Western Music
Don Wright Faculty of Music

VANCOUVER RECITAL SOCIETY
VISITING ARTIST SERIES CONCERT
"ORLANDO"

Friday, November 13, 2026
7:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall
Ema Nikolovska, *mezzo-soprano*
Sean Shibe, *guitar*

Ô Souverain, ô Juge, ô Père from *Le Cid*	Jules Massenet (1842–1912)
Praeludium	John Dowland (1563–1626)
Come Again, Sweet Love *Come, Heavy Sleep* *Think'st Thou Then by Thy Feigning* from *First Booke of Songes or Ayres (1597)*	
1000 Parts of You	Sasha Scott (b. 2002)
Dark Light	Linda Catlin Smith (b. 1957)
Blanca from *The Exterminating Angel*	Thomas Adès (b. 1971)
Hexensabbat from *Orlando-Lieder*	Detlev Glanert (b. 1960)
Einsamkeit from *Winterreise*, D. 911	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Lied der Wehmut from *Orlando-Lieder*	Detlev Glanert (b. 1960)
Habanera from *The Exterminating Angel*	Thomas Adès (b. 1971)

– Intermission –

This Other Here	Nahre Sol (Alice Gi-Young Hwang) (b. 1991)
pearl (2026)	Maddie Ashman (b. 2001)
Dream Memorandum (It Reminded Me of the Truth)	Cassandra Miller (b. 1976)

See the Small, Limpid Well-Spring from *Two Inger Christensen Songs*	Hans Abrahamsen (b. 1952)
So laßt mich scheinen from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister*, D. 877, No. 3	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Be Kind	Alex Paxton (b. 1990)

– small pause –

Orlando Sleepeth	John Dowland (1563–1626)
Aimez-moi	Pauline Viardot (1821–1910)
Masters of War	Bob Dylan (b. 1941)
O Superman	Laurie Anderson (b. 1947)

This concert is part of the Vancouver Recital Society Visiting Artist Series, made possible with a generous gift from alumna Elaine Adair.

ABOUT "ORLANDO"

The knight immortal, the troubadour ever-changing, the lover constant: Orlando adventures in all their/her/his forms, uncovering who they truly are. This programme explores the non-linear journey between the multiple iterations of Orlando through disparate time, genders and media, inspired by written stories such as the Old French Chanson de Roland, Ludovico Ariosto's Orlando furioso, and Virginia Woolf's Orlando: A Biography.

Orlando's experience with war begins with the Chanson de Roland (written c.1040), one of the oldest surviving works of French literature, and continues with his part in Ariosto's Orlando furioso (1532). These poems focus on the duties of a knight, as well as courtly love and the chivalrous adventures that ensue. Virginia Woolf forces Orlando to consider his identity in her novel Orlando: A Biography (1928), making him both long-lived and genderfluid. Inspired by her first female lover and fellow writer, Vita Sackville-West, Woolf created an Orlando who not only shifts from a man into a woman and steps up in social class from a court page to a noblewoman, but who explores their gender expression and sexuality. The novel follows Orlando's centuries-long adventures through both physical countries and metaphysical ways of being.

This programme follows Orlando's kaleidoscopic existence via the four musical signposts of Sasha Scott's '1000 parts of you', Cassandra Miller's 'It Reminded Me of the Truth', Detlev Glanert's Orlando-Lieder and Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman'. Along the way, we touch upon music by Dowland, Massenet, Bob Dylan and others.

Both Sasha Scott and Cassandra Miller contend with Orlando's identity in their world première works, deriving inspiration from Woolf's novel. '1000 parts of you' by Scott, a Londoner and current composition

student at the Royal College of Music, mirrors her cover of 'O Superman', employing voice, guitar and electronics. About this piece, she said, '…[Chapter 6 of Orlando] led me to contemplate how we all as humans have what feels like thousands of different selves and parts of us, which all make us who we are. When I was thinking about this, I visited the exhibition Infinity Mirror Rooms by Yayoi Kusama. I was really moved and struck by the infinitive amount of reflections there were in the mirrored room, and how it almost felt like a simulation of Orlando's introspection. I wanted the sound world to feel infinitive and contemplative, yet consuming and overwhelming.'

