



Senior Recital

Claire Hardek, soprano

Daniel Seyfried, piano

Saturday, March 21, 2026

2:00 p.m.

Nelson Music Room

La promessa
A mezzanotte

Giacomo Rossini (1792–1868)
Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

From *Falstaff*
Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

Seligkeit
Er ist's
Standchen

Franz Schubert (1799–1832)
Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

From *Goyescas*
La maja y el ruiseñor

Enrique Granados (1867–1916)

From *Six Elizabethan Songs*
Spring
Winter
Hymn

Dominick Argento (1927–2019)

From *La Fille du regiment*
Chacun le sait

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

Goodnight Moon

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

To give each audience member the opportunity to enjoy the performance fully, please silence all electronic devices. Flash photography, food, and beverages are not permitted.

Claire Hardek, soprano, is a senior at Duke University pursuing a major in Economics and a minor in Music. Claire is heavily involved in music on campus through voice lessons, Duke Opera Theater, and as the president of Out of the Blue a cappella. She has soloed with the Duke Wind Symphony, in multiple white coat ceremonies in Duke School of Medicine, and at the National level in the National Association of Teachers of Singing Student Auditions. Following her graduation in May, Claire will be moving to New York City to pursue a career in financial consulting. She is excited to find ways to continue performing.

Claire would like to extend a huge thank you to her family and friends for their constant support over the last 12+ years of vocal training. She is especially grateful to her teachers and mentors at Duke for their guidance and encouragement throughout her musical journey and to everyone who has helped make this recital possible. Thank you for being here to celebrate this milestone with her.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

La promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa
lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete,
pupille care,
Ne men per gioco
v'ingannerò.

Voi solo siete
le mie faville,
E voi sarete,
care pupille,
Il mio bel foco
sinch'io vivrò, ah!

- Pietro Metastasio

The Promise

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it,
dear eyes!
Not even to joke
would I deceive you about this.

You alone
are my sparks,
and you will be,
dear eyes,
my beautiful fire
as long as I live, ah!

- Christie Turnage Turner

A mezzanotte

Quando notte sarà oscura
e le stelle in ciel vedrai,
cheto, cheto mi verrai
nel mio asilo a ritrovar.

Nel silenzio della notte
dentr'all'umile mio tetto,
vieni pure, o mio diletto,
la tua ninfa a consolar:
canta pur la tua canzone
ch'io t'attendo sul balcone. Ah!

Ma non debbo a te soltanto
aprir l'uscio a notte bruna:
coprirebbe la luna
vereconda in suo pudor.

Noi due soli non saremo,
verecondia nol consente,
vuò che un terzo sia presente
e quel terzo sia l'amor.

Canta pur la tua canzone,
ch'io t'attendo sul balcone,
io t'attendo a mezzanotte,
cheto cheto ne verrai,
noi due soli non saremo,
vuò che il terzo sia l'amor. Ah!

- Anonymous

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio
Scorrete, agili larve;
Fra i rami un baglior cesio
D'alba lunare apparve.
Danzate! e il passo blando
Misuri un blando suon.
Le magiche accoppiando
Carole alla canzon.

Erriam sotto la luna
Scegliendo fior da fiore,

At midnight

When night turns dark
and you see the stars in the sky,
silently, silently, you will come
to find my solitary dwelling.

In the silence of night
inside, under my humble roof,
come then, o my delight,
to make your darling happy.
Sing your song
while I wait for you on the balcony. Ah!

But not for you alone must I
open the threshold to the dark night:
the moon in her modesty
would cover herself for shame.

We two will not be alone;
modesty would not allow it.
It wants a third person to be present,
and that third is love.

Then sing your song
while I wait for you on the balcony.
I expect you at midnight,
silently, silently you will come,
we two will not be alone,
the third must be love. Ah!

- John Glenn Paton

On the breath of an etesian breeze

On the breath of an etesian breeze
scurry, agile shadows
among the branches a bluish-grey glow
of the rising moon has appeared.
Dance! And may the gentle steps
measure a gentle sound,
combining the magical
dances with the song.

Let us wander beneath the moon,
choosing flower by flower;

Ogni corolla in core
Porta la sua fortuna.
Coi gigli e le viole
Scrivian de' nomi arcani,
Dalle fatate mani
Germogliano parole,
Parole illuminate
Di puro argento e d'or,
Carni e malie.
Le Fate hanno per cifre i fior.
- Arrigo Boito

each crown of petals, in its heart,
brings its good fortune.
With the lilies and the violets,
let us write secret names;
from our enchanted hands
may words blossom
words illuminated
by pure silver and gold
Magic incantations and charms.
The Faeries have, for alphabet letters, flowers.
- Jennifer Silberberg

Seligkeit

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blüh'n im Himmelssaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freu'n!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freu'n!

