

Silent Course

Nordkraft Big Band
Remy Le Boeuf
Danielle Wertz



A **Rest Your Head**
Martin Granum, guitar
Danielle Wertz, voice
Remy Le Boeuf, alto saxophone

I Had a King
Anders Ammitzbøll, bass

Silent Course
Remy Le Boeuf, alto saxophone
Peter Lund Paulsen, drums

Where Do I Go?
Luka Dgebuadze, piano

B **First Snow**
Peter Lund Paulsen, drums
Remy Le Boeuf, alto saxophone

Something To Believe In
Remy Le Boeuf, alto saxophone

Aberdeen
Rolf Thofte Løkke, trumpet

Turn In
Anders Ammitzbøll, bass
Thomas Fryland, trumpet



All compositions arranged by Remy Le Boeuf.

First Snow written by Remy Le Boeuf.
Silent Course by Remy Le Boeuf and Sara Pirkle.
Turn In by Danielle Wertz and Jake Shaprio.
Rest Your Head, Where Do I Go? and Aberdeen by Danielle Wertz.
Something to Believe In by Madison Cunningham, Ethan Gruska, and Pete Harper.
I Had a King by Joni Mitchell.

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BIG BAND 
www.nordkraftbigband.dk

koda[®] nob
Gateway music



Rest Your Head

Gently rest your head down, down
Softly let your eyes dim the light
And let the night fall
Floating from the sky to the ground
Tuck your heavy heart in tonight
It's time to let go and slowly tiptoe home
Go home, go home, go home

Spinning as you crumble to your knees
Holding shattered pieces of your dreams
That now must fade and fall
Frozen as your mind turns to stone
Floods of thoughts start racing through your bones
It's time to let go and slowly tiptoe home
Go home, go home
Come home, come home

How long must we cling to the light?
With weary hearts and weary eyes we cry

How long must we cling to the light with weary
Hearts and weary eyes?
We cry

So gently rest your head down, down
Softly let your eyes dim the light
And let the night fall

I Had a King

I had a king in a tenement castle
Lately he's taken to painting the pastel walls brown
He's taken the curtains down

He's swept with the broom of contempt
And the rooms have an empty ring
He's cleaned with the tears of an actor
Who fears for the laughter's sting

I can't go back there anymore
You know my keys won't fit the door
You know my thoughts don't fit the man
They never can, they never can

I had a king dressed in drip-dry and paisley
Lately he's taken to saying I'm crazy and blind
He lives in another time

Ladies in gingham still blush
While he sings them of wars and wine
But I in my leather and lace
I can never become that kind

I can't go back there anymore
You know my keys won't fit the door
You know my thoughts don't fit the man
They never can, they never can

I had a king in a salt-rusted carriage
Who carried me off to his country for marriage
Too soon
Beware of the power of moons

There's no one to blame
No, there's no one to name as a traitor here
The king's on the road and the queen's in the grove
'til the end of the year

I can't go back there anymore
You know my keys won't fit the door
You know my thoughts don't fit the man
They never can, they never can
They never can, they never can

Silent Course

Lighthouse rays emit a lonely grace
They spin and sweep the darkness from night's face
Dividing fog with steady haste

But along black shores you drift a silent course
Toward a distant thought of what you need to
Anchor you
You could keep floating on without a purpose

When will you throw overboard your thirst just to
Find a port?

Learn to trust your ceaseless wanderlust
A beam of light may never beckon you
May never promise passage
Never guide you home

Where Do I Go?

It's ten in the morning and I'm still in bed
The sunlight is carefully drawing on my head
The state of my room is like the state of my mind
A pile of clothes hangs on top of a bike and I cry

The people I love have it all figured out
With a kid on the way and a brand new house
But children are dying while I'm safe at home
Will I ever have a family of my own?

I don't know what I want
When will I know
Can someone help me
Where do I go?

Some days feel easy while some weeks are harder
Why do I tell myself I just want a nine-to-five job
Or a simple life off in the woods
When we all know I wouldn't change a thing
If I could
Though I try

What do I want
When will I know?
Can someone help me
Where do I go?

