



# MY HEART AND I

Songs by Clara Schumann & Nancy Dalberg  
Duo Bols & Bjørkøe

**Clara Schumann**, født Wieck (1819-1896) lærte allerede som barn at komponere som led i sin strengt tilrettelagte klaveruddannelse. Hendes far, Friedrich Wieck, underviste hende i klaverspil, og af andre lærere fik hun undervisning i teori og harmonilære, komposition og sang, samtidig med at hun lærte begyndelsesgrundene for violinspil. Formålet med den brede musikuddannelse var, at hun som klaversolist i samtidens virtuose repertoire tillige kunne brillere med egne kompositioner eller improvisationer.

De fleste af hendes tidlige kompositioner er følgende for klaver. Men hun komponerede også nogle sange, hvoraf flere kan ses i lyset af hendes forhold til den 10 år ældre Robert Schumann, som efter at have opgivet et jurastudium var flyttet ind hos Wiecks for at få videregående klaverundervisning. Da Claras far opdagede datterens spirende forelskelse i Schumann, gjorde han alt for at forhindre deres forhold. En af hendes tidligst bevarede sange, den muntert-sørgmodige *Walzer*, har tekst af Johann Peter Lyser og blev komponeret 1834 i, da Clara var 14-15 år gammel, og faren havde sendt hende hjemmefra i håb om, at hun ville glemme den unge komponistspire.

*Am Strande* har tekst af den skotske digter Robert Burns i oversættelse af Wilhelm Gerhard og blev overrakt Robert Schumann som en julegave, efter at parret i 1840 havde vundet en retssag mod Wieck og var blevet gift. Det gennemgående akkompagnement er udformet med brudte akkorder i særdeles hurtigt tempo i 12/8-takt, der skal illustrere den brusende flod, som adskiller de elskende, men er også et vidnesbyrd om Clara Schumanns virtuose klaverspil.

Sangen *Lorelei* (*Loreley*) med tekst af Heinrich Heine bygger på et folkeligt sagn om den unge kvinde, der fra en klippe højt over Rhinen lokker søfolk i fordærv med sin skønne sang. Den er komponeret som en fødselsdagsgave til Robert Schumann den 8. juni 1843, men vakte ikke som den foregående sang fra Claras hånd hans entusiasme. Næsten symbolsk var det i Rhinen den psykiske sårbare og tiltagende sindssyge Robert Schumann i 1854 prøvede at drukne sig, før han blev indlagt og tilbragte de sidste to år af sit liv på en anstalt.

Fra 1846 stammer de to sange, *Mein Stern* og *Beim Abschied*, der begge har tekst af Friederike Serre, som sammen

med sin mand, major Johann Fr. Serre, ejede riddergodset Maxen syd for Dresden og blev bekendt for sin store gæstfrihed og fordomsfri selskabelighed, som også Schumann-parret nød godt af.

*Lisbeth Ahlgren*

**Nancy Dalbergs** (1881 – 1949) sange blev til i perioden fra 1909 til starten af '30-erne, og gennem valget af tekster fortæller hun meget om sig selv og sit liv.

Hun voksede op i et velstående iværksættermiljø, og udviklede tidligt færdigheder som pianist. I 1901 blev hun gift med premierløjtnant Erik Dalberg, der også havde en betydelig kunstnerisk åre; og enkelte sange blev således til i fællesskab. På grund af en armlidelse måtte hun imidlertid opgive at blive koncertpianist, og med Johan Svendsen og især Carl Nielsen som lærere tilegnede hun sig fra 1909 de kompositoriske færdigheder, der, udover sangene og andre mindre værker, førte til hendes strygekvartetter og orkesterværker; således findes tre af hendes sange også i en orkesterversion.

Med det meget personlige valg af 47 af fortrinsvis danske digte fylder hendes sange dog betydeligt, og hun provokerede samtiden med et undertiden danske

fyldigt klaverakkompagnement, hvorved sangsolist og pianist blev mere ligeværdige ved fremførelsen. Teksterne spænder vidt fra det muntre til en række mere alvorlige tekster, der kredser om de familiære og ægteskabelige drømme, der forblev uforløst på grund af hendes livslange helbredsmæssige udfordringer og hendes ægtefælles tiltagene sindslidelse.