Miller, a Canadian composer and previous Associate Head of Composition at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, created her piece, Dream Memorandum ('It Reminded Me of the Truth'), from the voice-memo of her conversation with Ema Nikolovska about the overarching themes of Woolf's novel. Speaking about her process, Miller said, '…I've asked Ema to re-learn excerpts of her voice memos to me, and to speak them now in concert accompanied by Sean. I find the sound of Ema's voice to be magical, evocative and intelligent – and, fortunately for the transcription process, quite tonal. Her flights of insight manifest in an effervescent F major, and her most profound reflections have a rich D minor cadence.'

While adventuring the musical landscape, we continuously return to Detlev Glanert's Orlando-Lieder. This set of songs explores facets of Orlando's personality while providing a musical scaffolding for the entire recital. The texts, although inspired by Ariosto's Orlando furioso, are new poems by writers Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff. This work had its complete world première in Berlin in 2005, with Aron Brieger and Juliane Tief. Glanert's propensity for harmonic complexity in his vocal work shines through these songs, although he swaps his usually dense soundscape for the sparse narrative style common to the troubadours and trobairitz of the Middle Ages. The voice moves freely over the lute-like accompaniment of the guitar, Glanert's emotion-forward compositional voice lending itself well to these texts that focus on passion and adventure.

This troubadour-esque sound serves as connective thread throughout the recital, exemplified by Dowland's work and colouring the wartime songs of Bob Dylan and Laurie Anderson. When placed alongside Dylan's 'Masters of War', a Cold War protest song from 1963, Anderson's 'O Superman' displays the effects of war on Orlando's identity and hampered ability to create community. Having started as an indie avant-garde artist, Anderson burst onto the commercial scene with her 'O Superman', taking the number two spot on the UK singles chart in 1981. The song began as part of United States, an 8-hour stage work that spanned two evenings and included musical numbers alongside purely visual segments, spoken word pieces and animated vignettes. Both the stage work and the song explore life in the United States, with the song focusing on how new technology can change communication between individuals during wartime. This song is sometimes called 'O Superman (for Massenet)' because Anderson was inspired by the aria 'O Souverain, ô juge, ô père' from Massenet's Le Cid. The opening line of the piece ('O Superman, O Judge, O Mom and Dad') mirrors the translated opening line of Massenet's aria ('O sovereign lord, O judge, O father'), but the text diverges after that. The original recording of 'O Superman' utilises looping electronics and a vocoder, allowing Anderson's voice to serve as both a constant beat and an accompanying, chordal Greek chorus. This programme's cover version, created by Sasha Scott, emulates the electronic accompaniment of the original while adding an acoustic element through the use of guitar. Orlando's adventure continues through and beyond this programme, their identity changing as they repeatedly reflect upon it. Who and what will they become next?

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BIOGRAPHIES

Born in North Macedonia, Mezzo-Soprano Ema Nikolovska grew up in Toronto where she studied violin at The Glenn Gould School, before studying voice with Helga Tucker. She received her Master's in Voice at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in London, where she also completed the Opera Course. Ema was a BBC New Generation Artist from 2019-2022. In 2019 she won first prize at the International Vocal Competition in 's-Hertogenbosch, the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize (Kathleen Ferrier Awards), and was a prize-winner at the Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) International Auditions. In 2022 she became a recipient of the prestigious Borletti-Buitoni Trust award.

In the 2026/27 season, Ema returns to the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin for Cherubino/ *Le nozze di Figaro* and to the Canadian Opera Company for her role debut as Komponist/ *Ariadne auf Naxos*. She sings Phèdre in Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* with Marc Minkowski and les Musiciens du Louvre in Paris and Purcell's *Dido and Æneas* with Les Violons du Roy and Bernard Labadie in Quebec City and Montréal. In its 300th anniversary year, Ema tours Bach's St Matthew Passion in Asia with the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra and Andreas Reize.

Last season, Ema made three milestone role debuts: Cherubino/ *Le nozze di Figaro* at Opernhaus Zürich, the title role of Olga Neuwirth's *Orlando* at Komische Oper Berlin, and Niklausse in Lydia Steier's new production of *Les contes d'Hoffmann* at the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin where, as an alumna of their Opera Studio, her roles include Stéfano in *Roméo et Juliette* and Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

A champion of contemporary music, Ema has premiered works by Sasha Scott, Cassandra Miller and Héloïse Werner. She made her debut last season with Ensemble Intercontemporain in Boulez's *Le Marteau sans maître* and returned to Wigmore Hall with Hikaru Kanki in a recital featuring songs by Dai Fujikura and Sato Matsui. In 2023 she sang the Woman in George Benjamin's *Picture a Day Like This*, making her debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. She revived the role in 2024 at Opéra du Rhin, Strasbourg.

