



NORDIC NOËL

MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND — MEZZO-SOPRANO
NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN — PIANO

I love Christmas music! From time to time, on my journey through the world's repertoire of songs, I've encountered Christmas pieces by composers both well-known and obscure. Songs I hadn't known existed, yet which convey the spirit and atmosphere of Christmas just as beautifully as the familiar classics we know so well. Based on this, I got the idea to create a different kind of Christmas album, one that features many lesser-known songs and introduces new melodies into the rich landscape of Christmas music that shapes the season's atmosphere.

Most of the songs on the album are written by Norwegian composers. One exception is *O Magnum Mysterium* by Morten Lauridsen. This piece is one of the most beautiful compositions I know in the Christmas repertoire. It is mostly known as a choral piece, so I couldn't resist including the version for voice and piano when creating the Christmas album. In addition to Morten Lauridsen, the album features many well-known Norwegian composers, including Edvard Grieg, Catharinus Elling, Christian Sinding, Eivind Groven, Eyvind Alnæs, Johan Kvandal, and David Monrad Johansen. It is also wonderful to include the two Christmas songs by Frederikke Egeberg. She may not be the best-known of Norwegian composers, but she was an active composer and performer, particularly in the musical life of Christiania during the second half of the 19th century.

I'm also delighted to include the very special arrangement of *Silent Night* by Nils Anders Mortensen on this album.

My previous Christmas album, *Sæle Jolekveld*, was released in 2012. Here, I present my absolute favourite Christmas classics, featuring timeless gems by Max Reger, Adolphe Adam, Richard Strauss, and Hugo Wolf, alongside beautiful Norwegian melodies arranged for strings and piano. I'm still very fond of that Christmas record, but with this release, I hope to shine a light on a different side of Christmas music. *Nordic Noël* is a tribute to the many composers who have written beautiful Christmas pieces, several of whom have since been forgotten. Enjoy!

Marianne Beate Kielland



EDVARD GRIEG
(1843–1907):

Julens Vuggesang

Christmas Lullaby

Lyrics: Adolf Langsted

Du har saa blød en Vuggeseng,
mit Barn! som nogen Prinsedreng,
men derfor minder jeg dig om,
din Frelzers var kun et Krybberum.

Din Vugge er saa bred av Fang,
og lunet trindt af Silkehang;
thi vil jeg, Du skal tænke paa,
din Frelzers var kun redt med Straa.

Din Vugge har en Gang saa let
og Moders Fod blev aldrig træt;
thi vil jeg, Du skal agte paa,
din Frelzers maatte stille staa.

Den stod paa Jord foruden Gang,
foruden Dun og Silkehang;
thi beder jeg dig: tag ham ind
og vug ham i dit bløde Sind.

*You have so soft a cradle bed,
my Child! as any prince has had,
but still I remind you true,
your Saviour had a manger too.*

*Your Cradle's wide, your sheets are Fine,
and Silk and warmth around you shine;
remember this, my little One,
he lay in straw, the holy Son.*

*Your Cradle rocks with gentle ease
and Mother's Foot can never cease;
consider this, My child, I pray,
his crib stood still that holy day.*

*No rocking there, no silk, no down,
he slept on Earth, no royal gown;
I beg you now: with heart made whole
rock him within your tender Soul.*

MORTEN LAURIDSEN
(1943–):

O magnum mysterium

Lyrics: fra julens responsorier

O magnum mysterium,
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum,
iacentem in praesepio!

O beata virgo, cuius viscera
meruerunt portare
Dominum Christum.

Alleluia!

EIVIND GROVEN
(1901–1977):

Moderens korstegn

Mother's Cross

Lyrics: Henrik Wergeland

– Vaagn op da, Barn! Det er Juledags Gry.
Spurven alt sidder i Neget paany.
Op, op! og se den deilige Flor,
som over det hele Vindu grø!r!

Den maa du tyde, den Billedbog!
Den taler din Juledrøms yndige Sprog.
Det er dine Drømme den Julenat,
i Glas og Ramme af Englene sat.

Men mellem det Alt du finder dog vist
de tvende Korstegn af Rosenkvist.
Du der kan se Paradiis, om du vil.
Den Mængde af Blommer strækker nok til.