Af nærværende udvalg har 9 sange ikke tidligere været indspillet.

**Clara Schumann**, born Wieck (1819-1896) learned to compose as a child as part of her strictly structured piano education. Her father, Friedrich Wieck, taught her to play the piano, and she received lessons in theory and harmony, composition and singing from other teachers, while she also learned the basics of playing the violin. The purpose of this broad musical education was that as a piano soloist in the contemporary virtuoso repertoire she could also shine with her own compositions or improvisations.

Most of her early compositions are consequently for piano. But she also composed some songs, several of which

can be seen in the light of her relationship with the 10 year older Robert Schumann, who, after giving up his law studies, had moved in with the Wiecks to receive advanced piano lessons. When Clara's father discovered his daughter's budding infatuation with Schumann, he did everything he could to prevent their relationship.

One of her earliest surviving songs, the cheerful-melancholy Waltz, has lyrics by Johann Peter Lyser and was composed in 1834, when Clara was 14-15 years old, and her father had sent her away from home in the hope that she would forget the young composer-in-training.

Am Strande has lyrics by the Scottish poet Robert Burns translated by Wilhelm Gerhard and was given to Robert Schumann as a Christmas present after the couple had won a lawsuit against Wieck in 1840 and had married. The continuous accompaniment is designed with broken chords at a very fast tempo in 12/8 time, which is intended to illustrate the rushing river that separates the lovers, but is also a testament to Clara Schumann's virtuoso piano playing.

The song Lorelei (Loreley) with lyrics by Heinrich Heine is based on a folk legend about the young woman who, from a cliff high above the Rhine, lures sailors into ruin with her beautiful song. It was composed as a birthday present for Robert Schumann on 8 June 1843, but did not arouse his enthusiasm like the previous song from Clara's hand. Almost symbolically, it was in the Rhine that the mentally vulnerable and increasingly insane Robert Schumann tried to drown himself in 1854 before he was admitted and spent the last two years of his life in an institution.

The two songs, Mein Stern and Beim Abschied, date from 1846, both with lyrics by Friederike Serre, who, together with her husband, Major Johann Fr. Serre, owned the knightly estate of Maxen south of Dresden and became known for her great hospitality and open-minded sociability, which the Schumann couple also benefited from.

**Nancy Dalberg's** (1881 – 1949) songs were written in the period from 1909 to the beginning of the 1930s, and through her choice of lyrics she tells a lot about herself and her life.

She grew up in a prosperous entrepreneurial environment and early on she developed skills as a pianist. In 1901 she married First Lieutenant Erik Dalberg, who also had a significant artistic vein; and a few songs were thus written together. Due to an arm disease, however, she had to give up becoming a concert pianist, and with Johan Svendsen and especially Carl Nielsen as teachers, she acquired from 1909 on the compositional skills that, in addition to the songs and other smaller works, led to her string quartets and orchestral works; thus three of her songs are also available in an orchestral version.

With the very personal choice of 47 mainly Danish poems, her songs take up a considerable amount of space, and she provoked her contemporaries with a sometimes quite rich piano accompaniment, whereby the soloist and pianist became more equal in the performance. The lyrics range widely from the cheerful to several more serious lyrics that revolve around the family and marital dreams that remained unfulfilled due to her lifelong health challenges and her husband's increasing mental illness. Of the present selection, 9 songs have not previously been recorded.

## **Nina Bols Lundgren**

Soprano

Since debuting from the Royal Danish Academy's Soloist Class, Nina has been much in demand as a soloist in oratorios and she has performed with the Danish National Chamber Orchestra, Copenhagen Phil, Odense's, Aalborg's, Sønderjylland's symphony orchestras and Randers Chamber Orchestra, members of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, with Malmö Symphony orchestra in Malmö Live and at Norrland's Opera, Sweden.

Nina made her operatic debut at the Opera of Funen, where she sang Norina in Don Pasquale. Her performance was very well received by the critics. Other roles include Pamina with Opera Fresca and Euridice at Copenhagen Operafestival, where she has sung several times. Later Nina enjoyed great success in the leading role at Aarhus Summer Opera. She had her debut at Malmö Opera as Barbarina in Le Nozze di Figaro, which was directed by Peter Stein.

