



LAWO
CLASSICS

HUMAN / NATURE

KAMMERKORET NOVA

JULIA SELINA BLANK

HUMAN / NATURE

NOVA Chamber Choir's fourth recording *HUMAN / NATURE* explores the complex relationship between humans and nature, the nature within us and the nature surrounding us. Several of the pieces are recorded for the very first time, including a commission by NOVA. One of the constants of *human nature* seems to be pondering our relationship with nature: From Aristotle declaring that we are "rational animals", Descartes separating our natural, material bodies from our God-like, immaterial, thinking minds, to Darwin mapping a direct line from the apes to us – from animal to animal – nature to nature. Our concept of nature has often been reduced to an antithesis of the human, as reflected in this much cited definition of nature from The *Oxford English Dictionary*: "The phenomena of the physical world collectively; esp. plants, animals, and other features and products of the Earth itself, as opposed to humans and human creations". Recently, sparked by the discourse of ecocriticism and environmentalism, this anthropocentric view of nature has been unmasked; we *are* nature, and failing to realise this is exactly what has led to a nature in crisis – and thereby, a crisis for humankind.

Complex and turbulent as this relation between HUMAN and NATURE has been and continues to be, nature and man's place in it is one of the most beloved fields of exploration for artists; whether it be romantic poets voicing their emotions in the "rustle and shiver" of treetops, as in Fanny Hensel's setting of Joseph von Eichendorff, or contemporary composers taking direct inspiration from natural sounds and landscapes, like in the pieces by Aftab Darvishi and Birgit Djupedal. In daring to bridge this gap between HUMAN and NATURE, new possibilities come to light: Our humanity can encompass our nature, and help us tend to nature with humanity.

Karin Rehnqvist's (*1957) *Jag lyfter mina händer* ("I Raise My Hands") looks to tradition and the musical past, using a folk tune as the starting point for her setting of a 17th century hymn by Jacob Arrhenius. Written in memory of the Swedish choir conductor Bo Johansson, it straddles the divide between grief and fortitude of faith until the former becomes too powerful, the piece ending mid-phrase in quiet despair.

Ethel Smyth (1858 – 1944) wrote the motets *Komm, süsser Tod* ("Come, Sweet Death") and *Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag* ("Appeared is the splendid day") in the years 1882-1884, most likely whilst she was studying composition in Leipzig. They form part of a larger set of *5 Part Songs Based on Lutheran Choral Tunes*, which may well have started out as counterpoint exercises. The tunes in question are by J.S. Bach (*Komm, süsser Tod*) and the 16th century German cantor Nikolaus Herman (*Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag*), which are employed as the cantus firmus, around which are woven striking and harmonically rich lines of counterpoint.

Marianne Reidarsdatter Eriksen's (*1971) *ípe* was commissioned and premiered by NOVA. Using musical excerpts and texts by the Byzantine composer and poet Kassia (c. 810 - before 865), Eriksen creates musical connections spanning more than a millennium. Kassia is among the earliest composers whose music still survives today, and the only woman whose music forms part of the Greek rite. The title of *ípe* can be translated as "She said", and is based on excerpts from Kassia's hymn "Doxazoménsou Christé" ("We Praise, O Christ"), as well as a story from her youth: Hailing from a wealthy family, she formed part of the "bride-show", during which the Byzantine emperor would choose his bride.

According to tradition, the Emperor Theophilus approached her, saying: "Through a woman came forth the baser things," referring to Eve and the original sin. Kassia replied: "And through a woman came forth the better things," referring to Mary giving birth to Jesus. Dissatisfied with the response, Theophilus chose a different bride.

The two selections by **Fanny Hensel** (1805 – 1847) are of an intimate nature. The melancholy *Schilflied* ("Reed Song"), from Nikolas Lehnau's cycle of lyric poetry, paints a striking image of a pond at sunset, the rustling reeds mirroring the narrator's loneliness. More dramatic is *Schöne Fremde*, taken from Hensel's *Gartenlieder*, op. 3. The piece contrasts a brooding, intense first section with a cheerful, not to say triumphant finale, Eichendorff's "fantastical night" giving way to twinkling stars and a great, future happiness.

