

# Dichterliebe: Whose Love?

May 3 & 4, 2024, 7:30pm

Heliconian Hall  
Toronto



Confluence  
Concerts

Teiya Kasahara 笠原 貞野  
David Eliakis

Co-curator / Performer  
Co-curator / Performer

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# A Message from the Curator

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*Dichterliebe: Whose Love?* takes us down a queer, chosen journey rather than the expected 19th-century lieder recital of Robert Schumann's music, as we draw inspiration from the original poetry of Heinrich Heine's "Lyrisches Intermezzo." We want to explore the central question "Whose love is important, valid, and celebrated?" as we investigate our classical music educations, the traditions this education has perpetuated in both music and life, and the sex and gender norms that still govern much of today's performance practices and social discourse. *Dichterliebe: Whose Love?* gives us space to express our gender-expansive interpretation of love through a variety of settings from Schumann's original works and those of his contemporaries.

– Teiya Kasahara 笠原 貞野 and David Eliakis

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During my formal music education, I was often told what I was allowed to sing because of my voice type, but upon recent reflection, I realized the reason was more my gender.

"You're a soprano. Only men can sing this song cycle."

"It's a man's song."

"It was written for a tenor – that's why it's difficult to sing it in your voice."

"It's too low for you."

"It's not right."

"It's traditionally sung by baritones."

"You don't have the right colour [in your voice]."

"He's singing about a woman. It would be strange if you sang about another woman [in that way]."

And so the coded excuses went on... Homoeroticism? Bad. Gender expansiveness? Wrong again.

There's so much gorgeous art song repertoire in our canon that certain singers may never have had a chance to sing because we have policed gender far too long in this industry. I've been inspired by some more well-known singers who have tossed these traditions out the window and have performed and recorded these songs anyway, despite their voice type, sexuality, or gender. I wanted to take this idea even further: not simply a soprano performing a song cycle traditionally sung by men, but also a comment on the type of love we expect to hear about in these stories. I want to push against expected cis-gendered heteronormative narratives and demonstrate that queer love and trans love are beautiful, valid and true, that queer and trans bodies are deserving of love, happiness, and self-actualization.

– Teiya Kasahara 笠原 貞野

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# Land Acknowledgement

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We acknowledge that the land we are gathering on is the traditional territory of many nations, including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishinaabe, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee, and the Wendat, and is now home to many diverse First Nations, Inuit, and Métis peoples. We also acknowledge that Toronto is covered by Treaty 13 with the Mississaugas of the Credit. As an organization dedicated to bringing artists and artistic traditions together, it is our duty and privilege to recognize the original caretakers of the land on which we live and work, to listen and to learn about how we can contribute to the spirit of reconciliation and resurgence, and to move forward in ways that embody care-centred practices, decolonization, and collective liberation.

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# Program

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## Dichterliebe: Whose Love?

Poetry by Heinrich Heine from *Lyrisches Intermezzo*

Music by Robert Schumann, based on *Dichterliebe*, op. 48

### Prologue: Whose Love?

words by Teiya Kasahara, music arranged by David Eliakis

1. Dein Angesicht (op. 127, no. 2)
2. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
3. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
4. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
5. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' (music by Hugo Wolf)
6. Die Lotosblume (from *Myrthen*, op. 25, no. 7)
7. Ich will meine Seele tauchen (arr. David Eliakis)
8. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome (music by Franz Liszt)
9. Ich grolle nicht
10. Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'! (op. 25, no. 2; words by Justinus Kerner)
11. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen (arr. David Eliakis)
12. Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
(music by Robert Franz and R. Schumann)
13. Ich hab' in Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume (music by Fanny Hensel Mendelssohn,  
Robert Franz, and Felix Mendelssohn)
15. Die alten, bösen Lieder

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## Performers

Teiya Kasahara 笠原 貞野  
David Eliakis

voice  
piano

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# Texts & Translations

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## Dichterliebe: Whose Love?

based on the Prologue of *Lyrishes Intermezzo* by Henrich Heine  
words by Teiya Kasahara, music arranged by David Eliakis

There once was a Queer so emo and awkward,  
introverted, shunned, and pushed to the margins  
of any room they entered.

They would fumble and stumble  
with gloom-trance and death-metal as his only mentors.