Sean Shibe continues to establish himself as a boundary-pushing force in contemporary classical music. The 2026/27 season features two exciting world premieres: Mark-Anthony Turnage's classical guitar concerto Caught Hand (with Swedish Chamber Orchestra) and David Fennessy's electric guitar concerto The Noise (with the RTÉ Concert Orchestra and the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, in collaboration with New Music Dublin). Sean also returns to the Philharmonia Orchestra, programmes a concert with the BBC Philharmonic, and appears with The Hallé under Thomas Adès in Francisco Coll's concerto Turia.

A committed recitalist and chamber musician, Sean makes regular appearances at prestigious halls and festivals including Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, 92 Street Y, Wigmore Hall and the Aldeburgh Festival. Engagements in the 2026/27 season include a North American tour of his critically acclaimed programme 'Orlando Variations' with mezzo-soprano Ema Nikolovska and recitals at Heidelberger Frühling and Dublin International Chamber Music Festival.

Highlights of the last season include debuts at the Edinburgh International Festival and Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, debuts with the London Symphony Orchestra and Philharmonia Orchestra, and residencies at London's Southbank Centre and Casa da Música in Portugal. Over the last seasons, collaborations have included The Hallé, BBC Scottish Symphony, and BBC Philharmonic Orchestra with whom in 2025 he performed the first ever electric guitar concerto at the BBC Proms – Mark Simpson's extraordinary ZEBRA. Other collaborators include Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Northern Sinfonia, Ulster Orchestra, Britten Sinfonia, Manchester Collective, Dunedin Consort, Quatuor Van Kuijk, Danish String Quartet, LUDWIG, and conductors Christoph Eschenbach, Thomas Adès, Chloé Van Soeterstede, Anja Bihlmaier, Delyana Lazarova and Andrew Manze, flautist Adam Walker, violist Timothy Ridout, fiddler Aidan O'Rourke, tenor Karim Sulayman and mezzo-soprano Ema Nikolovska.

Shibe is an ardent champion of contemporary music, taking a hands-on approach to new commissions and working with composers to experiment with and expand the guitar repertoire. Premieres to date include works by Thomas Adès, Oliver Leith, Cassandra Miller, Sasha Scott, Daniel Kidane, David Fennessy, Shiva Feshareki, David Lang, Freya Waley-Cohen, James Dillon and Mark Simpson. He is equally committed to the canon, regularly pairing bold, new pieces with his own transcriptions of J.S. Bach's lute suites and seventeenth-century Scottish lute manuscripts.

Widely praised for his original programming, Shibe's recordings have received consistent critical acclaim: Profesión won a 2024 BBC Music Magazine Award, while Broken Branches, a collaboration with tenor Karim Sulayman, was nominated for a 2024 GRAMMY Award. Previous albums have garnered both OPUS Klassik and three Gramophone awards. Shibe's 2026 Pentatone release, Vesper (featuring world premiere recordings of works by Thomas Adès, Harrison Birtwistle and James Dillon) was nominated for a Gramophone award in the contemporary category and received the Golden Guitar Award (Chitarre d'oro) for best solo album.

Shibe studied at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland with Allan Neave, the Kunst-Universität Graz and in Italy under Paolo Pegoraro. He currently serves as a Guitar Professor at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He is a former YCAT and BBC New Generation Artist, the recipient of a 2012 Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship, the 2018 Royal Philharmonic Society Young Artist Award and the 2022 Leonard Bernstein Award. Shibe was an ECHO Rising Star during the 2023/24 season.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Provided by the artists