The international debut came with the "New Dutch Academy", and the reception was terrific: "Magnificent Dutch Debut Danish Soprano Nina Bols Lundgren...

wowed The Hague's audience with her sparkle, warmth and technical mastery in an electrifying performance which was also captured by Dutch radio. Following her scintillating debut performance in the Netherlands, the NDA's conductor immediately invited Ms. Lundgren back to perform in The Hague's Dr Anton Philipszaal. She has also been on tour to China with a score written directly for her by Hans-Erik Philip.

Nina has participated in several international competitions and was finalist and prizewinner in 'The Mozart Singing Competition' in London.

She has studied with soprano Barbara Bonney in Salzburg, Inger Dam Jensen and also Eva Johansson.

She has performed in Odense Symphony Orchestra's production of the 'Ring' singing Woglinde and Waldvogel lead by former chief-conductor at The Royal Danish Opera, Alexander Vedernikov and with international stars in the leading roles.

## **Christina Bjørkøe – piano**

"Christina Bjørkøe lets loose with her most incisive, dynamically charged playing".

### *Classics Today*

The pianist Christina Bjørkøe is one of Denmark's leading musicians and is in demand as a recitalist, chamber musician and as a soloist with symphony orchestras. Born in 1970, Christina Bjørkøe started playing the piano at the age of 5. At the age of 8, she became a student of Therese Koppel, who taught her until 1990, after which she was admitted to *The Juilliard School of Music* in New York as a student at Seymour Lipkin. Later, she completed her studies at Anne Øland at *The Royal Danish Academy of Music*.

Bjørkøe made her debut as a soloist with orchestra at the age of 16 and has since given concerts as a soloist and chamber musician in Denmark, across Europe, as well as in the USA, South America and Asia. She has been a soloist with most Danish symphony orchestras, including the *Danish National Symphony Orchestra*, and the *Czech Chamber Orchestra*, the

*Recife Festival Orchestra* in Brazil, the *Malmö Symphony Orchestra* and the *Iceland Symphony Orchestra*, and is highly in-demand as a recitalist.

Christina Bjørkøe already has an extensive discography - both solo and as a chamber musician and has, in addition to her critically acclaimed recordings of Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, Bach's *Goldberg Variations*, works by Chopin and the Schumanns (Robert AND Clara) as well as Chopin, but she has particularly distinguished herself in her advocacy of Danish music. Her recordings of the music of Carl Nielsen, Niels W. Gade, Hakon Børresen, Louis Glass, Niels Viggo Bentzon, Herman D. Koppel, Vagn Holmboe, Poul Rovsing Olsen, Axel Borup Jørgensen and others have received numerous accolades and many are considered benchmark performances.

Bjørkøe's awards and accolades including the *Danish Music Award P2 Prisen for Best Classical Solo Release* for her recordings of Knudåge Riisager's piano works (2005), and Carl Nielsen's collected piano works (2009). She twice won First Prize in the *Steinway Competition* and has been awarded

several other prizes and grants including the prestigious *Victor Borge Award*, and most recently, the *Wilhelm Hansen Foundation's Honorary Grant 2021*.

Bjørkøe is currently an associate professor at the *Danish National Academy of Music*, Odense.

## **Duo Bols & Bjørkøe**

The Duo Bols and Bjørkøe have their fifth anniversary in 2022. They met each other at Holmen's Church in Copenhagen where they were both soloists at a Niels W. Gade concert celebration that was broadcast on the Danish National Radio. Since then, the duo has played multiple concerts throughout Denmark. In 2020, the Roskilde Music Association encouraged the duo to perform a program consisting only of female composers, a program that was also recorded for the Danish National Radio.

## **[ 6 ] Folksong**

I know a little bird in the grove,  
it lives in the dense thicket,  
it sings there morning and evening,  
I preferred to hear it at night.

And each new time I listen,  
it rises in my mind:  
I opened my door only to happiness  
but let sorrow come in.

Why must people cry  
a cry that has no end?  
Because there is so much sorrow here  
and there are only two eyes.

## **[ 7 ] Marianne Sinclair's song**

Child, you have loved, but never again  
will you feel the joy of love.  
The storm of passion  
has shaken your soul.  
Be happy that you have gone to rest.  
No more will you be lifted to heavenly joy,  
be happy you have gone to rest,  
no more will you be sunk  
into the depths of pain!  
Ah, never, never again.