Blandt Blommernes Mængde og
Stjernernes Flok
du finder de blomstrende Korstegn da nok.
Thi Jesus selv i det Drømmespind
som herligste Pryd har flettet dem ind.

*– Wake up, my child! Christmas Morning is here.
The sparrow is perched in the Field so near.
Up, up! and behold the lovely bloom,
that spreads across the window's room!*

*You must decipher this, this Picture book!
It speaks the Language of your Christmas dream.
These are your dreams on this holy night,
in Glass and Frame by Angels' light.*

*But amidst it all, you will surely find
the sign of the Cross of Rose entwined.
There, if you wish, you may see Paradise.
The Blossoms are surely enough to get by.*

*Among the Flowers and
the Starry Throng
the blooming Crosses will not be long.
For Jesus himself in the dream's bright thread
has woven them in as an Adornment for your head.*

FREDRIKKE EGEBERG
(1815–1861):

Julemorgen

Christmas Morning

Lyrics: Johan Sebastian Welhaven

Jeg stod en Julemorgen, taus og ene,
Og læned Hovedet mod Kirkemuren;
Mat slog mit Hjerte, blegnet laa Naturen,
Min Taare brændte paa de kolde Stene.

Da, lig en Aandeskares Hosianna,
Frembruste Orglets Tonehav derinde,
Og Stormen gik i Kirkegaardens Linde,
Og Sneen lyste som et himmelsk Manna.

Og Stjernen saa jeg over Huset tindre,
Og gennem Stormens Flugt og Orglets Tone
Jeg hørte Menighedens fromme Psalmer.

Da sank en stille Lindring i mit Indre,
Et vaarligt Vift af Evighedens Palmer,
Og bedende jeg stod for Herrens Trone.

*I stood alone, on Christmas morning still,
And rested my head against the churchyard wall;
My Heart beat slow, the World lay pale and chill,
My Tear burned hot upon the frozen Stone.*

*Then, like a Spirit's heartfelt Hosanna,
The organ's music rolled in waves within,
And the storm swept through the graves' pale linden,
And Snow shone down like Manna from the sky.*

*And over the Church I saw the Star alight,
And through Storm's flight and Organ's solemn Tone
I heard the Congregation's humble Psalms.*

*A gentle Ease settled in my Soul,
A vernal breath of eternity's palms,
And pleading I stood before the Lord's throne.*

CARL GUSTAV SPARRE OLSEN
(1903–1984):

Julesang

Christmas Song

(lyrics: Sverre M. Halbo)

Det danser stjerner i vinternatt,
en solhvervsdans gjennom himmelhaller.
De finner hvile ved frossent kratt
som små, stillferdige snekrystaller.
Naturen fryser, men fredfullt lyser
den hvite jul.

Det blinker stjerner på juletrær
med velkomsthilsen til solens venner.
En gammel glede blir ny og nær
når ringen sluttet av varme hender.
Vi møter atter i lek og latter
den glade jul.

Det tenner stjerner i barnesinn,
en blank forventning om festens time.
Men andre speider bak nattens grind
mot morgendemringens røde strime:
Vil julen komme før år er omme,
den gode jul?

*Stars dance in the winter night,
a solstice waltz through heaven's halls.
They rest by thickets frozen white
like gentle, dreaming snowflakes fall.
Nature lies still, yet the holy
Christmas shines white.*

*Stars glimmer on the Christmas trees
a welcome light to the friends of the sun.
An ancient joy turns new and close
when the circle is closed by warm hands.
Through play and laughter we meet
the joyous Christmas.*

*Stars are kindled in children's eyes,
a gleam of joy for the feast to come.
But others seek through darkened skies
the reddening line where dawn is born:
Will Christmas come before the year dies,
the good Christmas?*

DAVID MONRAD JOHANSEN
(1888–1974):

Barn Jesus i en krybbe lå

Baby Jesus in a Manger Lay

Lyrics: H. C. Andersen

Barn Jesus i en krybbe lå,
skjønt himlen var hans eie;
hans pute her blev hø og strå,
mørkt var det om hans leie.
Men stjernen over huset stod,
og oksen kysset barnets fod.
Halleluja, halleluja, barn Jesus!