Did I say he?  
I meant she, or they or fay,  
or ze or xe or /ayerrrr-

Aye,  
for it doesn't matter what gender, whose love,  
except that those in full bloom would giggle and laugh  
at this poor little Queerdo/Baby-Trans  
unknowingly on their confusing path.

It was easier to hide  
their body and truth inside,  
in dark corners.  
Hiding from all people and connection  
but with arms outstretched, longing for more,  
little did our Teen-Angst know that in the darkest hour  
strange sounds and voices would appear  
arriving with a simple knock, an invitation at the door:

First love, flooding in, engulfed at once  
wave upon wave of petals perfumed  
a blossom so splendid, so shiny, enticing.  
Every look is dynamic, a perfect fit?  
No, it's the hair, lookin' fly, sexy as hell  
OMG – this is it, they are lit!

What are these feelings of surrender  
as they fall into each other's arms?  
Sinking, melding, becoming one and the same,  
the power of love, so fierce and true!  
Our Queer-Babe is aflame!  
Hearts entwined, reborn anew!

Our Ugly-Duckling was but a Swan, no, a Unicorn, no, a Knight!  
Holding tight to this Flower to a heart that aches,  
the Introvert now burns with desire;  
the pale-cheeks redden, the Dreamer awakes,  
becoming freer and freer, more authentic, becoming me –  
but she – she teases, roguishly, mischievously.

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# Texts & Translations

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Unaware of the spell cast  
 I am led deeper into a palace of want:  
 bridegroom and bride,  
 she the bridegroom, I the groombride.  
 He the bridegroom, she the bride.  
 Me the bridegroom, he the groombride.  
 Me the bride-groom-bride.  
 Who's the groombride?

A zither me timber, nixie and pixie!  
 Your story's too loud,  
 turn it down, go away.  
 It's just static and noise!  
 Stop prescribing my life –  
 No, not you my love,  
 I want you to stay...

Oh please, stay and sing once more,  
 I forgot how it goes.  
 Where is the key?  
 What is the key?  
 Let me hear that sweet music again.  
 I can hold on a little longer, a little tighter...

Oh.  
 It's just me.  
 I'm alone again.  
 Don't tell anyone,  
 but  
 I'm afraid of the dark.

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## 1. Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön

*Your face so lovely and beautiful  
 Appeared to me in a recent dream.  
 It is so mild and angel-like,  
 And yet so pale and full of pain.*

*And only your lips are red;  
 But death shall soon kiss them pale.  
 Out will go the heavenly light  
 That shines from your pious eyes.*

*Your face so lovely and beautiful  
 Appeared to me in a recent dream.  
 It is so mild and angel-like,  
 And yet so pale and full of pain.*

Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön,  
 das hab' ich jüngst im Traum geseh'n.  
 Es ist so mild und engelgleich,  
 und doch so bleich und schmerzenreich.

Und nur die Lippen, die sind rot,  
 bald aber küßt sie bleich der Tod,  
 erlöschen wird das Himmelslicht,  
 das aus den frommen Augen bricht.

Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön,  
 das hab' ich jüngst im Traum geseh'n,  
 es ist so mild, und engelgleich,  
 und doch so bleich, und schmerzenreich.

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# Texts & Translations

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## 2. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

*In beautiful May,  
when the buds sprang,  
there in my heart  
love blossomed.*

*In beautiful May,  
when all the birds sang,  
I confessed to you  
my desire and longing.*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
als alle Knospen sprangen,  
da ist in meinem Herzen  
die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
als alle Vögel sangen,  
da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

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## 3. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

*From my tears sprout forth  
many blooming flowers,  
and from my sighs  
a nightingale choir.*

*And if you love me, little one,  
I'll give you all of the flowers  
and at your window should ring  
the song of the nightingale.*

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
und meine Seufzer werden  
ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
das Lied der Nachtigall.

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## 4. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

*The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.  
I love them no more, I only love  
the small, the fine, the pure, the rare;  
She, most blissful of all loves,  
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.  
I love only the small, the fine, the pure, the rare!*

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne,  
ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,  
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne,  
ich liebe alleine die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine!

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# Texts & Translations

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## 5. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

*When I look into your eyes,  
all my pain and woe fades:  
and when I kiss your mouth,  
I become whole and well.*

*When I lean on your breast  
heavenly joy comes over me:  
and when you say, 'I love you',  
then I must weep bitterly.*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;  
doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,  
so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust,  
doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich,  
dann muß ich weinen bitterlich.