Child, you have loved, but never again  
will flames kindle in your soul.  
You were like dry grass in a field,  
you were filled with fire for a second.  
He whom you loved, who alone knew  
how to open the door of your heart,  
he is now gone, he calls no more.  
Ah, never, never again.

## **[ 8 ] Angelus bells**

There are red clouds far away  
where the sun went down,  
A single window sparkles,  
a soul without peace.  
One last bird sings behind the pinetrees  
and my thoughts drift without plan.

The happy swallows swing in the blue  
and the evening bell rings  
from gray towers.  
It is so green and quiet  
on the mountain slope.  
My soul is turned  
towards the source of eternity.

## [ 9 ] A monk in his cell

A monk sits in his cell,  
writing in intricate script.  
He inscribes on grey parchment tales  
of joyful and dreamy exploits.  
He writes of war and love,  
the proud maiden and the young squire.  
Along the rigid pathways of the verses,  
a series of noble fates unfolds.

Yet, in the midst of a simple line,  
the monk comes to a halt.  
Banners thunder in the morning breeze  
and the sun flashes like spears.  
A bird chirps outside,  
a playful game lures in the grove.  
A sunbeam dances  
across the monastery wall,  
the meadow is blooming now with flowers.  
An eagle perches in the sun  
above the forest,  
and joyful streams ring clearly.

The monk sits behind the monastery wall,  
his heart is heavy with dreams.  
He thinks of a proud maiden  
who fills his soul with sweetness,  
He dreams of towers etching themselves  
into the redness of the evening sky.  
He clutches his pen like a guardian  
and confesses the sinful thoughts.

A monk sits behind a monastery wall,  
writing of dreamy exploits.

## [10] My heart and I

Mit hjerte og jeg

Vi var uenige, mit hjerte og jeg,  
vi skændtes, vi kæmpede dag og nat,  
jeg sagde, at det var forkert at sukke,  
at Gud ville sørge for,  
at alting kom i orden,  
at vi begge skulle være modige  
og stærke.  
Det sukkede igen, som om det ville sige:  
Du har måske ret, jeg tager måske fejl,  
men savner vi ham ikke mere  
og mere hver dag?

Jeg sagde, at alt var til det bedste,  
at jeg var glad for, vi ikke kunne blive,  
at vi begge ville være i ro  
nu hvor vi var så langt væk.  
Ser du ikke, at solen skinner  
sagde jeg, og at jeg er munter og glad.  
Åh ja, sagde hjertet,  
du synes at være det  
men savner vi ham ikke mere  
og mere hver dag?

Og sådan kæmpede vi, mit hjerte og jeg,  
men al min kamp var forgæves,  
for jeg hører stadig dets blide suk  
og jeg hører stadig dets smerteskrig.  
Og selvom vi må være modige og stærke  
og til verdens ende stræbe og bede  
vil mit hjerte og jeg, om vi har ret,  
om vi har uret,  
savne ham mere  
dag for dag.

### [11] The swans

Rise, my swans,  
rise towards the fading blue.  
Greet my high and lovely stars from the dust.  
Tell them I know that both I  
and my song will pass away.  
Tell them how calmly  
I can now dare to think of it.  
Rise, my swans.  
Lift your rushing wings above the leaves.

The bright night glides on,  
silver-white with melancholy.  
Fly, my swans,  
stretch your dew-soaked wings.  
Long before the day  
wakes the nighttime thickets,  
the mighty wave of sunlight rises,  
golden and smooth,  
a morning foams  
against the swans' blushing breasts.

Fight, my swans.  
Flow with a breaking song  
the arch and the depth,  
the blueing chasms of the clouds.  
The harps of the wings,  
the dying sound of the throats  
shall, like a pleasant melody,  
brush against a star once,  
the one, towards whose light  
the power less longing lifts us.

Fade, my swans,  
away into the receding blue,  
the journey will be costly,  
even to the nearest star.  
Say, that I love the one  
who only saw dreams.  
Say that I will remember those  
whom I will never reach.  
Fade, my swans.  
Become like a whisper in the distance.

### [12] I see before my eyes, Tannhäuser song no. 5.

I see before my eyes  
like the finest web of threads  
sparkling in the sunlight, I close my eyes.  
Ah, you have woven the enchanted web,  
You, who have recognized the blush  
on my cheek.