What do I want
When will I know?
Can someone help me
Where do I go?

Sometimes the weeks pass me by
Like the corner of a flipbook I read
As a child every night before bed
And I wonder, "what would that child see
If she had a crystal ball to look ahead at me?"

What would she want
When will I know?
Can anyone help me
Where do I go?

Something to Believe In

You want something constant
And you want something sure
Something you can hold, something secure
I've seen your eyes knocking
And turn from the door
Tell me what it is you're looking for

If you need something to believe in
You can believe in my love

Your heroes stand tall
And you lean on their strength
When one takes a hard fall, with them you break
Well the rope never mattered
'til it was holding your weight
I guess trust is a chance you take

If you need someone to believe in
You can believe in my love

Well I've spent my life looking for a truth I can bear
But kingdoms are just sand
And a throne is just a chair
Dreams are born to grow up, to die, and tear
And spring again in the summer air

I've needed someone to believe in
I've needed someone to believe in
I've needed someone to believe in
Can I believe in your love?

Aberdeen

It's been a long time since I've held
My mother's hand
But oh, I remember that feeling
Like rays from the sun
Her fingers would warm my head
But oh, the last time

It's been a long time since I've seen
My mother smile
But oh I remember that feeling
Pieces of my soul she would pick up off the floor
Somehow her smile made them whole again

But for now it's just me
Somewhere south of Aberdeen
I'm here alone in my city by the water
By the water.

It's been a long road as I've trekked into my past
I'm covered in dust and old feelings
Two steps forward then I tumble down the hill
Running from questions I'm not ready to hear
The answers to

So for now it's just me
Somewhere south of Aberdeen
I'm here alone in my city by the water
By the water

It's been a long game playing hide and seek
With time
I haven't accepted who's winning
Weary and weathered, the ancient clock ticks on
Marking the score on my body one by one

Anyhow, it's just me
Somewhere south of Aberdeen
I'm here alone in my city by the water
By the water

Turn In

These words you've spoken
Wrapped the earth in flames
We're helpless underneath the smoke
As time turns back we can't move
And bullets fly toward those who have no say
And silence hasn't broken
Afraid to be outspoken

So weep because the world is weeping
And hold on tight because the world is turning in
So weep because the world is weeping
And hold on tight because the world is turning in

Though pain runs deep it forces light to grow
A sea of strangers painted love
To prove no wall could save you
These eyes I see hold songs I long to hear
And silence can be broken
Silence will be broken

Weep because the world is weeping
And hold on tight because the world is turning in
So weep because the world is weeping
And hold on tight because the world is turning in
Hold on tight because the world is turning in
The world is turning in
The world is turning
The world is turning in

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Danielle Wertz

Voice

Remy Le Boeuf

Chief Conductor/Alto Saxophone

Nordkraft Big Band

Sophus Bech Lauesen Reeds 1
Claus Veis Sørensen Reeds 2
Uffe Markussen Reeds 3
Jonas E. Andreasen Reeds 4
Nis Hellerøe Myrtue Reeds 5

Nicholai Andersen Trumpet 1
Rolf Thofte Løkke Trumpet 2
Thomas Fryland Trumpet 3
Dan Hejslet Trumpet 4

Thomas Skovlund Hansen Trombone 1
Jonathan Bruun Meyer Trombone 2
Jonas Lindh Trombone 3
Kristian Kloster Trombone 4

Martin Granum Guitar
Luka Dgebuadze Piano
Anders Ammitzbøll Bass
Peter Lund Paulsen Drums

Recorded by Morten Maltesen, July 19-21, 2024 at Lundgaard Studios, Denmark.
Additional recording by John Davis at The Bunker Studio, Brooklyn (USA), November 2024.
Mixed by Brian Montgomery at Soundview Studio, White Plains, NY (USA), October/November 2024.
Mastered by Dave Darlington at Bass Hit Recording, NYC (USA), January 2025.
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Produced by Remy Le Boeuf, Danielle Wertz, and Peter Lund Paulsen.

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