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## 6. Die Lotosblume

*The lotus-flower is scared  
Before the sun's splendour,  
And with a bowed head,  
Awaits dreaming for the night.*

*The moon is her lover,  
He wakes her with his light,  
And she reveals to him in a friendly manner him  
Her innocent flower-like face.*

*She blooms and glows and shines,  
And stares silently into the sky;  
She's fragrant and weeps and trembles  
Of love and the heartbreak.*

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Höh';  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.



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# Texts & Translations

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## 7. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

*I want to immerse my soul  
in the chalice of the lily,  
and the lily shall breathe soundingly  
a song from my beloved.*

*The song should shudder and tremble  
like the kiss from her mouth  
that she once gave me  
in a wonderfully sweet hour.*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein,  
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben  
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,  
den sie mir einst gegeben  
in wunderbar süßer Stund'.

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## 8. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

*In the Rhine, in the holy river,  
it's reflected in the wells  
with its large dome  
the great, holy Cologne.*

*There's a portrait in the cathedral,  
painted on golden leather.  
Into the wildness of my life  
it has friendly shone in.*

*Flowers and angels float  
about our dear Lady\*  
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks,  
they are exactly the same as your beloved's.*

\*Mother Mary

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
da spiegelt sich in den Wellen  
mit seinem großen Dome  
das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß,  
auf goldenem Leder gemahlt.  
In meines Lebens Wildniß  
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein  
um unsre liebe Frau.  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,  
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

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# Texts & Translations

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## 9. Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht

*I do not begrudge you, though my heart also breaks.  
Forever lost to me is love, I do not begrudge you.  
As you shine with diamond splendour,  
no ray falls into your heart's glory.  
I've known that for a long time.*

*I do not begrudge you, though my heart also breaks.  
I saw you yes in my dreams,  
and I saw the night in the room of your heart,  
I saw the serpent that devours your heart,  
I saw, my love, how miserable you are.  
I bear no grudge.*

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.  
Ewig verlornes Lieb, ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamanten Pracht,  
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Pracht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,  
ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.

# Texts & Translations

## 10. Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'!

*In Augsburg stands a tall house  
Nearby the old cathedral,  
There comes out in the bright morning  
A very pious young maiden;  
Singing resounds,  
To the cathedral flows  
That lovely figure.*

*There in front of Mary's holy image  
She kneels down in prayer,  
Heaven has filled her heart,  
And all worldly desire flees:  
'O Virgin pure,  
Let me be  
Yours alone.'*

*Soon the bells made a dull sound  
Awakening those to pray,  
Down the aisle walks the maiden,  
Not knowing what she wears:  
Upon her head  
Is heaven's radiance:  
A crown of lilies.*

*All the people look with amazement  
This wreath shines in her hair.  
But the maiden does not go far,  
She steps in front of the high altar:  
'Ordain me as a nun,  
Poor maid that I am!  
Die: love and joy!'*

*God grants that this maiden  
Carry her little crown peacefully  
She is the most dear to my heart,  
And will stay that way until Judgement Day.  
She does not know  
My heart breaks,  
Die: love and light!*

Zu Augsburg steht ein hohes Haus,  
Nah' bei dem alten Dom,  
Da tritt am hellen Morgen aus  
Ein Mägdelein gar fromm;  
Gesang erschallt,  
Zum Dome wallt  
Die liebe Gestalt.

Dort vor Marias heilig' Bild  
Sie betend niederkniet,  
Der Himmel hat ihr Herz erfüllt,  
Und alle Weltlust flieht:  
„O Jungfrau rein!  
Lass mich allein  
Dein eigen sein!“

Als bald der Glocken dumpfer Klang  
Die Betenden erweckt,  
Das Mägdelein wallt die Hall' entlang,  
Es weiss nicht, was es trägt;  
Am Haupte ganz  
Von Himmelsglanz,  
Einen Lilienkranz.

Mit Staunen schauen all' die Leut'  
Dies Kränzlein licht im Haar.  
Das Mägdelein aber wallt nicht weit,  
Tritt vor den Hochaltar:  
„Zur Nonne weiht  
Mich arme Maid!  
Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'!“

Gott, gib, dass dieses Mägdelein  
Ihr Kränzlein friedlich trag',  
Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,  
Bleibt's bis zum jüngsten Tag.  
Sie weiss es nicht,  
Mein Herz zerbricht,  
Stirb', Lieb' und Licht!