Aftab Darvishi's (*1987) *Lament Rose* presents a fragmented, quietly despairing setting of the first two stanzas of Anna Akhmatova's "In Memoriam, July 19th, 1914". The poem refers to the date when – in the Gregorian calendar – Germany declared war on Russia during World War One. Darvishi's piece has a silvery, crystalline quality, floating dissonances and whistling forming the backdrop for the half-whispered, half-sung text.

Clara Schumann's (1819 – 1896) *Three Mixed Choruses* are of a rather more celebratory note, written as a birthday present for her fellow composer husband, Robert. On the morning of his birthday, members of the Dresdner Chorgesangverein gave the first performance. The three songs all have texts by Emanuel Geibel, ranging from the tranquil solemnity of *Abendfeier in Venedig* ("Evening Service in Venice") to the stolen kisses of the gently rocking *Gondoliera*, via the relentlessly marching *Vorwärts* ("Onwards").

nity of *Abendfeier in Venedig* ("Evening Service in Venice") to the stolen kisses of the gently rocking *Gondoliera*, via the relentlessly marching *Vorwärts* ("Onwards").

In **Birgit Djupedal's** (*1994) *Der skreg en fugl*, the angst in Vilhelm Krag's text is strikingly contrasted with the (faux) jollity of the "sørlandsviser", a popular music genre from the south of Norway, featuring generous helpings of good cheer and accordion. As the bird flies away in the distance, the music slowly disintegrates, ending with a silent scream through gritted teeth.

During her lifetime, **Agathe Backer Grøndahl** (1847 – 1907) was one of Norway's most celebrated pianists and composers. She was close friends with Edvard Grieg, and she became a celebrated interpreter of his music, especially his *Piano Concerto*. The three songs presented here are the only ones she wrote for mixed voices. The first song is set to an evening prayer – *Bliv hos os* ("Stay with us") – by the Danish hymn writer B.S. Ingemann, a tranquil image of peaceful slumber. In the middle comes the folk-like *Liden Kirsten* ("Little Christine"), setting a poem by the Norwegian poet Vilhelm Krag, also set (for voice and piano) by Grieg. In her choral setting, Grøndahl underlines Kirsten's girlish excitement about her forthcoming marriage, rather than the ambiguity and nature imagery conjured up in Grieg's song. The final of the three songs, a setting of the Danish proto-Romantic Schack von Staffeldt's *Til de Døde* ("To the dead") returns to the calm of the first, this time in an even more elegiac vein.

Kristina Dvergsdal and
Aksel Tollåli

Jag lyfter mina händer

TEXT: JAKOB ARRHENIUS

Jag lyfter mina händer upp till Guds berg och hus.
Från dem han hjälpen sänder och skickar ut sitt ljus.
Mig Herren hjälp bejakar som jord och himmel gjort;
min bön han ej försakar men skyddar mig alltfört.

Han låter mina fötter ej slinta, ty han är
en väktare, ej trötter, och blir mig alltid när.
Han nådigt mig bevarar och skyddar mig från fall,
mig dag och natt försvarar —

I raise my hands

(Jag lyfter mina händer)

*I raise my hands to God's mountain and house.
From which he sends help and shines forth his light.
The Lord grants me help, who made heaven and earth;
my prayer he does not forsake but protects me still.*

*He will not let my feet slip, for he is
a guardian, never weary and always by my side.
He graciously preserves me and protects me from falling,
defends me day and night —*

Komm süßer Tod

TEXT: ANONYM

Komm, süßer Tod, komm selge Ruh!
Komm führe mich in Friede,
weil ich der Welt bin müde,
ach komm! ich wart auf dich,
komm bald und führe mich,
drück mir die Augen zu.
Komm, selge Ruh!

Come, sweet Death (Komm süßer Tod)

*Come, sweet Death, come blessed Rest!
Come lead me into peace,
for I am weary of this world,
oh come! I wait for you,
come quick to lead me,
close my eyes.
Come, blessed Rest!*

Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag

TEXT: NIKOLAUS HERMAN

Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag,
dran sich niemand g'nug freuen mag:
Christ, unser Herr, heut' triumphiert,
all sein Feind er gefangen führt.
Halleluja.