Hver sorgfull sjæl blir frisk og glad,
kast av din tunge smerte;
et barn er født i Davids stad
til trøst for hvert et hjerte.
Til barnet vil vi stige ind
og blive børn i sjæl og sind.
Halleluja, halleluja, barn Jesus!

*Baby Jesus in a manger lay,
though heaven was his home;
his pillow here was straw and hay,
the darkness was his dome.
But the star above the rooftop stood,
and the ox kissed the child so good.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, baby Jesus!*

*Each sorrowful soul, take heart and sing,
cast off your heavy pain;
a child is born, our promised king
in David's town this night.
To the child we'll humbly go
and become as children's souls.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, baby Jesus!*

SVERRE BERGH
(1915–1980):

Eg høyrer klang av klokkekor

I Hear the Bells Ring Out Tonight

Lyrics: Peder Steinnes

Eg høyrer klang av klokkekor.
Dei ringjer jula inn.
Eit bod med von til frossen jord
og fred til skremde sinn.
Ei signa helg, ei høgtidsstund
vil vekkje liv av vinterblund
i mørke, kalde nord.

Med barnerøyst i barnesong
og einfeld barnetru,
eg jublar med av hjartans trong
og ser ei himmelbru
der englar viser lei og veg
og Jesusbarnet kallar meg
som hyrdingar ein gong.

Der kviler han i kruibbeseng
og ventar berre på
at du og eg fra kvar vår eng
skal skunde oss å gå
på same glade hyrdingvis
og syngje heimsens Frelsars pris,
ein song som verda treng.

Slå opp di dør! Høyr klokkekor!
Dei lovar og dei held!
No ventar barnet hjå si mor
og sjå: ein himmeleid
av stjerner fra Gud Faders hand
er teikn for folk i alle land;
ein heilag julekveld.

*I hear the bells ring out tonight.
They welcome Christmas here.
A message of hope to the frozen earth
and peace to hearts of fear.
A holy time, when joy takes birth
awakening life from winter's dearth
in the dark, cold north.*

*With children's voices, pure and strong
and faith that children keep,
I join them in the heartfelt song
and see a heavenly bridge
angels show the path where we should go
and Christ the child still calls below
as shepherds once did seek.*

*Within the manger, still he lies
and waits for hearts to come
from every field beneath the skies
to seek the Holy One
as shepherds ran through night's delight
we sing his praise, our souls alight,
a song the world has sung.*

*Open your door! Hear how they ring!
Those bells both true and deep!
The child waits with his mother now
and look: a heavenly fire
of stars from God's own holy hand
a sign to people in every land;
this holy Christmas night.*

NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN
(1970–):

Stille natt

Silent night

Arrangement of Franz X. Gruber's melody.
Lyrics: Josphe Mohr, translated to Norwegian by Erik Hillestad.
English translation by John Freeman Young.

Stille natt, hellige natt.
Alt har søvn og mørke tatt.
Trostfast våker de hellige to,
varsomt vugger det barnet til ro.
Jorden tar himlen i favn.

Stille natt, hellige natt.
Barnet er vår største skatt.
Hyrdar vekkes av gåtefull klang.
Natten fylles av englenes sang:
Kristus, vår frelser er født!

Stille natt, hellige natt.
Aldri ble vår jord forlatt.
Himlen smiler fra barnets munn.
Kommer nær i en frelsende stund.
Vier Guds fremtid til vår.

*Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon virgin mother and child,
holy infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace.*

*Silent night, holy night.
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar.
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia:
Christ the Saviour is born!*

*Silent night, holy night.
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiant beams from thy holy face.
With the dawn of redeeming grace.
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.*

DAVID MONRAD JOHANSEN
(1888–1974):

Paa jorden fryd og glæde

Joy and Gladness on Earth

Lyrics: Dorothea Engelbretsdatter

Paa jorden fryd og glæde
må vi med jubel kvæde.
O salig julenat.
Nu er oss fød og baaren
den Jesse rod utkaaren
og søde himmelskat.

Velkommen frelser milde,
velkommen Jesus lille,
ak, vær velkommen hid.
Fryd dig, du Zions dronning,
se, nu er ærens konning
født i en salig tid.

