



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Arushi Das, Voice**

Fourth Year Recital: *Longing for Home*

**Narmina Afandiyeva, piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music in Performance.  
Arushi Das is a student of Frédérique Vézina and Brooke Dufton.

Monday, April 20, 2026 at 2:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Chants d'Auvergne (Series 1) (1923)

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

I. La pastoura als camps

II. Bailèro

III. Trois bourrées

a) L'aïo dè rotso

b) Ound' onorèn gorda?

c) Obal, din lou Limuzi

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Nacht und Träume, D. 827 (1825)

Auf dem See, D. 543 (1817)

Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118 (1814)

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*We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.*

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit [indigenous.utoronto.ca](http://indigenous.utoronto.ca) to learn more.

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## INTERMISSION

Hermit Songs, Op. 29 (selections) (1953)

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

- III. St. Ita's Vision
- V. Crucifixion
- X. The Desire for Hermitage

Fantaisie dans tous les tons (selections) (1974)

Lionel Daunais (1901-1982) \*

- I. Rose
- III. Carreauté
- V. Vert
- IX. Rayé
- X. Mauve

\* Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.

N.B. BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled.

## PROGRAM NOTES

*Longing for Home* explores the belonging, love, comfort and safety of home. In *Chants d'Auvergne* Canteloube arranges folk songs from Auvergne, in the now endangered Occitan dialect Auvergnat, evoking the mountainous landscapes and shepherds of his motherland. *Auf dem See* and *Nacht und Träume* honour nature, while *Gretchen am Spinnrade* encapsulates storytelling through text from Goethe's *Faust* depicting the mental spiralling of a young girl forsaken by her lover. For many, nature and fairytales represent the German national identity. *Hermit Songs* are translations poems by Irish monks from the 8<sup>th</sup>-13<sup>th</sup> centuries. In *St. Ita's Vision* and *Crucifixion*, Barber explores how a mother's love, protection and sacrifice can create safety and comfort, two things integral to a home. In *The Desire for Hermitage*, purity and isolation are a safe place to keep away the sins of the world. Daunais' cycle *Fantaisie dans tous les tons*, where each movement humorously depicts a colour, Quebecois slang, and text setting particular to the Quebecois language, including use of the dropped mute e, is used to create a feeling of familiarity and the relaxed feeling of home.

Thank you for coming, it means so much to me. Thank you to all my teachers and mentors, especially Frédérique Vézina, and Narmina Afandiyeva. I am eternally grateful to my family for their limitless support. You are my home.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### Chants d'Auvergne (Series 1)

#### La pastoura als camps (The shepherdess in the fields)

Text from the Bagnac region

Translation by Amandine Nealton

Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os camps,  
Gardo sèï mountounadoï,  
tidera la la la la la loï!

When the shepherdess goes off into the  
fields to tend her little sheep, tidera la  
la...

Guèlo rèscoutr' un moussurèt,  
Lou moussou l'ogatsavo,

She meets a handsome gentleman. The  
gentleman looks at her,

"Ah! Daïssa mè bous ogasta!  
Sès ton poulido filho!"

"Ah! Let me just look at you! You are such  
a pretty girl!"

Estaco boustré cabalèt,  
O lo cambo d'un' 'aôbré,

Then tie up your horse, tie him to this  
tree,

È lo perdri, quan lo tènio,  
Guèlo s'èn ès onado,

And he lost her when he had her, she just  
ran away!

### Baïlèro

Text from the Vic-sur-Cère region

Translation by Lesley Bernstein  
Translation Services

Pastré, dè dèlaï l'aïo,  
a gaïré dé boun tèn,  
dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,  
baïlèrô, lô!

Shepherd, across the water, you are  
hardly having a good time, sing baïlèro  
lèrô lèrô lèrô lèrô lèrô baïlèro lô!