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# Texts & Translations

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## 11. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

*I hear that little song resound  
that my love once sang,  
and so my chest wants to burst  
from a wild affliction of pain.*

*I feel a dark longing  
pushing me up to the top of the forest  
there, dissolving into tears  
my great, big pain.*

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,  
das einst die Liebste sang,  
so will mir die Brust zerspringen,  
vor wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen  
hinauf zur Waldeshöh'  
dort löst sich auf in Tränen  
mein übergroßes Weh'.

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## 12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

*On a bright summer morning  
I walk around in the garden.  
The flowers were whispering and speaking,  
but I wander in silence.*

*The flowers whisper and say to me  
and look at me with pity,  
'Don't be cruel to our sister,  
you sad, pale man.'*

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
geh' ich im Garten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen  
und schau'n mitleidig mich an:  
Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,  
du trauriger, blasser Mann.

Additional text by Teiya Kasahara:

I was once your sister, you know.  
And I could be your brother if you'd let me.  
The pity you take on them, is it also for me?  
I only want to find love, like you.

# Texts & Translations

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## 13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

*I wept in a dream.  
I dreamt you were in your grave.  
I woke, and tears  
still flowed down from my cheeks.*

*I wept in a dream.  
I dreamed that you left me,  
I woke, and I cried  
still bitter for a long time.*

*I wept in a dream,  
I dreamt you were still good to me:  
I woke, and even then  
floods of tears gushed forth.*

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.  
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.  
Mir träumt', du verließest mich,  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
mir träumte, du wärest mir noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf und noch immer  
strömt meine Tränenflut.

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## 14. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

*Every night in my dreams I see you  
And see you greeting friendly  
And crying aloud, I throw myself down  
at your sweet feet.*

*You look at me wistfully,  
and shake your blonde, little head  
out of your eyes sneaks  
the little, pearl-like tears.*

*You say to me secretly a soft word,  
And give me a bouquet of cypress.  
I wake up and the bouquet is gone  
And I have forgotten the word.*

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich  
und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,  
und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich  
zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich,  
und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen,  
aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
die Perlenrännentröpfen.

Du sagest mir heimlich ein leises Wort,  
und gibst mir den Strauß von Cypressen;  
ich wache auf und der Strauß ist fort  
und das Wort hab' ich vergessen.

# Texts & Translations

## 15. Die alten bösen Lieder

*The old bad songs,  
and the angry, bitter dreams,  
let us now bury them,  
bring a large coffin.*

*I shall put very much therein,  
I shall not yet say what:  
the coffin must be even bigger  
like a Heidelberg barrel.*

*And bring a beer of stout,  
thick strong planks,  
they must be longer  
than the Bridge at Mainz.*

*And bring me also twelve giants,  
who must be even stronger  
than Saint Christopher  
in the cathedral at Cologne along the Rhine*

*They must carry the coffin away  
and sink it down into the sea,  
because of such a big coffin  
it deserves a large grave.*

*Do you know why the coffin  
must be so big and heavy?  
I will also lower my love  
and my pain into it.*

Die alten bösen Lieder,  
die Träume böß' und arg,  
die laßt uns jetzt begraben,  
holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches  
doch sag' ich noch nicht was.  
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,  
wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,  
und Bretter dick und fest,  
auch muß sie sein noch länger,  
als wie zu Mainz die Brück',

und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,  
die müssen noch stärker sein  
als wie der starke Christoph  
im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,  
Und senken ins Meer hinab,  
denn solchem großen Sarge  
gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr warum der Sarg wohl  
So groß und schwer mag sein?  
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe,  
und meinen Schmerz hinein.

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## Our Artists

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### David Eliakis

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As a sought-after voice coach, host, and lecturer, pianist David Eliakis continues to expand his musical offerings both on the concert stage and in the lecture hall. His performances have taken him to the stages of Brazil, Switzerland (World Economic Forum), England (as a finalist in the Wigmore Hall Song Competition), Northern Ireland, Germany, and across Canada as pianist and musical director for Against The Grain Theatre's national tour of *La Bohème*.