*Joy and gladness on Earth
we lift our songs in mirth and worth.
O blessed Christmas night.
Now born to us and carried near
the chosen root of Jesse dear
heaven's sweetest light.*

*Welcome gentle Saviour mild,
welcome Jesus holy child,
be ever welcome here.
Rejoice, Zion's queen of grace,
behold, thy King in love's embrace
born in a blessed year.*

FREDRIKKE EGEBERG
(1815–1861):

Julesang

Christmas Song

Lyrics: N. F. S. Grundtvig,
from Latin to Danish.

Et Barn er født i Betlehem,
thi glæde sig Jerusalem,
Halleluja, Halleluja!

Forsvundet er nu al vor Nød,
os er i Dag en Frelser født,
Halleluja, Halleluja!

Guds kjære Børn vi blev paa ny,
skal holde Juul i Himmelby,
Halleluja, Halleluja!

Paa Stjernetopper lyseblaa
skal glade vi til Kirke gaae,
Halleluja, Halleluja!

Guds Engle der os lære bratt
at synge som de sang i Nat:
Halleluja, Halleluja.

Da vorde Engle vi som de,
Gud Faders Ansigt skal vi se.
Halleluja, Halleluja.

Lovsyng Ham til evig Tid,
vor Frelser bold, vor Broder blid,
Halleluja, Halleluja!

*A Child is born in Bethlehem,
and joyful is Jerusalem,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

*All grief and fear have passed away,
for Christ our Saviour's born today,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

*Once more God's children we have grown,
and Christmas keep before His throne,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

*On Starry roads of shining blue
to Church with joy we wander through,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

*God's angels there will teach us right
to sing like them this holy Night:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.*

*Then Angels we shall be as they,
And see God's Face in endless day.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.*

*Sing His praise Eternally,
our Saviour brave, our Brother dear,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

CATHARINUS ELLING
(1858–1942):

Christkindleins Wiegenlied

Christ Child's Cradle Song

Lyrics: Des Knaben Wunderhorn *The Boy's Magic Horn*

O Jesulein zart,
O Jesulein zart,
Das Kripplein ist hart,
Wie liegst du so hart,
Ach schlaf, ach thu die Äügelein zu,
Ach schlaf, und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

Schlaf Jesulein wohl,
Nichts hindern soll
Ochs Esel und Schaf,
Sind alle im Schlaf.
Ach schlaf, o Kind, ach thue dein Äügelein zu,
Ach schlaf und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

Dir Seraphim singt,
Und Cherubim klingt,
Viel Engel im Stall,
Die wiegen dich all.
Ach schlaf, ach thu die Äügelein zu,
Ach schlaf und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

*O little Jesus mild,
O little Jesus mild,
Your little manger is hard,
Your lying place so hard,
Ah, sleep! Ah, close your little eyes,
Ah, sleep! And give us eternal peace.*

*Sleep well, little Jesus, I pray,
Let nothing stand in the way.
Ox, ass and sheep
Are all asleep.
Ah, sleep, o child, ah, close your little eyes,
Ah, sleep and give us eternal peace.*

*The seraphim sing to you,
The cherubim ring out too,
Many angels in the stall,
You are cradled by all.
Ah, sleep! Ah, close your little eyes,
Ah, sleep and give us eternal peace.*

EYVIND ALNÆS
(1872–1932):

Jul

Christmas

Lyrics: Per Sivle

Vor Verden er jo ofte
saa skoddetung og sur.
Og Barnesind er Fange
i Lænke og i Bur.
Og Ørnenæb vil hugge
og Høgeklø vil slaa.
Og gjerne vil de store
bli større ved de smaa.

Saa var det, at Vorherre
som Julebarn steg ned
og lyste over Jorden
sin himmelbaarne Fred.
Han kom at tørre Taarer,
han kom at stanse Graad.
Han kom at redde Livet,
som ikke vidste Raad.

Og alt imens et Julenæg
løftes paa sin Stang,
saa banker der et Hjerter
mod Vintertidens Trang.
Og alt imens et Julevers
stiger ifra Bryst,
saa mindes bange Hjerter
om Julebudets Lyst.