Lieber bleip'; ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!
- Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty

Bliss

Joys without number
bloom in heaven's hall
of angels and transfigured beings,
just as our fathers taught us.
O, there I would like to be
and rejoice forever!

Upon everyone dearly smiles
a heavenly bride;
harp and psalter resound,
and everyone dances and sings.
O, there I would like to be
and rejoice forever!

But I'd rather remain here
if Laura would smile at me
with one glance that said
I should end my lamenting.
Blissfully then with her,
I would stay here forever!
- Emily Ezust

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.

Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab' ich vernommen!
- Eduard Mörike

It is Spring

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter in the breeze again;
Sweet, familiar scents
Drift with promise o'er the land.

Already violets lie dreaming,
Soon to be awakened.

Hark, from afar the faint sound of a harp!
Spring, it is you!
I can hear you coming!
- Charles L. Cingolani

Ständchen

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.

Dr'um leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Fleig' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.

Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Vun us'ren Küssen träumen,

Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenshauern der Nacht.
- Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack

Serenade

Open up, open, but softly my dear,
So as to wake no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes
A leaf on bush or hedge.

So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
To steal to me in the garden.

The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously
Beneath the lindens,
The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,

And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.
- Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack

La maja y el ruiseñor

¿Por qué entre sombras el ruiseñor
Entona su armonioso cantar?
¿Acaso al rey del día guarda rencor
Y de él quiera algún agravio vengar?
¿Guarda quizás su pecho oculto tal dolor,
Que en la sombra espera alivio hallar,
Triste entonando cantos de amor? ¡Ay! de amor.
¿Y tal vez alguna flor,
Temblorosa del pudor de amar,
Es la esclava enamorada de su cantor?

¡Misterio es el cantar
Que entona envuelto en sombra el ruiseñor!

¡Ah! Son los amores como flor,
Como flor a merced, de la mar.

¡Amor! ¡Amor! ¡Ah! no hay cantar sin amor,
¡Ah! Ruiseñor: es tu cantar himno de amor.
- Fernando Periquet

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!
- Thomas Nashe

The girl and the nightingale

Why in the shadows does the nightingale
Sing its harmonious song?
Perhaps it bears a grudge against the Sun, King of the
Day,
Or wants to avenge some grievance?
Perhaps she keeps hidden in her breast such grief
That she hopes to find relief in the shadows,
Sadly singing her songs of love.
Or maybe some flower,
trembling with the blushes of love,
Is the love-lorn slave of her song.

Mysterious is the song
Which the nightingale chants, wrapped in the
shadows!

Ah! Love is like a flower
At the mercy of the sea.

Love! Love! Ah, there is no singing without love!
Ah! Nightingale: this your singing is a hymn of love.
- David Wyatt

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl;
Tu whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
- William Shakespeare

Hymn

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

- Ben Jonson

Chacun le sait

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,
Le régiment par excellence
Le seul à qui l'on fait crédit
dans tous les cabarets de France...
le régiment, en tous pays,
l'effroi des amants des maris...
mais de la beauté bien suprême!
Il est là, morbleu! Le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, le voilà le beau Vingt-unième!

Il a gagné tant de combats,
que notre empereur, on le pense,
fera chacun de ses soldats
à la paix, maréchal de France!
Car, c'est connu le régiment
le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,
qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.

Il est là, morbleu! Le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, le voilà le beau Vingt-unième!
- Jean Francois Bayard

Everyone Knows

Everyone knows, everyone says,
It is the regiment without equal!
The only one to which everyone gives credit to
In all the taverns of France...
This regiment in all countries,
Is the terror of all lovers and husbands...
But with beautiful women, it is best!
It is there, the devil! There it is, good Lord!
Here it is, you see it! The marvelous Twenty-First!

It has won so many battles,
That our Emperor, one it thinks,
Will make everyone one of its soldiers,
In peace time, a marshal of France!
For, it's well known this regiment,
The most victorious, the most charming,
That one sex fears, and the other loves.

It is there, the devil! There it is, good Lord!
Here it is, you see it! The marvelous Twenty-First!
- Bard Suverkrop