

Outside performances: An alternative to the Honors recital

A Creative Honors Project

by

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Sp. Coll.
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953

Purpose of Project

This project was a series of small performances at various sites. A brief overview of these performances is included. I have also included a repertoire list from which I chose selections for my various performances. Finally, I have included the translations for foreign language songs that I would have supplied had I done a recital.

When I first thought about my Senior Honors Project, I ran through many possible ideas. Since I am a music major, I considered doing a Senior Honors Recital. My voice instructor and I decided that my voice was not strong enough for an entire recital. We then considered a half recital. I eventually decided that I did not like this option either. I also thought about organizing a series of performances at area nursing homes by School of Music students. This led to my final choice of projects.

Since I could not do a full recital in a concert setting, I decided to do several smaller performances throughout the semester. Because I am not very confident in my abilities as a performer, I only perform when I am required to do so. I knew that these performances would be a good way for me to get past these feelings. I hoped to gain confidence in myself and to become more comfortable with performing.

My first performance was at the Alpha Center, a day care for the elderly. I performed a thirty minute recital for around twenty people. I really enjoyed performing for this audience because they were so appreciative of my efforts. It did not have the stress that a performance before my peers would have had. I also felt that my performance brightened their day a little.

After I left, I felt that my I had actually done something helpful

for these people.

My second performance was for the Founder's Day Ceremony of the local chapters of Mu Phi Epsilon, a professional music fraternity. Here, I performed two pieces for an audience of about twenty-five. This performance was much more stressful than my first. I was followed by several talented student musicians. Most of the members of the audience and the other performers were much more accomplished musicians than I. I felt like they were critiquing me on every note I sang. Afterwards, I felt displeased with my performance. I wished that I had not sung at this recital.

My next performance was at the Westminster Nursing Home. Several members of the Beta Omega chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon performed an hour-long recital for the residents. In this recital I sang two selections. I also enjoyed this performance because of the audience. Many of the residents told us how happy they were that we had come to perform for them. I felt a strong sense of accomplishment from this performance. It was less stressful than the last time I performed.

Another performance was for a voice studio recital. I had just passed my junior voice jury that morning, so I was feeling confident about my abilities. This was a performance that I did for my own benefit. I sang one song. Three other vocalists also

performed. I felt that this was one of the best performances I had ever done. I felt confident when I sang and was able to be more expressive because I was not worried about my abilities as a performer.

My final performance was for my home church. I sang one song during a Sunday church service. I sang one of my favorite selections for them. This helped me to be more confident. I was happy with myself after this performance. I felt much more comfortable with the performance and with my voice.

I feel that this project has helped me to learn a lot about myself as a performer. I have gotten over a lot of the 'stage fright' I usually feel. I realize now that while I do not have a wonderful voice, I am capable of having a performance that I can be proud of. I have also learned that some of my vocal problems are caused by my own fear and feelings of inadequacy. I know that in the future I will be less hesitant to perform. If I use my voice to the best of its abilities, I have nothing to be ashamed of.

Bitte	Robert Franz (1815-1892)
Die Lotosblume	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Still as the Night	Karl Bohm (1844-1920)
Lasciatemi morire!	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Se tu m'ami, se sospiri	Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)
Comme raggio di sol	Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
Vedrai, carino	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Gloomy Woods	Jean Baptiste de Lully (1632-1687)
Who'll Buy My Lavender?	Edward German (1862-1936)
When Love is Kind	Old English Melody
Come Unto Him	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
O del mio dolce ardor	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

Bitte

Rest on me, dark eyes,
bring your full power into play,
earnest, gentle, dreamy,
unfathomable sweet night!
Take with your magic darkness
this world away from me,
that over my life
you alone shall hover forever and forever.

Die Lotosblume

The lotus-flower fears
the sun's splendor,
and with drooping head
awaits she dreamily the night.
The moon, he is her lover,
he wakes her with his light,
and to him unveils she friendly
her gentle flower-face.
She blooms and glows and shines,
and stares mute in the height;
she exhales and weeps and trembles
of love and love's pain.

Lasciatemi morire!

Let me die! Let me die!
And what consolation is there for me
in such had fate, in such great suffering?
Let me die! Let me die!

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri

If you love me, if you sigh only for me,
kind shepherd, I have sorrow for your suffering,
I have pleasure in your love.

But if you think that I must love only you,
little shepherd, you are subject
easily to being deceived.

Beautiful red rose today Silvia will choose;
because the thorn pricks her finger
tomorrow then she will despise it.

But of the men the advice
I for myself will not follow.

Just because I like the lily
I do not have to despise other flowers.

Comme raggio di sol

As a ray of the sun, mild and serene,
upon the placid waves itself rests
while in the profound bosom of the sea
the tempest remains hidden,
so laughter sometimes gay and peaceful
with contentment, with joy a lip touches,
while in its secret depths the heart wounded
itself-anguishes and itself tortures.

Vedrai, carino

You will see, dear little one, if you are a good little one,
what a beautiful remedy I wish to give to you.

It is natural. It does not taste bad,
and the apothecary does not know how to make it, no.

It is a certain balsam that I carry upon me,
I can give it to you if you'd like to try it!

Would you like to know where I keep it?

Feel it beating, touch me here!

O del mio dolce ardor

O desired object of my sweet ardor,
the air which you breathe, at last I breathe.

Wherever my glance I turn

your lovely features love for me paints:

my thought imagines

the most happy hopes;

and in the longing which thus fills my bosom

I seek you, I call you, I hope and I sigh.