*Our world is often heavy
with mist and bitter gloom.
And children's hearts lie captive
in chain and narrow room.
The eagle's beak is striking
the falcon's claws will tear.
And those who would be greater
grow greater through despair.*

*Then it so happened that our Lord
as Christmas Child descended
and shone his light upon the Earth
his heavenly peace extended.
He dried the tears of sorrow,
he stilled the greed of men.
He gave new life to weary hearts,
and hope to those with none.*

*All while a Christmas sheaf
is lifted high upon its Pole,
a Heart beats warm and steady
against the harsh Winter's Cold.
And while a Christmas verse
rises from the breast,
we remind all fragile hearts
of the joy the season blessed.*

JOHAN BACKER LUNDE
(1874–1958):

Julehymne

Christmas Hymn

Lyrics: Thor Lange from a poem by Geoffrey Chaucer.

Du Mø og Moder, Datter af din Søn,
Du milde Gry, hvis Glans af Foraar unge
gjør Vintren blomstersmykt og sommergrøn,
Guds Lærker smaa din Lov blandt Engle sjunge;
trindt brister Is, hvor Julens Klokke runge,
og midt i gylden Vaar staar hvid og varm
Du selv med Himmelkongen paa din Arm.

Løft højt dit lille Barn. Hans Haar er Guld,
hans Smil er Sol, hans Røst er Fuglekvidder.
Ræk ham til Kys for Hver, som sorigfuld
af Gud forglemt med Graad i Mørket sidder,
ræk ham til mig, din ringe Klerk og Ridder,
til mig, hvis Bryst, trods Anger, Skyld og Skam,
er fuld af liflig Sang om Dig og ham.

Til Dig mit Hjerter gaar, til ham min Tro,
fra dybest Nat min Sjæl sin Tilflugt tager
i Solskinsfavnen af Jer begge to;
al Naades Moder, jomfruskær og fager,
hvis Medynksblik hver Hjemløs til Dig drager,
drag mig til Herren hjem, da skal engang
jeg kvæde Christ og Dig en Julesang.

*You Maiden and Mother, Daughter of your Son,
You gentle Dawn, whose Light of Spring so young
makes the Winter bloom with flowers and green,
God's little Larks sing praise of you unseen;
the Ice breaks open, where the Christmas Bells ring,
and in the golden Spring you warm and bring
Heaven's King within your Arms so dear and bright.*

*Lift high your little Child. His Hair is Gold,
his Smile is Sun, his Voice like Birds unfold.
Give him to kiss for, all who sorrow weep
forgotten by God and in Darkness buried deep,
give him to me, your humble Clerk and Knight,
to me, whose Breast, despite all Guilt and Fear,
is filled with joyful Song of You and him.*

*To You my Heart does go, to him my Faith,
from deepest Night my Soul takes refuge here
in the Warm embrace of both of You so true;
all Mercy's Mother, maiden pure and new,
whose tender Gaze draws every Homeless near,
draw me to God's own Home, and I one day
shall sing to Christ and You a Christmas lay.*

EDVARD FLIFLET BRÆIN
(1887–1957):

Et lite barn så lystelig

A Little Child So Joyful

Arrangement based on a melody from Nordmøre.
Lyrics: from Germany, 15th century.

Et lite barn så lystelig er født for oss på jorden
utav en jomfru yndelig, og er vår Frelser vorden.
Var han ei født i manndom ren,
vi gikk forloren hver og en,
på Ham alt håp vi grunde!
Vi takke deg søte Jesus Krist at menneske du vorden est.
O, fri oss fra det onde.

Høylovet i all evighet skal Jesus Kristus være!
Og når for ham vi kneler ned, det er Gud Faders ære;
og når vår lovsang, alltid ny,
fra jord seg svinger lett i sky
med glade jubeltoner,
vårt fattige Halleluja med salig fryd istemmes da
av englers millioner.

