cannot make a butterfly.
God alone can do it.*

GID JEG VAR EN FUGL / I WISH I WERE A BIRD

Hvor ofte steg det Suk med Svalen,
at svæve fri henover Dalen,
og samle i eet Blik dens Pragt!
og lade Øjet frit sig sænke
paa hvilken Plet, jeg helst vil tænke,
og speide om som Ørn paa Vagt!

Men arme Suk har intet Øje.
Hvi længes du da mod det Høje,
du blinde Taage fra min Barm?
Din Taare ned i Græsset triller,
mens over dig en Lærke spiller
et Haanvers over dig saa arm.

Se Jordens Drot maa ta'e til takke
med Skuet fra en liden Bakke,
med tunge Flugt af Kjærrehjul!
Det lave Krat, en Gjørderække
tør stolte Aandeøje stække.
-- O gid jeg var en Fugl! en Fugl!

I blottet Ynde da den hele
velsigte Dal for mig vil knæle.
Med Biens Fryd fra Knop til Knop
mit lystne Øje vilde jage
henover alle Bygdens Tage
og søge det, jeg elsker, op!

*How often the sigh rose with the swallow,
to float freely over the valley,
and to see in an instant its beauty!
And let the gaze lower
on a spot, I would rather think,
and look as an alert eagle!*

*But sad sighs have no eye.
Why do you long for the sky,
blind fog from my Bosom?
Your tear rolls to the grass,
while a lark plays above you
a spiteful verse so mean.*

*See, Earth's meek must be thankful
for a gaze from a little hill,
with the heavy escape of wheelbarrow!
The low bush and fence
dare to restrain the proud eye of the spirit
-- Oh I wish I were a bird! A bird!*

*By Grace alone when the whole
blessed valley would kneel for me.
With the bees' joy from bud to bud
my lustful eye would chase
all over the roofs of the town
and seek, what I love, up!*

TIL MIN GYLDENLAK / FOR MY WALLFLOWER

Gyldenlak, før Du din Glands har tabt,
da er jeg Det hvoraf Alt er skabt;
ja før Du mister din Krones Guld,
da er jeg Muld.

Idet jeg raaber: med Vindvet op!
mit sidste Blik faar din Gyldentop.
Min Sjel dig kysser, idet forbi
den flyver fri.

Togange jeg kysser din søde Mund.
Dit er det første med Rettens Grund.
Det andet give du, Kjære husk,
min Rosenbusk!

Udsprungen faaer jeg den ei at see;
thi bring mig Hilsen, naar det vil skee;
og siig, jeg ønsker, at paa min Grav
den blomstrer af.

Ja siig, jeg ønsker, at paa mit Bryst
den Rose laa, du fra mig har kyst;
og, Gyldenlak, vær i Dødens Huus
dens Brudeblus!

*Wallflower, before you lose your shine,
I am that from which all is created;
yes, before you lose your crown's gold,
then I am dirt.*

*When I yell: open the window up!
my last look gets your golden top.
My soul kisses you, while
it flies free.*

*Twice I kiss your sweet mouth.
Yours is the first in righteous ground.
The other you give, my dear, remember,
my rosebush!*

*I get not to see it sprung;
bring me a message, when it has begun;
and say, I wish for my grave
that it withers.*

*Yes, say that I wish that on my chest
the rose lays, that you have from me kissed;
and, wallflower, be in the house of death
its bridal torch!*

Daniel Sæther

Countertenor Daniel Sæther studied at Royal Birmingham Conservatoire (2005–2010) and the Royal Academy in Den Haag (2010–2011). He has performed as a countertenor in Norway and abroad since 2011, including concerts in Sweden, Italy, Spain, England, Vietnam and Brazil, with a wide-ranging repertoire from early music to contemporary.

In Norway he often appears as soloist and ensemble singer, both in concert settings and opera. In the autumn of 2019 Sæther had a singing engagement at the National Theatre in its production of *Forelska i Shakespeare* based on the film *Shakespeare in Love* and received glowing reviews in the Norwegian press for his contribution. From 2018–2020 he was awarded the government grant Statens Arbeidsstipend to work with contemporary music for countertenor on baroque instruments and document this in concerts and recordings.

Sæther is a founding member of Ensemble Freithoff and Ensemble C4, both of which perform chamber music in Norway with a focus on Renaissance and Baroque music.

In 2020, Sæther released the album *Unexpected Songs* (LWC1204) for which he was nominated as Singer of the Year at the German Opus Klassik awards in 2021. His second solo album in 2022 *Vintersong* (LWC1236) achieved nominations in four categories.



Daniel Sæther, countertenor
Caroline Eidsten Dahl, recorder
Jadran Duncumb, theorbo
Vegard Lund, theorbo
Andre Lislevand, viola da gamba
Anders Eidsten Dahl, organ
Anne Stine Dahl, cello

Yellow Sands Gisle Kverndokk

01. Come Unto These Yellow Sands_04:23
02. Full Fathom Five_06:36
03. When You Here Do Snoring Lie_04:09
04. Where The Bee Sucks_06:28

Tre Canzoni Bjørn Kruse

05. Che bella vita_04:50
06. Madrigale_08:13
07. Trionfo di Bacco ed Arianna_04:55

Then the Lord Spoke to the Fish and it Vomited Jonah out upon Dry Land Lene Grenager

08. Introduction_01:14
09. Calming the Sea_02:56
10. Inside the Whale_05:23
11. Prayer_04:32
12. On Land_00:32

Vinterblommer Herman Vogt

13. Hvor ofte skal Gud takkes?_05:00
14. Sommerfuglen_03:37
15. Gid jeg var en Fugl!_05:34
16. Til min Gyldenflak_07:37

RECORDED IN BRAGERNES CHURCH, DRAMMEN,
13. SEPTEMBER 2023, 14. SEPTEMBER 15. JANUARY
AND 26. JANUARY 2024

PRODUCER: VEGARD LANDAAS
BALANCE ENGINEER: THOMAS WOLDEN
EDITING: VEGARD LANDAAS
MASTERING: THOMAS WOLDEN
BOOKLET NOTES: DANIEL SÆTHER, GISLE KVERNDOKK,
BJØRN KRUSE, LENE GRENAGER, HERMAN VOGT
TRANSLATION TRE CANZONI: L.R.LIND
BOOKLET EDITOR: TORGEIR M. LANDAAS
COVER DESIGN: ANNA-JULIA GRANBERG / BLUNDERBUSS
ARTIST PHOTO: ANNA-JULIA GRANBERG / BLUNDERBUSS

THIS RECORDING HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE WITH SUPPORT FROM:
ARTS AND CULTURE NORWAY / THE AUDIO AND VISUAL FUND
AND NORWEGIAN SOCIETY OF COMPOSERS



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CD STEREO / RECORDED IN DXD 24BIT/352.8KHZ