I sink into rose-scented dreams,  
my lips bending towards yours.

I walk as if in leaves  
of the fluttering spring,  
flowers sway beneath me, wherever I go  
a flowing expanse.

Ah, could I take you with me,  
my beloved,  
ah, could we travel far away,  
then let the wave only pull us down  
into the depths,  
the hours of our lives were happy.

I hear your voice, it is the birds' song  
and the stag calling to the doe  
over the meadow.

Where should I hide?  
Ah, I would flee to the edge of the earth,  
when you only sought me,  
I would be ready there.  
There is a bird,  
there is a stag in the most distant land.

Your voice reaches beyond worlds.

### **[13] Close your eyes**

Close your eyes, close your eyes.  
The spring wind softly passes us by.  
Do you hear bells chiming in the air?  
The bird cherry is in bloom,  
do you remember the scent?  
The scent from times of happiness and longing,  
brought here gently by the breeze.

Close your eyes, close your eyes.  
Bees hum along the fragrant path.  
A young man walks on the flowering hill,  
wraps his arm around his lover's neck,  
and sees his happiness shining in her eyes,  
tremblingly lifted towards his.

Close your eyes, close your eyes,  
others will dream as we have.  
Days and years will pass,  
and once again the sun will shine  
over the forests.  
youth will still feel the eternal joy  
fill their swelling hearts.

Close your eyes, close your eyes,  
The spring wind softly as it passes us by.  
The spring wind plays with bells in the air.  
The bird cherry is in bloom,  
do you remember the scent?  
The breeze that carries it over your hair,  
came from the springtime of our love.

### **[14] It hums in my ear**

It hums in my ear with old melodies,  
from the crumbled grave of beauty  
with wild and sweet magic.

They buzz in my mind's ear,  
like a swarm of golden bees,  
they hum for my senses,  
until my brain is ablaze.  
It hums in my ear with old melodies,

They buzz in my mind's ear,  
like a swarm of golden bees,  
with the scent of dead roses  
and lilies that have disappeared,  
with the sweet and poisonous honey  
of poet fantasies  
about everything I came too late  
to live amidst.

They buzz in my mind's ear,  
like a swarm of golden bees.

They buzz before my senses,  
until my brain is ablaze,  
my blood is hot as fire,  
and a sting in my chest burns;  
in the middle of my heart,  
the golden swarm of bees broke,  
and through each pulse  
the poison of fantasy spreads.  
It hums in my ear with old melodies.

### **[15] My beloved dances in the halls**

My beloved dances in the halls tonight!  
God knows where it is, I walk,  
it shines with the sun and moon,  
it rains through my hair!

There is wild and joyous music  
played tonight  
and the women dance their hearts out.  
It's like my beloved's breath,  
I could hear in the leaves.

I know of longing, I know of sorrow,  
I know what it is to bleed to death.  
My beloved is dancing away tonight!  
God knows when I will meet her.

Here shines with the moon,  
here sparkles with the sun!  
And all the nightingales!  
My beloved bows her head,  
hot with emotion,  
and listens to the talk of strangers.

My beloved dances in the halls!

## **[16] April ballad**

Hello, welcome you sassy April,  
quick to anger and swift to a smile,  
always and forever on the move.  
Restless and wild, cheerful and gentle,  
sneaking, flying, violent and wild,  
tossing gold over fences.

Yesterday you were angry,  
today you're good  
and smile so cheerfully  
towards recovery and penance,  
but you have seven minds in your blood.  
The other day you raged so  
that the snow was smoking.  
Maybe it was just a youthful joke,  
but good people went mad in their heads.

The wise ones, they curse your mind.  
Shrugging their shoulders,  
they wrap themselves up!  
But it's still warmest in the living room.  
No thanks to April, it doesn't fool us,  
it shows off with sunshine,  
but we know the game,  
it ends with arthritis and a cold.

Let good people think  
as good people can.  
Now April blows spring across the land,  
we sing and stomp in rhythm.

We honor you for your fiery spirit,  
your singing spirit and your willing spirit,  
your courage and your joyful contempt.

## **[17] Young summer**

It overflows with sunlight, it drifts with fragrance,  
raining through the clear sky,  
an endless murmur of trills,  
and the tiny restless beetles,  
they hurriedly scurry everywhere,  
searching for the shimmering notes that fell.