*A little child so joyful has come to us this night
from a maiden pure and sweet, our Saviour's come to life.
Had he not come in spotless grace,
we'd all have wandered in our place,
on him alone our hope is grounded!
We thank you sweet Jesus Christ, for becoming man.
O, free us from all evil's hand.*

*Praised for all eternity, Jesus Christ shall be!
And when before him we kneel down, it's God the Father's dignity;
and when our hymn, forever new,
from earth ascends and breaks through blue
with joyful tones of praise,
our humble Hallelujah, with holy joy is heard
by millions of angels.*

CHRISTIAN SINDING
(1856–1941):

Die heil'gen drei Könige

The Three Holy Kings

Lyrics: Heinrich Heine

Die Heil'gen drei Könige aus Morgenland,
Sie frugen in jedem Städtchen:
“Wo geht der Weg nach Bethlehem,
Ihr lieben Buben und Mädchen?”

Die Jungen und Alten, sie wussten's nicht,
Die Könige zogen weiter;
Sie folgten einem goldenen Stern,
Der leuchtete lieblich und heiter.

Der Stern blieb stehn über Josephs Haus,
Da sind sie hineingegangen;
Das Öchslein brüllte, das Kindlein schrie,
Die Heil'gen drei Könige sangen.

*The three holy kings from the East,
They asked in each little town:
“Tell us the way to Bethlehem,
dear boys and girls?”*

*Young and old, they did not know,
The kings travelled onwards;
They followed a golden star,
That shone lovely and bright.*

*The star stopped still over Joseph's house,
There they entered in;
The little ox lowed, the little child cried,
The three holy kings sang.*

JOHAN KVANDAL
(1919–1999):

Til hyrder fromme

To the Gentle Shepherds

Lyrics: M. B. Landstad

Til hyrder fromme, på vakt i Davids stad,
Se engler kommer i ring og rekke rad!
Som møer kloke på Rakels tårevang
de hyrder våker og venter natten lang,
da lysnet tåker, da lød der englesang.

Gud la meg høre den på mitt hjertes mark!
Gud la meg føre derhen ditt tempels ark!
Guds lys opprinne, Guds fred i Jesus Krist,
Gud la meg finne, jeg har hans nåde visst,
Gud la meg vinne min seier ved ham til sist!

Vår dag går under og natten faller på,
Snart enden stunder; Gud la oss våkne og stå
med lamper tente når siste opprop skjer!
Vi har i vente det som er meget mer,
han vil oss hente hjem til seg der han er.

*To the gentle shepherds, on watch in David's town,
Behold, the angels come, in ranks and rows renowned!
Like wise maidens on Rachel's tearful way
the shepherds watch and wait through night and day,
then mists are lifted, and angel songs are heard.*

*God let me hear them on my heart's own ground!
God let me lead them to your holy ark!
God's light is rising, God's peace in Jesus Christ,
God let me find it, I know his grace is true,
God let me win my victory through him at last!*

*Our day is fading and night begins to fall,
Soon the end is nearing; God let us wake and stand
with lamps all burning when the final call is near!
We have before us what is far more dear,
he will bring us home to where he is so near.*

JOHAN KVANDAL
(1919–1999):

Den yndigste rose

The Loveliest Rose

Lyrics: Hans Adolph Brorson

Den yndigste rose er funden,
blandt stiveste torner oprunden.
Krist inn i vår ætt lot sig pode.
Blant syndere fagert han grodde.

All siden vi tapte den ære
Guds billedes frukter at bære,
var verden forvillet og øde,
vi alle i synden bortdøde.

Da lot Gud en rose oppskytte,
og sæden omsider frembryte
at rense og reise av døde,
vår vekstes fordervede grøde.

All verden nu burde sig glede
med salmer for Herren fremtrede,
men mange har aldri fornemmet
at rosen i verden er kommet.