È n'aï pa gaïré, è dio, tu baïlèro lèrô

No, I'm not, and you, too, can sing,  
baïlèro lèrô

Pastré, lou prat faï flour,  
li cal gorda toun troupèl

Shepherd, the meadows are in bloom,  
you should graze your flock on this side

L'erb' es pu fin' ol prat d'oïçi,

Pastré, couçi forai,  
èn obal io lou bèl rîou,

Espèromè, té baô çirca,

The grass is greener in the meadows on  
this side,

Shepherd, the stream flows between us,  
and I cannot cross it,

Then I'll climb down and come to you

### **L'aïo dè rotso (the water from the spring)**

Text from the Puy Violent à Collandres  
region

Translation by Lesley Bernstein  
Translation Services

L'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir, filhoto!

The water from the spring will kill you, my  
little one

Nè té cal pas bèir' oquèl' aïo,  
Mès cal prendr'un couot d'oquèl' aïo dè  
bi!

Don't drink pure water, my little one;  
a swig of wine will do you good!

S'uno filhoto sè bouol morida, pitchouno,  
Li cal pas douna d'oquèl' aïo dè rotso,  
Aïmaro miliour oquèl' aïo dè bi!

When a girl wants to marry, my little one,  
She should not be given pure water,  
she'd rather have a swig of good wine!

### **Ound'onorèn gorda (Where shall we go to graze?)**

Text from the Aurillac region

Translation by Lesley Bernstein  
Translation Services

Ound' onorèn gorda, pitchouno  
droulèto?  
Ound' onorèn gorda lou troupèl pèl moti?  
Onorèn obal din lo ribèirèto,  
din lou pradèl l'èrb è fresquèto;  
Païssarèn loï fèdoï pèl loï flours,  
al louón dèl tsour nous forèn l'omour!

Where shall we go to graze, pretty girl?  
Where shall we go to graze our flocks in  
the morning?  
We'll go down by the river where the  
meadow grass is so fresh;  
We'll let our sheep graze among the  
flowers, while we make love all day long!

Ogatso louï moutous, pitchouno  
droulèto,  
Ogatso louï moutous, lèis obilhé maï  
nous!

Look at the sheep, pretty girl,  
look at the sheep,  
Look at the bees, and ourselves!

Ogatso louï fèdoï què païssou l'èrbo,  
è lèis obilhé què païssou loï flours;  
naôtres, pitchouno, què soun d'aïma,  
pèr viouvr' obon lou plosé d'omour!

Look at the sheep feeding on the grass,  
and the bees feeding on the flowers;  
But we, my little one, are lovers and we  
live on the pleasures of love!

## Obal, din lou Limouzi (Down there in Limousin)

Text from the Maurs region

Obal din lou Limouzi, pitchoun' obal din  
lou Limouzi,  
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, o bé, o bé,  
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, oïçi, o bé!

Golon, ton bèlo què siascou lèï drolloï dè  
toun pois,  
Lous nostrès fringaïrès èn Limouzi,  
Saboun miliour counta flourèt' o bé!

Obal, din lou Limouzi, pitchouno, sé soun  
golon,  
Oïçi en Aoubèrgno, dïn moun pois,  
Lous omès bous aïmoun è soun fidèls!

Translation by Lesley Bernstein  
Translation Services

“Down there in Limousin, little one, down  
there in Limousin,  
There are lots of pretty girls, oh, yes, oh  
yes there are a lot of pretty girls here,  
too!”

“Young man, no matter how beautiful the  
girls are in your country,  
Our men in Limousin can talk of love  
much better, oh yes!”

“Down there in Limousin, little girl, the  
young men are gallant,  
and here in Auvergne, in my country,  
men are faithful when they love you!”

## Nacht und Träume, D. 827

Text by Matthäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Holy night, you sink down;  
dreams, too, float down,  
like your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen with delight,  
crying out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!

## Auf dem See, D. 543

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut  
Saug' ich aus freier Welt;  
Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,  
Die mich am Busen hält!

Translation by Richard Stokes

And fresh nourishment, new blood  
I suck from these open spaces;  
How sweet and kindly Nature is,  
Who holds me to her breast!

Die Welle wiegen unsern  
Kahn Im Rudertakt hinauf,  
Und Berge, wolkig himmelan,

The waves cradle our boat  
To the rhythm of the oars,  
And mountains, soaring skywards in

Begegnen unserm Lauf.

cloud, Meet us in our path.

Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder?  
Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?  
Weg, du Traum! so gold du bist;  
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist.

Why, my eyes, do you look down?  
Golden dreams, will you return?  
Away, O dream, however golden;  
Here too is love and life.

Auf der Welle blinken  
Tausend schwebende Sterne,  
Weiche Nebel trinken  
Rings die türmende Ferne;  
Morgenwind umflügelt  
Die beschattete Bucht,  
Und im See bespiegelt  
Sich die reifende Frucht.

Stars in their thousands  
Drift and glitter on the waves,  
Gentle mists drink in  
The towering skyline;  
Morning breezes flutter  
Round the shaded bay,  
And the ripening fruit  
Is reflected in the lake.

### **Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Translation by Richard Stokes

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

His proud bearing  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,

Und seiner Rede

And the magic flow

Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.

My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

### **Hermit Songs, Op. 29**

#### **St. Ita's Vision**

Text attributed to Saint Ita, 8th century

Translated by Chester Kallman

'I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,  
'unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.'  
So that Christ came down to her  
in the form of a Baby and then she said:  
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not a churl  
But were begot on Mary the Jewess  
By Heaven's light.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
What King is there but You who could  
Give everlasting good?  
Wherefore I give my food.  
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
There is none that has such right  
To your song as Heaven's King  
Who every night  
Is Infant Jesus at my breast'.

#### **Crucifixion**

Text from The Speckled Book, 12<sup>th</sup> Century

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

### **The Desire for Hermitage**

Text from the 8-9<sup>th</sup> century, based on a translation by Sean O'Faolain

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
Far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
Alone I shall go from it.

### **Fantaisie dans tous les tons**

Text by Lionel Daunais, translations by Arushi Das

#### **Rose (Pink)**

Rose, dans les passeroses  
Avec le cousin Chose,  
Ne dit pas grand' chose,  
Et pour cause.  
Rose a la bouche close  
Car en virtuose  
Sur ses lèvres roses  
Le cousin Chose pose  
Ce que l'on suppose.  
L'homme propose  
Et la femme dit : ose !  
J'en sais quelque chose,  
C'est moi le cousin Chose.

Rose, amongst the hollyhocks with the  
cousin Chose (Thing)  
Doesn't say much  
And for good reason  
Rose, with a closed mouth  
Since in virtue  
On her pink lips  
The cousin Chose asks  
What we can guess  
The man proposes and the woman says  
"You dare!"  
I know something  
It is I the Chosen cousin!

#### **Carreauté (Checkered)**

Deux vieux pions  
Au bord d'un damier  
Commentent Scipion ou François Premier  
En lorgnant les dames qui voient leurs  
jetons  
Jouer à trou-madame ou à saute-mouton.

Two old pawns  
At the edge of a checkerboard  
Comment on Scipio or François the First  
While leering at ladies who see their  
chips  
Play trou-madame or leapfrog.

## Vert (Green)

C'était une lady aux yeux pers  
Irlandaise par son grand père  
Qui détestait comme une vipère  
Son vieux mari, un lord et pair.

There was a lady with piercing eyes  
Irish by her grandfather  
Who hated like a viper  
Her old husband, a lord and peer

Devant son verre de crème de menthe  
Ce Britannique à l'œil de verre  
À la façon d'un vieux trouvère  
Rimait des vers à son amante.

In front of his glass of crème de menthe  
This British man with a glass eye  
In the way of an old troubadour  
Rhymed verses to his lover

Or, un hiver, la jalousie  
Tapis derrière une persienne  
Fit faire à l'épouse des siennes  
Avec un beau joujou fusil.

Yet one winter, jealousy  
Lurking behind a shutter  
Made his wife commit sins  
With a nice toy gun

(Un bijou couleur émeraude  
Et dont le chien était de jade  
De quoi faire une jolie salade  
Dans les mains d'une saligaude.)