A path stretches, so white, so white  
as bleached by the sun, from ancient times.  
And there comes a group of young girls,  
one of them begins to sing.  
Then one dances, then two dance,  
then they all dance with fast little shoes.

A dance moves along a sun-white road.  
A dreamer lies there watching the play.  
When he closes his eyes, the air laughs,  
the grass weeps, and the scent whispers.  
His mind grows large  
with the urge to create,  
his heart swells with unborn song.

Who knows, who knows  
what will be revealed one day?

### **[18] Late summer**

Now I shut myself in  
from the bright evenings,  
for the last sigh of summer's mood,  
in longing my heart must now freeze,  
the summer night was far too beautiful.

Now a thousand delicate thoughts slumber,  
a thousand beautiful dreams die.  
Awaken to life as evening darkens,  
shining brightly through veils of mist.

Now I shut out the bright thoughts,  
beautiful dreams that once filled my mind.  
The life that surges  
and pulses within me withers,  
winter closes in around me.

### **[19] Then a longing rises**

What is it that ferments within me,  
as if it would burst from my chest,  
it roars like mighty waves,  
it sings with a jubilant voice,  
it feels as if my thought has grown  
and soared far above the earth,  
as if by the vast wingspan  
of unknown forces,  
as if clear expanses opened dazzling  
before my sight,

as if I was filled with a richness  
of blinding flashes of thought.

Then a burning longing rises,  
an irresistible urge to express all  
that I feel in a roaring, jubilant song.  
A song of the beauty on earth,  
a song of passion and fire,  
a hymn to human life,  
to thought and power at play,  
a song in burning longing,  
in a proud and life-affirming desire  
to embrace all that is great and lovely  
and press it close to my breast.

### **[20] Gypsy Song**

Heja, heja! Darkness falls on wild roads,  
the sun and moon bow for Natascha.  
Hoja, hoja, shine the gypsy girl's eye,  
the stars of the night bow before my feet.

Halla, halla, from my breast the veil will fall  
hottest is my beauty above all.  
Hua, hua, up I stand on the arc of heaven,  
igniting earth and sea in light and flame.

## [21] Joke Rhyme

Sunday, I fell madly in love  
Monday, revealed my pain  
Tuesday, Lisa's heart was touched  
Wednesday, my wish almost came true  
Thursday, she chose another  
Friday, my cries of revenge  
Saturday, I diligently took care of the jug  
Sunday, I forgot about the whole thing.

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## Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

- [ 1 ] Walzer 3:30  
(Johann Peter Lyser)
- [ 2 ] Am Strande 2:53  
(Gerhard based on Burns)
- [ 3 ] Mein Stern 2:01  
(Friederike Serre)
- [ 4 ] Loreley 2:39  
(Heinrich Heine)
- [ 5 ] Beim Abschied 5:16  
(Friederike Serre)

## Nancy Dalberg (1881-1949)

- [ 6 ] Folkevisen 1:21  
(Martin Andersen-Nexø)
- [ 7 ] Marianne Sinclairs sang 2:22  
(Selma Lagerlöf)
- [ 8 ] Angelusklokker 2:13  
(Johs. Jørgensen)
- [ 9 ] Der sidder en munk i bure 3:53  
(Mads Nielsen)
- [10] My heart and I 2:50  
(Ellen Arendrup)

- [11] Svanerne 4:28  
(Hans Hartvig Seedorf Pedersen)
- [12] Jeg ser for mit øje, 3:54  
Tannhäusersang nr. 5 (Holger Drachmann)
- [13] Luk dine øjne 2:49  
(Ludvig Holstein)
- [14] Det suser mig for øret 2:48  
(Thor Lange)
- [15] Min elskede danser i sale (2) 2:29  
(Lauritz Christian Nielsen)
- [16] Aprilvise 2:35  
(Mads Nielsen)
- [17] Ung sommer! 2:40  
(Mads Nielsen)
- [18] Sensommer 2:27  
(ukendt)
- [19] Da stiger en længsel 2:23  
(Ukendt)
- [20] Zigeunersang 1:41  
(Thor Lange)
- [21] Skåmtrim 1:12  
(Anna Maria Lenngren)

Nina Bols Lundgren, soprano  
Christina Bjørkøe, piano