Behold, the glorious day is here (Erschienen ist der herrlich)

*Behold, the glorious day is here,
Let all rejoice with hearts sincere:
Christ our Lord this day has won,
all enemies he has overcome.
Hallelujah.*

ίπε

TEXT: KASSIA

ἄγια

αὐτός εἶπε
Εκ γυναικός τα χεῖρά.
εἶπε
Και εκ γυναικός τα κρείττω

Δοξαζομέν σου Χριστέ, τὴν πολλὴν εὐσπλαγχνίαν καὶ τὴν
ἀγαθότητα, τὴν εἰς ἡμᾶς γενομένην, ὅτι καὶ γυναῖκες κατήργησαν τὴν πλάνην
τῆς εἰδωλομανίας, δυνάμει τοῦ Σταυροῦ σου
φιλόανθρωπε.

Τύραννον οὐκ ἐπποήθησαν.

ίπε

Holy

*He said:
From woman the worst of things have come to be.
She said:
Still, from woman the best things spring.*

*Jesus Christ, we praise Thy goodness and compassion
bestowed on us by Thee, for women too undid the fallacy
and fascination of idolatry, by the power of Your Cross,
oh benevolent dear Lord.*

Intimidated by a tyrant they were not.

Schöne Fremde

TEXT: JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halbverfallenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln mir zu alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigem, großem Glück!

*A Foreign Beauty
(Schöne Fremde)*

*The treetops rustle and shiver
As if at this very hour
The gods of times long past
These sunken walls did roam.*

*Here out beyond the myrtles
'Mid twilight's quiet splendour,
What say you me, o wondrous Night,
Confused in dreamlike ardour?*

*The stars shine down upon me
Aglow with love's sweet gaze,
While giddily far-off words
Speak of some great future joy!*

Schilflied

TEXT: NICOLAUS LENAU

Drüben geht die Sonne scheiden,
Und der müde Tag entschlief.
Niederhangen hier die Weiden
In den Teich, so still, so tief.

Und ich muß die Liebste meiden:
Quill, o Thräne, quill hervor!
Traurig säuseln hier die Weiden,
Und im Winde bebt das Rohr.

In mein stilles, tiefes Leiden
Strahlst du, Ferne! hell und mild,
Wie durch Binsen hier und Weiden
Strahlt des Abendsternes Bild.

*Reed Song
(Schilflied)*

*Over there the sun is parting
As the weary day it fades.
Down the willows' tendrils hang
Into ponds so still and deep.*

*And my Love I may not see:
Spill, o Tears, spring forth!
Without mirth the willows moaning,
While the reeds quail in the wind.*

*Soft and brightly from afar
Shine through my despondent pain.
As through rush and willow trees
Evening starlight here does glow.*

Lament Rose

FROM "IN MEMORIAM, JULI 19, 1914"
BY ANNA AKHMATOVA IN A TRANSLATION
BY STEPHEN EDGAR

We aged a hundred years and this descended
In just one hour, as at a stroke.
The summer had been brief and now was ended;
The body of the ploughed plains lay in smoke.

The hushed road burst in colours then, a soaring
Lament rose, ringing silver like a bell.
And so I covered up my face, imploring
God to destroy me before battle fell.

And from my memory the shadows vanished
Of songs and passions—burdens I'd not need.
The Almighty bade it be—with all else banished—
A book of portents terrible to read.

Abendfeier in Venedig

TEXT: EMMANUEL VON GEIBEL

Ave Maria! Meer und Himmel ruh'n,
Von allen Türmen hallt der Glocken Ton,
Ave Maria! Laßt vom ird'schen Tun,
Zur Jungfrau betet, zu der Jungfrau Sohn,
Des Himmels Scharen selber knieen nun
Mit Lilienstäben vor des Vaters Thron,
Und durch die Rosenwolken wehn die Lieder
Der sel'gen Geister feierlich hernieder.

O heil'ge Andacht, welche jedes Herz
Mit leisen Schauern wunderbar durchdringt!
O sel'ger Glaube, der sich himmelwärts
Auf des Gebetes weißem Fittig schwingt!
In milde Tränen löst sich da der Schmerz,
Indes der Freude Jubel sanfter klingt.
Ave Maria! Erd' und Himmel scheinen,
Bei diesem Laut sich liebend zu vereinen.

