



## Low-Fly Quintet *Winter Love Song*

When Low-Fly Quintet released their debut album, “Stop For A While” on Losen Records in October 2017, multiple Norwegian reviewers awarded 6 out of 6 eyes on the dice. They also achieved acclaim from jazz reviewers abroad. One of them being the renowned Jazz Magazine “Down Beat» (US):

*«(...) A modern take on a bluesy 30s sound (...) the group shows it's potential in appealing takes on vintage songs. (February issue 2018)*

In October 2019 Low-Fly Quintet releases its second album “Winter Love Song”

On this release, the quintet offers only original songs. They have developed their expression further, creating vivacious, elegant, raw and genuine original songs inspired by the vocal jazz of the first half of the 20th century. They tell stories about intimacy and distance, small moments and big impacts and even with their modern approach to the classical sound of traditional vocal jazz they bring you the distinct colours of one of jazz's finest periods.

The quintet's special line up with cello in addition to vocals and piano trio creates a very distinct expression that strikes, surprises and touches.

Following their debut album, the quintet has played multiple concerts and festivals. On this record it becomes clear that they have more stories to tell. With these songs

Low-Fly Quintet will be just as good a company at home in the living room as they will be live in concert.

The “Low-Fly Quintet” consists of:

Camilla Tømta, vocals.

Siri Snorheim, cello

Uri Sala, double bass

Ole Gjæstøl, piano

Skjalg Lidsheim, percussion

The title track “Winter Love Song” is not a love song in praise of winter, but a love song in spite of winter and this is how this record also occasionally tells about trivial, sad or painful themes in a fun, beautiful and warm way.

On the cover we find a short story. It's a story of loss and hope and somehow sets the mood for the musical journey the quintet invites you to join.

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It would have been an ordinary morning but for the fact that she woke up before the sun had claimed the sky. A narrow arch of golden light on the horizon promised yet another warm and cloudless summer's day. This time of year the sun rose early, so early it was still almost night. She shifted her body slightly and turned her head. The pillow next to her was empty. A slight hollow where his head had rested less than an hour ago. It was as she had expected. They had said it was only for TONIGHT. She got up. There was no more sleep to be had anyway.



She poured herself a cup of tea and sat outside with a thin blanket tossed around her shoulders. As she pulled up her feet and rested her chin on her knee, she couldn't help a pensive grin. It was his SMILE that had caught her attention yesterday. He had reminded her so much of you. Reminded her of those warm days in the magical city of BANARES, of the way you had made her SHINE. This was your magical skill. Being with you always turned the WINTER BLUES into a WINTER LOVESONG. But time has passed. You'd thought you would be the last to love her, but she ended up being the LAST TO LOVE YOU. For her, time after you passed very slowly at first. Each day passing without notice, like the deep rumbling of distant thunder or a wave far out at sea steadily traveling towards the shore. Numb. Then there was the child. It was the child that woke her, made her crawl up on the shore, rise to her feet, feel the clutching fingers of the ocean

wave letting go of her heart. The child would LEAN IN and look up into her face, searching for the light in her eyes. She knew she could be the child's pillar of strength just as the child could be hers. Time passed. Sometimes she would hear the distant thunder or the hush of the ocean waves trying to pull her back in. Sometimes a salty wave would roll over her feet and she let it touch the edges of her heart, but she never turned. She held that small soft hand in hers and held a steady gaze. Step by step. Away from the shore, towards dry land. Then, last night, she met him. It would have been an ordinary morning but for the fact that she was up at sunrise. It was different. Even if he had only been passing by it made her realize that time had too. The sunrise was different and though the night had just ended she felt that this exact moment was when it all began.

CD:

**LOS 227-2**



180 gram LP:

**LOS 227-1**



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