*The loveliest rose has been found,
among the stiffest thorns it grew.
Christ into our line did descend.
Among sinners he gracefully bloomed.*

*Since we lost that honour
the image of God's fruit we should bear,
the world lay lost and forsaken,
we all in sin have perished and shaken.*

*Then God let a rose arise,
and the seed at last did bear
to cleanse and raise from the dead,
our withered growths and crops.*

*All the world now should rejoice
with psalms for the emerging Lord,
but many never have perceived
that the rose has arrived in this world.*



Marianne Beate Kielland

— mezzo-soprano

Marianne Beate Kielland has studied at The Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo with Ingrid Bjoner and Svein Bjørkøy and earned a master's degree in contemporary music in 2000. She has also studied with Oren Brown and Barbara Bonney. After completing her professional training, she sang with the Hanover State Opera during the 2001/02 season before moving to Harstad and later to Svolvær, Norway. She quickly established a solid professional reputation and had frequent engagements with both Norwegian and foreign orchestras and is now regarded as one of Europe's foremost singers. Kielland regularly performs on the concert stages of Europe, Asia and America under such con-

ductors as René Jacobs, Fabio Biondi, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Masaaki Suzuki, Herbert Blomstedt and Andrew Manze. In 2012 she was nominated for a Grammy award in the category «Best Vocal Classical Album» for her CD recording «Veslemøy Synsk» by Norwegian composer Olav Anton Thommessen. With this and over 60 other professional recordings as well as her many performances on the concert stage she has established herself as a distinguished interpreter of repertoire from the baroque period to the present day. Ms. Kielland has been designated Artistic Leader of the Oslo Chamber Music Festival 2022–2025.



Nils Anders Mortensen

— piano

Nils Anders Mortensen is originally from Flekkefjord but has been employed as a regional music leader in Finnmark since 2002. He received his professional training at the Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo, Ecole Normale in Paris and Hochschule für Musik und Theater i Hanover and has performed on a long list of concert stages all over the world. The album «Veslemøy synsk», on which he collaborated with mezzosoprano Marianne Beate Kielland, was nominated for a Grammy Award in the category Classical Vocal Solo. He has also released solo albums of music by Grieg, Debussy, Bartok and Brahms. Mortensen has been a guest soloist at Trolldhaugen many times during his career. In 1998 he was soloist



in Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor at the storied concluding concert of the Bergen Music Festival in the Grieg Concert Hall.

01. **Julens Vuggesang** 01:53
EDVARD GRIEG
LYRICS: ADOLF LANGSTED
02. **O magnum mysterium** 06:02
MORTEN LAURIDSEN
LYRICS: FROM JULENS RESPONSORIER
03. **Moderens korstegn** 02:43
EIVIND GROVEN
LYRICS: HENRIK WERGELAND
04. **Julemorgen** 02:10
FREDRIKKE EGEBERG
LYRICS: JOHAN SEBASTIAN WELHAVEN
05. **Julesang** 01:54
CARL GUSTAV SPARRE OLSEN
LYRICS: SVERRE M. HALBO
06. **Barn Jesus i en krybbe lå** 01:57
DAVID MONRAD JOHANSEN
LYRICS: H. C. ANDERSEN
07. **Eg hører klang av klokkekor –** 02:56
SVERRE BERGH
LYRICS: PEDER STEINNES
08. **Stille natt** 03:18
FRANZ X. GRUBERS
ARR: NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN
LYRICS: JOSEPH MOHR
TRANSCRIPTION: ERIK HILLESTAD
09. **Paa jorden fryd og glæde** 01:39
DAVID MONRAD JOHANSEN
LYRICS: DOROTHEA ENGELBRETSDATTER
10. **Julesang** 02:19
FREDRIKKE EGEBERG
LYRICS: N. F. S. GRUNDTVIG, FROM LATIN
11. **Christkindleins Wiegenlied** 02:19
CATHARINUS ELLING
LYRICS: DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

12. **Jul** 02:33
EYVIND ALNÆS
LYRICS: PER SIVLE
13. **Julehymne** 04:27
JOHAN BACKER LUNDE
LYRICS: THOR LANGE
FROM A POEM BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER
14. **Et lite barn så lystelig** 02:35
EDVARD FLIFLET BRÆIN
ARR. TUNE FROM NORDMØRE
TEXT FROM THE 15'TH CENTURY GERMA-
NY.
15. **Die heil'gen drei Könige** 01:39
CHRISTIAN SINDING
LYRICS: HEINRICH HEINE
16. **Til hyrder fromme** 02:31
JOHAN KVANDAL
LYRICS: M. B. LANDSTAD
17. **Den yndigste rose** 02:05
JOHAN KVANDAL
LYRICS: HANS ADOLPH BRORSON

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