O Souverain, ô Juge, ô Père from *Le Cid* (1884) Jules Massenet (1842-1912) O souverain, ô juge, ô père, Toujours voilé, présent toujours, Je t'adorais au temps prospère Et te bénis aux sombres jours! Je vais où ta loi me réclame, Libre de tous regrets humains! O souverain, ô juge, ô père, Ta seule image est dans mon âme Que je remets entre tes mains!	**O sovereign lord, O judge, O father** O sovereign lord, O judge, O father, always hidden, always here, I worshipped you in times of plenty and bless you in these dark days! I will go where your law decrees, free from all mortal regrets! O sovereign lord, O judge, O father, your image alone is in my soul, that I give up into your hands!
Preludium (1597) *- lute melody, no voice* ***Selections from Firste Booke of Songes* (1597) *for lute and voice*** **Come again, sweet love doth now invite** John Dowland (1563-1626) Come again, sweet love doth now invite Thy graces, that refrain To do me due delight, To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die With thee again in sweetest sympathy. All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,	

My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Gentle Love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for mighty triumph laughs.

Come, heavy sleep

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with Sorrow’s sigh-swoll’n cries.
Come and possess my tired through-worn soul,
That living dies till thou on me be stole.

Think'st thou then by thy feigning

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
Sleep, with a proud disdaining,
Or with thy crafty closing
Thy cruel eyes reposing,
To drive me from thy sight,
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing.
And while sleep feigned is,
May not I steal a kiss,
Thy quiet arms embracing.

O that my sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving:
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumph'd boldly

In beauty's sweet disgrace: And liv'd in sweet embrace Of her that lov'd so coldly.	
1000 PARTS OF YOU (2024) Sasha Scott (b. 2002) *No text - set to vowels*	
Dark Light (2026) Linda Catlin Smith (b. 1957) Everything was diferent. The sun blazed or there was darkness. The flower bloomed and faded. The sun rose and sank. The lover loved and went. There was something stirring in the air... ...the stars looked down, glittering, positive, hard, from a cloudless sky. All was darkness; all was doubt; all was confusion. ...and then the lights went out and the stars rose and tangled themselves about the sky. Everything appeared in its tenderest form, There was something stirring in the air...	The text is extracted from the novel *Orlando* (1928) (chapters 1, 4 and 5) by Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)
The Exterminating Angel (2015-2016) **Blanca** Thomas Adès (b. 1971) Over the sea, Over the sea, Where is the way? Birds, tell me!	Text by Tom Cairns

Over the sea On islands of gold A mighty tall nation Of giants stroll. A mighty tall nation Upright and pure, Ruled by a king Like none before. Gardens the king has Over the sea Where birds of paradise Nest in the trees Over the sea, Over the sea, Where is the way? Birds, tell me!	
Orlando Lieder (2004) Text by Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff, after Ludovico Ariosto **Hexensabbat** Detlev Glanert (b.1960) *The witches' sabbath: a grotesque gathering blocks the knight's path. Apes, cats, half-human creatures, youths and leathery old men cavort and ride on the backs of beasts.* *The high priest rides a giant tortoise, two gnomes holding up its drunken head.* Wilde Waldgesellen stellen sich dem Ritter in den Weg. Auf den Menschenkörpern stecken zischende Dämonenfratzen. Affen und Katzen stampfen mit Bocksfüssen auf. Bärentatzen, scharrende Wesen mit Zentaurenleibern, Dazwischen grinsende junge Männer und alte Greise, Die Haut von einem Ledermantel nicht zu	**The Witches' Sabbath** Wild forest creatures block the knight's path. Hissing demon faces sit upon human bodies. Apes and cats stamp about on cloven hooves. Bear paws, scratching creatures with centaur bodies, among them grinning young men and ancient old men, whose skin is indistinguishable from a leather