*Evening celebration in Venice
(Abendfeier in Venedig)*

*Hail Mary! Sea and sky lay calm,
As bells peel out from every tower.
Hail Mary! Be free from earthly things,
Pray the Virgin, pray the Virgin's Son!
As heaven's hosts with lily'd staffs
Kneel 'fore the Father's throne
And solemn float bless'd spirits' songs
Down through the roseate clouds.*

*Holy Devotion, whose gentle tremor
So wondrously all hearts pervades!
O blessed Faith, heavenward soaring
On pure white wings of prayer!
Pain melts away in tender tears,
More softly joy's exultance sounds.
Hail Mary! Heaven and Earth do seem
At this chorus lovingly to unite.*

Vorwärts

TEXT: EMANUEL VON GIEBEL

Lass das Träumen, lass das Zagen,
Unermüdet wandre fort!
Will die Kraft dir schier versagen,
‘Vorwärts’ ist das rechte Wort.

Darfst nicht weilen, wenn die Stunde
Rosen dir entgegenbringt,
Wenn dir aus des Meeres Grunde
Die Sirene lockend singt.

Vorwärts, vorwärts! Im Gesange
Ringe mit dem Schmerz der Welt,
Bis auf deine heisse Wange
Goldner Strahl von oben fällt,

Bis der Kranz, der dichtbelaubte,
Schattig deine Stirn umwebt,
Bis verklärend überm Haupte
Dir des Geistes Flamme schwebt.

Vorwärts drum durch Feindes Zinnen,
Vorwärts durch des Todes Pein,
Wer den Himmel will gewinnen,
Muss ein rechter Kämpfer sein!

*Onwards
(Vorwärts)*

*Leave behind all dreams or care,
Walk forth without regret!
When your strength seeks to forsake,
“Onwards” is the word.*

*Linger not when, come the hour,
Roses fall before your feet,
And from the ocean depths arises
The luring song of sirens.*

*Onwards, onwards! Ever singing,
Wrestle ‘gainst the world’s despairs,
‘Til upon your burning cheek
Golden beams fall from above.*

*‘Til the wreath, so thick with leaf,
With shade your brow bedecks,
‘Til the Spirit’s flame comes down
To crown your head in glory.*

*Onwards past the foe’s battalions,
Onwards past the pain of death,
Those who wish to enter Heaven
Must prepare to win the day!*

Gondoliera

TEXT: EMANUEL GEIBEL
TRANSLATION: THOMAS MOORE

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.
Die Luft ist weich wie Liebesscherz,
Sanft spielt der goldne Schein,
Die Zither klingt und zieht dein Herz
Mit in die Lust hinein.
O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Das ist für Liebende die Stund’,
Liebchen, wie ich und du;
So friedlich blaut des Himmels Rund,
Es schläft das Meer in Ruh.
Und wie es schläft, da sagt der Blick,
Was keine Zunge spricht,
Die Lippe zieht sich nicht zurück,
Und wehrt dem Kusse nicht.
O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Gondoliera

*Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O’er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth’s awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O’er the moonlight sea.*

*Oh, then’s the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me;
When all’s so calm below, above,
In Heaven and o’er the sea.
When maiden’s sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O’er the moonlight sea.*

Der skreg en fugl!

TEXT: BIRGIT DJUPEDAL

Der skreg en fugl over øde hav,
langt fra lande.
Den skreg så sårt i den høstgrå dag,
flaksed i brudte, afmægtige slag,
seiled på sorte vinger
bortover hav

*A bird screeched
(Der skreg en fugl!)*

*A bird screeched in the middle of the ocean,
far from land.
It screeched so vulnerably on a grey day,
flapped in broken, hopeless strokes
sailed on black wings
over the ocean...*

Til de Døde

TEXT:
A.W. SCHACK VON STAFFELDT

Sover sødt i hellig Fred!
Blomsten sig om Graven slynger,
Liden Fugl i Linden synger,
Maanen seer saa venlig ned.

Sover sødt i hellig Fred!
Blomsten visner, Løvet falder,
Høstens Storm Naturen kalder
Til den dybe Hvile ned.

