

4-6-2014

## Guest Recital: Janet Hopkins, mezzo-soprano

Janet Hopkins

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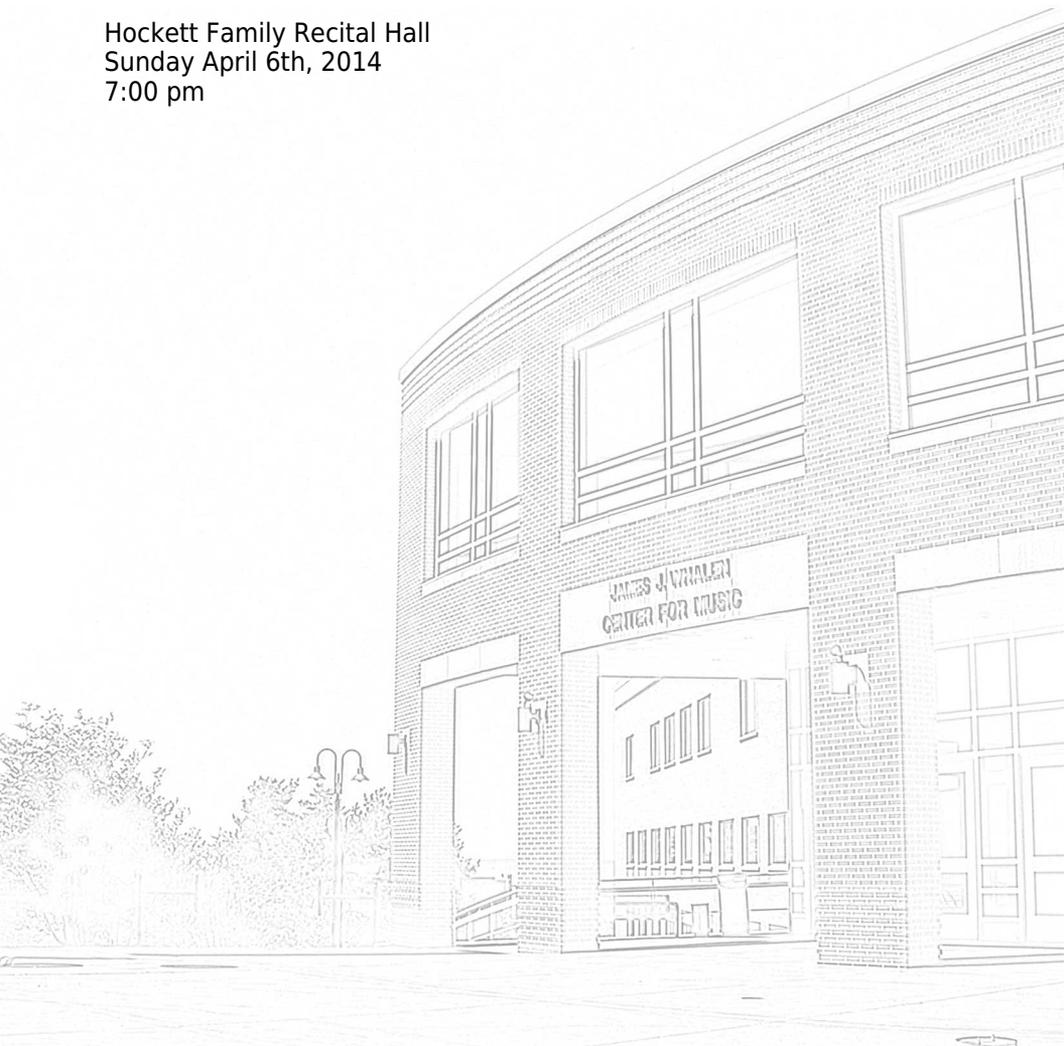
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**Guest Recital:**  
Janet Hopkins, mezzo-soprano

Avedis Manoogian, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday April 6th, 2014  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



# Program

Vaga Luna  
Malinconia, ninfa gentile  
Dolente imagine di Fille mia

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

Wesendonck Lieder  
Der Engel  
Stehe Still  
Im Treibhaus  
Träume - Studie zu Tristan und Isolde

Richard Wagner  
(1813-1883)

Charm of Lullabies  
A Cradle Song  
The Highland Balou  
Sephestia's Lullaby  
A Charm  
The Nurse's Song

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

You'll Never Walk Alone  
*Carousel*

Richard Rodgers &  
Oscar Hammerstein  
(1902-1979) & (1895-1960)

## **Translations**

### **Vaga Luna**

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light, On these shores and  
on these flowers  
And breathe the language Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and sighs To her who fills me with  
love.

Tell her too that distance Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope, It is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope Comforts me in my love.

### **Malinconia, ninfa gentile**

Melancholy, gentle nymph, I devote my life to you.

One who despises your pleasures Is not born to true  
pleasure.  
I asked the gods for fountains and hills; They heard me at last; I  
will live satisfied  
Even though, with my desires, I never go beyond that fountain  
and that mountain.

### **Dolente immagine di Fille mia**

Sorrowful image of my Phillis, why do you sit so desolate beside  
me?  
What more do you wish for? Streams of tears have I poured on  
your ashes.  
Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,  
I could turn to another : that I might burn by another flame?  
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully; the old flame [of love] cannot  
be extinguished.