unterscheiden. Ohne Zügel, ohne Sattel, schiessen sie an ihm vorbei, Andere reiten gemächlich auf Ochs und Esel. Ein junger mann springt auf einen Zentauren, Andere greifen sich Kraniche. Auf einer Riesenschildkröte reitet in der Mitte der Hauptmann, Dessen trunkenen Kopf zwei Gnomen stützen, Dessen trunkenen Kopf, Hauptmann, trunkenen Kopf, Stützen Gnomen, trunkenen Kopf, stützen, trunkenen Kopf, Trunkenen Kopf, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen, Zwei Affen, Katzen, Wesen, Männer, Greise, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen. So torkeln sie inmitten grauser Fratzen gradewegs wie aus der Hölle!	cloak. Without reins, without saddle, they shoot past him, while others ride leisurely upon oxen and donkeys. A young man leaps onto a centaur, others seize hold of cranes. Upon a giant tortoise rides, in the midst of them, the captain, whose drunken head is supported by two gnomes, whose drunken head, captain, drunken head, gnomes support, drunken head, support, drunken head, drunken head, two gnomes, two gnomes, two gnomes, two apes, cats, creatures, men, old men, two gnomes, two gnomes, two gnomes. And so they stagger amid grimacing faces, straight on, as though straight out of hell!
Winterreise D911 (1827) **Einsamkeit** Franz Schubert (1797-1828) Text by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) Wie eine trübe Wolke Durch heitre Lüfte geht, Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel Ein mattes Lüftchen weht: So zieh' ich meine Strasse Dahin mit trägem Fuss, Durch helles, frohes Leben, Einsam und ohne Gruss. Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig! Ach, dass die Welt so licht! Als noch die Stürme tobten, War ich so elend nicht.	**Loneliness** *Translation by Richard Stokes* Like a dark cloud drifting across clear skies, when a faint breeze blows through the firtops: I go on my way with dragging steps, through life's bright joys, lonely and ignored. Alas, why is the air so calm! Alas, why is the world so bright! While storms were still raging, I was not so wretched
Lied der Wehmut from *Orlando-Lieder (2004)* Detlev Glanert (b.1960) Text by Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff, after Ludovico Ariosto *A song of melancholy longing: he stands gazing for hours into the depths of space, in search of nothing, finding nothing.*	

Einsam, stumm, blickt er, die Augen Traurig verloren In den Himmelsraum hinein. Er mag schon Stunden in den Tiefen Der Gestirne wandern, bewegungslos, Am gleichen Platz, die Füsse lahm. Nicht suchend, niemals wieder findend, Die Hände wie zur letzten Ruh gefaltet, still.	Alone, silent, he gazes, his eyes Sadly lost Into the expanse of the heavens. He may have wandered for hours in the depths Of the stars, motionless, In the same place, his feet grown lame. Not searching, never finding again, His hands folded as if for their final rest, still.
Habanera from *The Exterminating Angel* Thomas Adès Text by Tom Cairns I think they watch us from time to time From the front from the back from the sides The rancorous eyes of hens More dreadful than the rotting water of grottoes Incestuous as the eyes of the mother who died on the gallows. I think I will have to die with my hands in the quagmire . . . I think that if a son were born to me He would remain eternally watching the beasts copulating in the late afternoon!	
pearls (2026) Maddie Ashman (b. 2001) as she spoke the first stroke of the midnight sounded near thursday eleventh cold breeze off the river brushed her face with breath of fear the breeze of the present look up anxious at the sky all the clouds come now with the roaring roaring in my ears, oh! calling here Shel! she cried baring her breast up to the moon shine bright shine brighter so the pearls at her neck shone at midnight as if noon over october rush comes all her pearls seem to burn and they burn	Text by Jessa Brown, adapted from Orlando (1928) by Virginia Woolf

and they turn and they twist glare and they fire and they shine and they blaze every pearl like a flare cutting the darkness just one wild bird	
Dream Memorandum (It Reminded Me of the Truth) (2024) Cassandra Miller (b. 1976) *Excerpts of Ema's voice notes sent to Cassandra in Spring of 2024, in response to questions and prompts from Cassandra*	
See the small, limpid well-spring **from *2 Inger Christensen Songs (2017)*** Hans Abrahamsen (b. 1952) Text by Inger Christensen (1935-2009) trans. Jakob Holtze see the small, limpid well-spring, all dried up and winding its way up the mountain again. and the bottomless roses that marshland encloses lay pollen to rest in the fen in the days without end imprinted in stone they in time signify the cumulus letters engraved in the sky like scripture as when Archeæopteryx flew across the celestial dizzying blue in days without end in days without end	
So lasst mich scheinen **from *Gesänge* aus** **Wilhelm Meister D877 (1826)** Franz Schubert (1797-1828) Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) So lasst mich scheinen So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde; Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus! Ich eile von der schönen Erde	 So let me seem Let me appear an angel till I become one; do not take my white dress from me! I hasten from the beautiful earth