Sover sødt i hellig Fred!
Alt, hvad over ederølger,
Tidlig eller sildig følger
Til den dybe Hvile ned.

Sover sødt i hellig Fred!

*For the Dead
(Til de Døde)*

*Sleeping in holy peace
The flower spreads around the grave,
A little bird sings on the linden tree
The moon sends a friendly look.*

*Sleeping in holy peace
The flower withers, the leaves fall
The harvest storm calls nature
Down to the deep rest*

*Sleeping in holy peace
All that waves over thee
Early or late follows
Down to the deep rest*

Sleeping in holy peace

Liden Kirsten

TEXT: VILHELM KRAG

Liden Kirsten hun sad så silde,
mens gjøgen gol udi grønne skov.
Liden Kirsten nynnede en vise,
imens hun sit brudelin vov.

Liden Kirsten hun sad ved sit vindue
og så på sin ring af guld,
skotted nedad sit sorte skjørt
og smilte så tankefuld.

Liden Kirsten lagde sit hoved tilro
på armens snehvide lin.
Og hæggende duftede,
mens Kirsten drømte om kjæresten sin.

Liden Kirsten løste sit gule haar
og gik til ro i sin kove.
Liden Kirsten foldede de hænder små,
mens gjøgen gol udi skove.

*Little Kirsten
(Liden Kirsten)*

*Little Kirsten sat so still
while a cuckoo called in the green forest.
Little Kirsten hummed a tune
while she wove her bridal linen.*

*Little Kirsten sat by the window
looking at her ring of gold,
glancing down at her black skirt,
she smiled so pensively.*

*Little Kirsten laid her head to rest
on the snow-white linen of her arm.
And Kirsten dreamt of her beloved
to the scent of the cherry tree.*

*Little Kirsten let down her flaxen hair
and laid herself down to rest.
Little Kirsten folded her small hands
while the cuckoo called in the forest.*

Bliv hos os

TEXT: B.S. INGEMAN

Bliv hos os, når dagen hælder,
du kære Fader og Gud!
Bliv hos os, når mørket vælder
af nattens sluser ud!

Henspred over dal og høje
dit stjerneklædebons flig!
så lukke vi trygt vort øje
og slumre sødt hos dig.

Bliv hos os, og vi vil drømme
om englebørnernes fred.
Din ånd gennem himmelstrømme
vil suse til os ned.

Og kongen i livets rige
vil favne alle de små.
På englenes himmelstige
skal barnesjæle gå.

Bliv hos os, når dagen hælder
du kære Fader og Gud!
og paradiset lyset vælder
af nattens sluser ud.

*Stay with us
(Bliv hos os)*

*Stay with us, when the day ends,
dear Father and God!
Stay with us, as the darkness flows
from the night!*

*Spread across valleys and hills
your tapestry of stars!
Then we safely shut our eyes
and slumber sweetly with you*

*Stay with us, and we will dream
of angel children's peace.
Your spirit through the skies
will descend upon us.*

*And the king in the world of the living
will embrace the little ones.
On the heavenly ladder of angels
children's souls will go.*

*Stay with us, when the day ends,
dear Father and God!
and the light of paradise flows
from the night.*



JULIA SELINA BLANK

Julia Selina Blank is a German, award-winning conductor based in Norway. During the course of the last years, she has established herself as a sought-after musical leader in Europe. She is a frequently engaged as guest conductor and chorus master and has worked with ensembles like the Bavarian Radio Choir, the MDR Radio Choir, the NDR Vocal Ensemble, RIAS Chamber Choir, Swedish Radio Choir, Slovenian Philharmonic Choir, Chorwerk Ruhr and the Norwegian Soloists' Choir. In the 2024/25 season she is collaborating with the Netherlands Radio Choir, WDR Radio Choir, Coro RTVE in Madrid and Radio Choir Berlin.

As co-founder and chief conductor of the JSB-Ensemble Oslo, she has created and led projects combining early and baroque music with challenging contemporary pieces. The ensemble consists of some of Norway's leading ensemble singers and often performs music with one voice per part.

