4-6-2014

Guest Recital: Janet Hopkins, mezzo-soprano

Janet Hopkins

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs

Part of the Music Commons

Recommended Citation
Hopkins, Janet, "Guest Recital: Janet Hopkins, mezzo-soprano" (2014). All Concert & Recital Programs. 530.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/530

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.
Guest Recital:
Janet Hopkins, mezzo-soprano
Avedis Manoogian, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday April 6th, 2014
7:00 pm
Vaga Luna
Malinconia, ninfa gentile
Dolente imagine di Fille mia

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

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

You'll Never Walk Alone
Carousel

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

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.
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.