

Edvard Grieg Society of the Dakotas
presents

“Klaver-kvinner Konsert”
A Celebration of Norwegian Women Piano Composers

Festindtog på Akershus Op. 11
Fjordbilleder Op. 17
 No. 1 Fjordlandskap
 No. 2 Baaten driver

Borghild Holmsen (1865-1938)

Rachel Horan, Concordia College/Trinity Lutheran Church

Impromptu
Albumblad Op. 35, No. 2
Humoreske Op. 2, No. 1

Hannah Løvenskiold (1860-1930)
Agathe Backer Grøndahl (1847-1907)
Agnete Faye-Hansen (1875-1935)

Dr. Jean Hellner, Minnesota State University Moorhead/Peace Lutheran Church

Drømmebilleder
 III. Trolddansen
 V. Juninat
 VI. Morgen paa Fjorden
 VII. Klostersang

Inga Lærum-Liebich (1864-1936)

Ashton Winter, Moorhead High School (Student of Natalia Heikes)

Gammel Norsk Bondevals
Gammel Norsk Bryllupsmarsch

Erika Bodom (1861-1942)

Marlys Herring, Olivet Lutheran Church

Vaggsång
Når solen ganger til hvile

Erika Bodom
Sofie Dedekam (1820-1894)

Dr. Jean Hellner and Dr. Marla Fogderud, Northern State University

Vaardrøm
Sommeraften i Balholm Op. 8
Høststemning Op. 50
Snefnugvals

Anna Egeberg (1843-1914)
Erika Bodom
Inga Lærum-Liebich
Sigrid Arneberg (1879-1939)

Dr. Amy Mercer, Minnesota State University Moorhead

Sunday, July 25, 2021
3:00 p.m.

Peace Lutheran Church
Fargo, North Dakota

Translations

Vaggsång

(Cradlesong)

Slumber, slumber you little one,
Grow, grow to become kind and big,
The little sandman
Comes in a moment,
Will take you in his lap,
And spin a yarn for you.

Slumber, slumber my rosebud,
Slumber, slumber my heart's hope,
One more kiss,
Laugh as before,
Sleep then on my lap,
Wondrous dreams to meet.

Slumber, slumber you little tousled head,
Lie, lie so beautifully still,
You are so tired,
Sleep now so sweetly,
Dream about God's children's kingdom,
Grow, to become like them.

Anna Troili

Når solen ganger til hvile

(When the sun goes to rest)

When the sun goes to rest and the day's business is finished,
When the heaven's starts smile and the night's moon is lit,
When stillness spreads over the tumultuous, whirling earth,
When all of nature sleeps, enveloped in the blossoming darkness.

Then I dream myself back to the past's golden land,
And draw my thoughts so far over mountain and shore.
I am bound here to home,
But my thoughts fly so easily;
They do not rest until they have found the dear, chosen place.

Valdemar Thisted