A recipient of the Ontario Arts Council Chalmers Award, David had the honour of studying privately with Warren Jones (Manhattan School of Music) in New York City, as well as working with Julius Rudel, Sir Martin Isepp, Dalton Baldwin, Graham Johnson, and Roger Vignoles.

David shares his time between the Royal Conservatory of Music, where he is on faculty as a voice coach and lecturer, and the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music. He has also collaborated with Tapestry Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, Opera In Reach, and Amplified Opera in numerous performances of Teiya Kasahara's *The Queen In Me*, including their recent sold-out performances at the NAC in Ottawa. For five consecutive years, he was also the host and curator of ATG's monthly Opera Pub, which enjoyed sold-out audiences.

As a lecturer, David speaks passionately about under-represented composers and works, as well as singers of past generations. He was also featured as a guest speaker at the Toronto International Film Festival for the premiere of *Maria by Callas*.

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## Our Artists

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### Teiya Kasahara 笠原 貞野

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Nikkei Canadian settler Teiya Kasahara (they/them) is a queer, trans non-binary opera singer and theatre maker based in Tkarón:to/Treaty 13, and was recently featured in the CBC short-doc [\*Opera Trans\\*formed\*](#). Heralded as “an artist with extraordinary things to say” (*Globe and Mail*), Teiya comes from a background of nearly 20 years of singing both traditional and contemporary operatic roles across North America and Europe. They recently performed their critically acclaimed operatic play [\*The Queen In Me\*](#) at the National Arts Centre, among others roles at the Canadian Opera Company (*Pomegranate*, *Salome* cover), and as a soloist in Beethoven’s *Ninth Symphony* (Kingston and Vancouver Symphony Orchestras) and Verdi’s *Requiem* (Toronto Mendelssohn Choir).

Within their creation practice they explore the intersections of identity politics by disrupting and reimagining the operatic canon through their works like *The Butterfly Project* (Confluence Concerts; Toronto Summer Music Festival) and *Little Mis(s)gender* (Mark S. Bonham Centre for Sexual Diversity Studies artist-in-residence at the University of Toronto, and currently in development with Queer AF Collective).

Teiya is a co-founder of [\*Amplified Opera\*](#), an artistic associate with Confluence Concerts, and a long-time collaborator with re:Naissance Opera and Tapestry Opera. For more information and to subscribe to their quarterly newsletter, visit [www.teiyakasahara.com](http://www.teiyakasahara.com).



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# 2024-25 Young Artistic Associate

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Confluence Concerts invites applications from young professional musicians in the Toronto area under the age of 30 to join our artistic team for the 2024–2025 season as a Young Artistic Associate. This is an exciting mentorship opportunity for a creative artist interested in gaining experience in performing, programming, curation, collaboration, budgeting, grant writing, podcasting, concert production, and more.

This is a paid position with very flexible hours (approximately 100 over the course of the season, Sept.–June). The successful candidate will map out a plan with the Confluence team based on our mutual priorities, interests, and desired areas of growth.

Past Young Artistic Associates have included Ryan McDonald (countertenor), Ryan Davis (viola) and the KÖNG Duo (percussion).

To apply, please send a resumé (listing two references familiar with your work) and a one-page letter outlining how this position would contribute to your career development. These materials can be emailed to [Jennifer Collins, Managing Director](mailto:jcollins@confluenceconcerts.com)

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Andrew Downing

Aija Dreimanis

MaryAnn Dunn

Paula Dunn

Teri Dunn & Larry Beckwith

Richard Earls

Robin Elliott

Diane English & Rick Phillips

David Fallis

Sarah Fine

Gideon Forman

John Gillies &

Anne-Marie Prendeville

Jane Glassco

Mora Gregg

Sophia Grigoriadis

Celia Harte

Vern & Elfrieda Heinrichs

Richard Henniger

Peter Higham

Margaret Hill

Alice Ping Yee Ho

Peter Hobbs

Sally Holton

Catherine Hunt

Naomi Hunter

Catherine Hurley

Linda & Michael Hutcheon

(in memory of John Beckwith)

Patrick Johnson

(in memory of Phyllis Stevenson)