Hinab in jenes feste Haus. Dort ruh ich eine kleine Stille, Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick, Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle, Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück. Und jene himmlischen Gestalten, Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib, Und keine Kleider, keine Falten Umgeben den verklärten Leib. Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe, Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genung. Vor Kummer altert ich zu frühe; Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!	down to that impregnable House. There in brief repose I'll rest, then my eyes will open, renewed; my pure raiment then I'll leave, with girdle and rosary, behind. And those heavenly beings, they do not ask who is man or woman, and no garments, no folds cover the transfigured body. Though I lived without trouble and toil, I have felt deep pain Enough. I grew old with grief before my time; O make me forever young again!
Be Kind (2026) Alex Paxton (b. 1990) be kind to yourself be kind to the others be the kind of person that kind of doesn't mind which way the wind blows be kinder to yourself be kinder to the others be the kinder person that has that kind of mind that knows the wind blows just stay a little just breath a little bit deeper, for longer, now grow older and hold me just a little bit longer and kind of like you remember that it won't last forever or even much longer than this moment just stay a little more just breath a little bit more deeper, for longer, now grow older more	Text by the composer

and hold me just a little bit more longer and kind of like you remember that it won't last forever or even much longer than one moment more take a little time a little more time allowed for us to be together Kindly hold still stop jiggling your leg be mindful of the others touch me like you have tentacles and they can feel music in my body even where there is nothing playing can you not see that i am only just surviving reviving the last remaining fragments of something that used to glue us together trying to justify merely being alive so… hold still, stop jiggling your leg touch me like you have tentacles and they can feel music in my body even when there is nothing playing on my phone	
Orlando Sleepeth John Dowland Lute Song - no text	
Aimez-moi (1886) Pauline Viardot (1821-1910) Text by anonymous An regarding vo gracieux maintien Et vous douls yeux qui tant me font de joye, Amours m'ont mis en l'amoureuse voye; Mais c'est si fort que mon cœur n'est plus mien. Car quand je pense la vertu et le bien Qui sont en vous, en quelque lieu que soye, Mon cœur et moy du tout je vous octroye, Il est à vous, certes je n'y ai Rien.	**Love me** Looking upon your gracious profile and your sweet eyes which bring me such joy, Love has put me in a state of love; one so powerful that my heart is no longer mine. For when I think on the virtue and goodness within you, wherever you are, my heart and my whole self I give to you, it is yours, nothing of it remains with me.

Mon bel amy, du tout je le retiens Comme celle qui suis, où que je soye, Vostre à jamais, car myeulx je ne pourroye Avoir choisy, cela cognays-je bien.	My beloved, I hold nothing back of all the things that I am - yours forever, for I could not have chosen better; that I know well.
Masters of War (1962-1963) Bob Dylan (b. 1941) Based on Trad/American arranged by Jean Ritchie (1922-2015) Come, you masters of war You that build the big guns You that build the death planes You that build all the bombs You that hide behind walls You that hide behind desks I just want you to know I can see through your masks You fasten all the triggers For the others to fire Then you sit back and watch While the death count gets higher You hide in your mansion While the young peoples' blood Flows out of their bodies And is buried in the mud Let me ask you one question Is your money that good? Will it buy you forgiveness? Do you think that it could? I think you will find When your death takes its toll All the money you made Will never buy back your soul And I hope that you die And your death will come soon I'll follow your casket On a pale afternoon I'll watch while you're lowered Down to your deathbed	

And I'll stand over your grave 'Til I'm sure that you're dead	
O Superman (with electronics by Sasha Scott) (1981) Laurie Anderson (b.1947) O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad. O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad. Hi. I'm not home right now. But if you want to leave a Message, just start talking at the sound of the tone. Hello? This is your Mother. Are you there? Are you Coming home? Hello? Is anybody home? Well, you don't know me, But I know you. And I've got a message to give to you. Here come the planes. So you better get ready. Ready to go. You can come As you are, but pay as you go. Pay as you go. And I said: OK. Who is this really? And the voice said: This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the Hand, the hand that takes. This is the hand, the hand that takes. Here come the planes. They're American planes. Made in America. Smoking or non-smoking? And the voice said: Neither snow nor rain nor gloom Of night shall stay these couriers from the swift Completion of their appointed rounds. ‘Cause when love is gone, there's always justice. And when justice is gone, there's always force. And when force is gone, there's always Mom. Hi Mom! So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms. In your arms. So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms. In your electronic arms.	