## Wesendonck Lieder

### **The angel**

In childhood's early days,  
I often heard them speak of angels  
Who would exchange Heaven's sublime bliss  
For the Earth's sun

So that, when an anxious heart in dread  
Is full of longing, hidden from the world;  
So that, when it wishes silently to bleed  
And melt away in a trickle of tears;

So that, when its prayer ardently  
Pleads only for release,  
Then the angel floats down  
And gently lifts it to Heaven.

Yes, an angel has come down to me,  
And on glittering wings  
It leads, far away from every pain,  
My soul now heavenward!

### **Be quiet!**

Roaring and rushing wheel of time,  
You are the measurer of Eternity;  
Shining spheres in the wide universe,  
You who surround the world globe,  
Eternal creation, halt!  
Enough development, let me be!

Cease, generative powers,  
The primal thoughts which you are ever creating!  
Slow your breathing, still your urge  
Silently, only for a second long!  
Swelling pulses, fetter your beating,  
End, o eternal day of willing!  
That in blessed, sweet forgetfulness,  
I may measure all my bliss!

When one eye another drinks in bliss,  
And one soul into another sinks,  
One nature in another finds itself again,  
And when each hope's fulfillment is finished,  
When the lips are mute in astounded silence,

And no wish more does the heart invent,  
Then man recognizes the sign of Eternity,  
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

### **In the hothouse**

High-vaulted crowns of leaves,  
Canopies of emerald,  
You children of distant zones,  
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches,  
Draw signs in the air,  
And the mute witness to your anguish -  
A sweet fragrance - rises.

In desirous longing, wide  
You open your arms,  
And embrace through insane predilection  
The desolate, empty, horrible void.

I know well, poor plants,  
A fate that we share,  
Though we bathe in light and radiance,  
Our homeland is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs  
From the empty gleam of the day,  
He veils himself, he who suffers truly,  
In the darkness of silence.

It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring  
Fills uneasily the dark room:  
Heavy drops I see hovering  
On the green edge of the leaves.

### **Anguish**

Sun, each evening you weep  
Your pretty eyes red,  
When, bathing in the mirror of the sea  
You are seized by early death.

Yet you rise in all your splendor,  
Glory of the gloomy world,  
Newly awakening in the morning  
Like a proud, victorious hero!

Ah, why should I then lament,  
Why, my heart, are you so heavy,  
If the sun itself must despair,  
If the sun must set?

And if Death gives rise only to Life,  
And pain gives way only to bliss,  
O how thankful I am, that  
Nature gives me such anguish!

### **Dreams**

Tell me, what kind of wondrous dreams  
are embracing my senses,  
that have not, like sea-foam,  
vanished into desolate Nothingness?

Dreams, that with each passing hour,  
each passing day, bloom fairer,  
and with their heavenly tidings  
roam blissfully through my heart!

Dreams which, like holy rays of light  
sink into the soul,  
there to paint an eternal image:  
forgiving all, thinking of only One.

Dreams which, when the Spring sun  
kisses the blossoms from the snow,  
so that into unsuspected bliss  
they greet the new day,

so that they grow, so that they bloom,  
and dreaming, bestow their fragrance,  
these dreams gently glow and fade on your breast,  
and then sink into the grave.

## **Biographies**

### **Avedis Manoogian**

Avedis Manoogian has worked in a variety of styles and settings as a collaborative pianist working as music director and composer for theaters such as Theatre de la jeune lune, Nautilus, Children's Theater of Minneapolis, and Bedlam theater. As a kabaretist he has worked as music director and pianist for Cincinnati Opera and CCM Spoleto as well as cabaret artists such as the Dreamland Faces and fabulous Ithaca College alum, 2010 Lotte Lenya International Voice Competition first prize winner, Caitlin Mathes. From 2001-2005 he worked as a house musician for the grammy award winning Pachyderm Studio working and recording in a multitude of different styles and settings. As a chamber musician and pianist he has performed at festivals such as the Token Creek Music Festival with composer John Harbison performing J.S. Bach's Art of the Fugue and Gyorg Kurtag's four hand arrangements of Bach, and at Madeleine Island chamber Music Camp with jazz and new music icon, Roscoe Mitchell. Recently he performed with the Cincinnati based group, Concert Nova in a program dedicated to compositions based on the works of William Shakespeare. Presently, Mr. Manoogian resides in Cincinnati where he works extensively in the development young string players.

### **Janet Hopkins**

New York Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano Janet Hopkins has won world wide critical acclaim for her wide-ranging operatic and concert repertoire. A veteran of The Met for over 16 years, she has performed in a broad variety of operas, including *The Barber of Seville*, *Die Walkure*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *Rigoletto*. Miss Hopkins has toured extensively with The Metropolitan Opera, performing many times in Europe and Japan, as well as throughout the United States. She is a Carnegie Hall favorite as a featured soloist.

Diva Janet Hopkins revolutionized the wine and music worlds with her introduction of *ARIA* in November of 2007. *ARIA*, a first-of-its-kind music and fine wine project, garnered rave reviews from **The New York Time** and **USA Today**. Miss Hopkins personally blended her own red wine. She recorded a cd of well known Italian love songs at historic Capitol Records in Hollywood. The limited edition set known as *ARIA* was an immediate hit and sold out in 2 months.

Miss Hopkins holds a Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education, cum laude, and a Masters Degree in Vocal Performance, cum laude.