A jewel of emerald colour  
And which had a jade trigger  
What better way to make a mess  
In the hands of a rogue

Le vieux mari, entre deux vers,  
Venait d'ôter son œil de verre  
Elle lui dit : « My dear-lo-vair »  
Je vous en prie, restez couvert

The old husband, between two verses  
Had just taken out his glass eye  
She tells him "My dear lover,  
Please, stay safe"

Du premier coup de révolver  
La crème de menthe vole en l'air  
Le second coup va de travers  
Percer son trou au diable vert

With the first shot of the revolver  
The crème de menthe flies in the air  
The second shot goes askew  
Piercing its hole in the green devil

Alors l'épouse au cœur pervers  
Tourna contre elle le révolver  
En s'écriant dans un cri rauque  
« All is over, I missed the bloke »

So the wife with a perverse heart  
Turned against herself the revolver  
While shouting in a hoarse cry  
"All is over, I missed the bloke"

Et lui, remit son œil de verre  
En se servant une autre menthe

And he, puts back his eye of glass  
While serving himself another mint

Et, calmement à son amante  
Signa ses vers : « Yours for ever ! » !

And calmly to his lover  
Signs his verses, "Yours forever!"

### Rayé (Striped)

Ils étaient deux zèbres  
l'esprit un peu zigzag  
Jouant les zigoteaux  
Firent la courte échelle  
pour aller décrocher  
le poteau du barbier  
Ils étaient deux zèbres  
l'esprit un peu vague  
Derrière les barreaux  
Qui léchaient leur écuelle,  
le menton mal rasé  
En pyjama rayé.

There were two zebras  
With minds a little zigzagged  
Being naughty  
They made a short ladder  
To go and unhook  
The barber's sign

There were two zebras  
With minds a bit more dazed  
Behind bars,  
Who licked their food bowls,  
With badly shaven chins  
In striped pyjamas

### Mauve

Une veuve voilée sous un voile violet  
Que le vent violent visiblement violait  
Dans sa voiture mauve avec moteur en V  
Fit un savant virage en bravant les  
tramways.

A veiled widow under a violet veil  
That the violent wind visibly violated  
In her mauve car with a V-engine  
Made a skillful turn while braving the  
tramways

Elle trouvait la vie vide depuis un  
contrevent  
Vissa sur le pavé son époux si vivant  
Qui devint violacé, et dort dorénavant  
Sous un champs de violettes, valsant au  
gré du vent.

She found life empty since a crosswind  
Fastened her still-living husband to the  
pavement  
Who became purple and slept from now  
Under a field of violets, waltzing at the will  
of the wind.

Elle vit une voyante qui lui dit, la voyant :  
« Je vois venir vers vous un chevalier  
servant  
Qui verse la vodka et casse la vaisselle  
Chez un très vieux vicomte souffrant de  
varicelle.  
Or, voici qu'aux vendang's en buvant le  
vin neuf

She saw a psychic who told her,  
"I see coming to you a knave  
Who pours vodka and breaks the  
dishware  
At the home of a very old viscount  
suffering from chicken pox  
But now he's harvesting grapes while  
drinking new wine

La veuve convoitait avec un valet... veuf  
Un valet qui valait ce que vaut un valet

The widow conspired with a widowed  
knave. A knave who is worth what a

Et ce veau de valet ne voulait que voler.

knave is worth. And this calf of a knave  
just wanted to steal.

Il lui vola d'abord ses vertes illusions  
Et au temps des lilas sa veste de vison,  
Sa vaisselle de Venise, sa villa de  
Valence,  
Sa valise lie-de-vin et son vase avec  
anse.

He stole from her first her innocent  
(green) illusions  
And in the spring her mink coat  
Her Venetian glassware, her villa in  
Valencia  
Her purple suitcase and her vase with  
handles

Une viole d'amour signée : Stradivarius.  
Il viola Violaine qui vénérât Vénus

A viola d'amore signed: Stradivarius  
He violated Violaine who worshipped  
Venus

Prit la voiture mauve, la vendit cent mille  
thunes  
Et au temps des cerises, s'esquiva pour  
des prunes.

Took the mauve car, sold it for a  
thousand dollars  
And during cherry season, he stole away  
for nothing!