Martin Julien

Margaret Kelch

# With Thanks

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Don Kendall	Lynne Patterson
Pat Kennedy	Carol Percy
Rob & Anna Kennedy	John & Maire Percy
Clement Kent	Kevin Perkins
David Kent & Margo Swiss	Felicity Pickup
Judith Kidd	Ruth Pincoe
Cameron Kilgour	Michael Polanyi
Karen Kitto	Margaret Procter
Gary Landrus	Tony & Magrit Rahilly
Bernard Lecerf	James Stewart Reaney
Jennifer Léger	Ed Reifel
Peter Levitt	Hollis Rinehart
Janet Lin	Lorna Rogers
Linda Litwack	Lydia & Michael Rowland
Cecile Loïselle	Mark Russom
Marilyn Luciano	Meredith Scourfield-Thomas & Lindsay Squire
Susan Mahoney	John Sewell
Patricia Maltby	Andrea Smith
Stephen Marvin	Maureen Somerville
Ivana Marzura	Maria Soulis
Mark McAlister	Ian Spears & Sarah Atkinson
Molly McCarron	Martha Spears (in memory of John Beckwith)
Lynn McIntyre	Catherine Spence
Kathleen McMorrow	Rosa Spricer
James Meade	Shelley Stagg Peterson
Sean Miller	Molly Thom
Vivian Moens & Matt O’Gorman	Susan J. Thompson
Tracy Montgomery	Lynne Thorndycraft
Barbara & Kit Moore	Brenda Uchimaru
Brendan Moore	Marina Unger
Koji Mukai	Ines Verdone
Judith Nancekivell	Katherine Vice
Margaret Oldfield	Peeranut Visetsuth
David Olds (in memory of John Beckwith)	Heinrich von Fintel
Sorina Oprea	Carol Watson
Daniel Parkinson	

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# With Thanks

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Linda Weichel  
Daniel Weinzeig  
Sue White  
Ralf Wieser  
Hubert Willmann  
Jeff Wrigglesworth

Tricia Wrigglesworth  
Michelyn Wright  
Tim Wright  
Robert Youtz  
Susan Zielinski

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# About Us

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Larry Beckwith, Artistic Producer  
Jennifer Collins, Managing Director

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## Artistic Associates

Andrew Downing

Teiya Kasahara 笠原 貞野

KöNG Duo:  
Hoi Tong Keung and Bevis Ng  
(2023–24 Young Associates)

Patricia O’Callaghan\*

Suba Sankaran

\*Patricia O’Callaghan is generously  
sponsored by Kit and Barbara Moore

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## Season Design

Tom Flint

William Couzens

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## Digital Strategy

Ed Hanley

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## Social Media

Chara Tan

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## Board of Directors

Julia Armstrong  
(Chair)

Larry Beckwith  
(Artistic Producer)

Gideon Forman

Wesley Hui

Gwendolyn Julien-Medeiros

Anna Kennedy  
(Treasurer)

Cameron Kilgour  
(Secretary)

Jessica Wang

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# Past Performances

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## FROM : THE VAULT

Visit our website to watch treasures from our vault of online performances from the past three years. We'll be releasing short videos regularly, so check back from time to time. Or better yet, [join our mailing list](#) to receive all our news.

### **Available now:**

[\*I'm Your Man\*](#) (Leonard Cohen):

Patricia O'Callaghan and Robert Kortgaard

[\*O! Fair Cедaria, Hide Those Eyes\*](#) (Henry Purcell):

Elisabeth Hetherington and David Mackor

[\*This Pretty Planet\*](#) (Tom Chapin)/*Fragile* (Sting):

Suba Sankaran and Dylan Bell

[\*Lush Life\*](#) (Billy Strayhorn):

Alex Samaras, Andrew Downing, Alexa Belgrave,  
Drew Jurecka, Aline Homzy, and Leighton Harrell

[\*Sweeter Than Roses\*](#) (Henry Purcell):

Lawrence Williford and Lucas Harris

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# Coming Next

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May 29 & 30, 2024

7:30pm with pre-concert chat at 6:45pm  
A season-ending concert of our musical favourites.

Featuring the entire Confluence team

[Confluence Songbook Tickets](#)

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## 2024–25 Season Announcement

We'll be announcing our full season and making subscriptions and memberships available later in May. All subscribers and members will be entered in a draw to win a very special quilt donated by the Toronto [Modern Quilt Guild](#). More information will be coming shortly. For now, please mark your calendars for The Confluence Songbook, May 29 & 30, and plan to purchase your subscription or membership soon.

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Confluence Concerts is grateful to our arts councils for their ongoing support and encouragement.