Blank has been conducting amateur choirs for more than 15 years. Currently, she directs the award-winning chamber choir Kammerkoret NOVA in Oslo. She is also the conductor of the Norwegian National Youth Choir 2024–2025.

Blank has been awarded second prize at the Eric Ericson Award 2021 and first prize both at the World Choral Conducting Competition in Hong Kong 2019 and the London International Choral Conducting Competition 2018.

She has studied choral conducting with Michael Gläser in Munich, Fredrik Malmberg in Stockholm and Grete Pedersen in Oslo. She supplemented her studies with several master classes led by conductors like Anders Eby, Stefan Parkman, Justin Doyle and Daniel Reuss.

KAMMERKORET NOVA

NOVA Chamber Choir is an ambitious amateur ensemble of around 30 singers based in Oslo, Norway. The choir is led by Julia Selina Blank. Since its founding in 2001, NOVA has established a reputation for giving audiences memorable concert experiences, focusing on homogeneous sound and communicating emotions in the music.

Based in classical tradition and the Nordic sound, it has commissioned new pieces by a range of Norwegian composers. Over the years NOVA Chamber Choir has collaborated with a number of artists, soloists and orchestras, including the Oslo Philharmonic and the Norwegian Radio Orchestra.

The choir gives regular concerts in and around Oslo, and also frequently travels abroad. It has taken part, and been awarded prizes, in several renowned choir competitions around Europe – most recently, NOVA won the Elite category at the 2023 Norwegian National Choral Championships, and placed second in the Elite Sacred category. They won 1st prize and a special prize for the best interpretation of a piece from the Romantic era at the 2017 Marktoberdorf International Chamber Choir Competition.

HUMAN/NATURE is the choir's fourth recording on the LAWO Classics label.





KARIN REHNQVIST

1. *Jag lyfter mina händer* 04:05

ETHEL SMYTH

2. *Komm süßer Tod* 04:13
3. *Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag* 01:47

MARIANNE REIDARSDATTER ERIKSEN

4. *ípe* 04:46

SOLOISTS: MIA-ELISE GRANLUND-KVISTUM,
LINE AALERUD, KAREN HENRIETTE HUSTVEIT
& VICTOR CHENG

FANNY HENSEL

5. *Schöne Fremde* 03:04
6. *Schilflied* 02:48



AFTAB DARVISHI

7. *Lament rose* 02:21

SOLOISTS: MIA-ELISE GRANLUND-KVISTUM &
KARIN LÖVENBRANT VÄSTERMARK

CLARA SCHUMANN

Drei gemischte Chöre

8. *Abendfeier in Venedig* 06:16
9. *Vorwärts* 01:34
10. *Gondoliera* 03:07

BIRGIT DJUPEDAL

11. *Der skreg en fugl!* 04:07

SOLOIST: INGRID LØNNING NORDSET

AGATHE BACKER GRØNDAHL

12. *Til de Døde*, Op. 67 No. 10 02:43
13. *Liden Kirsten*, Op. 67 No. 9 01:41
14. *Bliv hos os*, Op. 67 No. 8 03:15

RECORDED IN SOFIENBERG CHURCH 13.–14. MAY 2023 AND 9.–10. MARCH 2024
AND RIS CHURCH, 14. OCTOBER 2024

PRODUCER: VEGARD LANDAAS

BALANCE ENGINEER: THOMAS WOLDEN

EDITING: VEGARD LANDAAS

MASTERING: THOMAS WOLDEN

BOOKLET NOTES: KRISTINA DVERGSDAL AND AKSEL TOLLÅLI

TRANSLATION LYRICS: VERBOO LANGUAGE SERVICES

TRANSLATION *LIDEN KIRSTEN*: ANDREW SMITH

BOOKLET EDITOR: TORGEIR M. LANDAAS

COVER DESIGN & ILLUSTRATIONS: ANNA-JULIA GRANBERG / BLUNDERBUSS

ARTIST PHOTO (BLANK): INGVILD CONSTANCE FESTERVOLL MELIEN

ARTIST PHOTO (NOVA): SINDRE LANGAAS AND ANDERS GRØNLIE ØSTMØE



LWC1365 © 2025 LAWØ © 2025
LAWØ CLASSICS www.lawo.no

