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3-13-2021

## Soraya Wiese, Flute, and Josiah Philipsoian, Clarinet, Junior Recital

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

JUNIOR FLUTE  
AND  
CLARINET RECITAL

OF

SORAYA WIESE  
FLUTE

AND

JOSIAH PHILIPSIAN  
CLARINET

STEPHEN ESTEP  
PIANO

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 2021  
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### Josiah

*Five Bagatelles*, Op. 23 ..... Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

- I. Prelude
- II. Romance
- V. Fughetta

### Soraya

*Poem for Flute and Piano*, A. 93. .... Charles Griffes (1884–1920)

### Josiah

*Sonatina for Clarinet and Piano*, Op. 29 ..... Malcolm Arnold (1921–2006)

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andantino
- III. Furioso

### Soraya

*Fantaisie for Flute and Piano* ..... Philippe Gaubert (1879–1941)

### Soraya and Josiah

*Portraits of Langston* ..... Valerie Coleman (b. 1970)

- I. Prelude: Helen Keller
- II. Danse africaine
- III. Le grand duc mambo
- IV. Silver Rain
- V. Jazz Band in a Parisian Cabaret
- VI. Harlem's Summer Night

Soraya is a student of Lori Akins.

Josiah is a student of Bruce Curlette

## Program Notes

### Helen Keller

She,  
In the dark,  
Found light  
Brighter than many ever see.

She,  
Within herself,  
Found loveliness,  
Through the soul's own mastery.

And now the world receives  
From her dower:  
The message of the strength  
Of inner power.

### Danse africaine

The low beating of the tom-toms,  
The slow beating of the tom-toms,  
Low . . . slow  
Slow . . . low --  
Stirs your blood.  
Dance!  
A night-veiled girl  
Whirls softly into a  
Circle of light.  
Whirls softly . . . slowly,  
Like a wisp of smoke around the fire --  
And the tom-toms beat,  
And the tom-toms beat,  
And the low beating of the tom-toms  
Stirs your blood.

### Silver Rain

In time of silver rain  
The earth puts forth new life again,  
Green grasses grow  
And flowers lift their heads,  
And all over the plain  
The wonder spreads

Of Life,  
Of Life,  
Of life!

In time of silver rain  
The butterflies lift silken wings  
To catch a rainbow cry,  
And trees put forth new leaves to sing  
In joy beneath the sky  
As down the roadway  
Passing boys and girls  
Go singing, too,  
In time of silver rain When spring  
And life  
Are new.

### Jazz Band in a Parisian Cabaret

Play that thing,  
Jazz band!  
Play it for the lords and ladies,  
For the dukes and counts,  
For the whores and gigolos,  
For the American millionaires,  
And the school teachers  
Out for a spree.  
Play it,  
Jazz band!  
You know that tune  
That laughs and cries at the same time.  
You know it.

May I?  
Mais oui.  
Mein Gott!  
Parece una rumba.  
Play it, jazz band!  
You've got seven languages to speak in  
And then some,  
Even if you do come from Georgia.  
Can I go home wid yuh, sweetie?

### Harlem's Summer Night

The sounds  
Of the Harlem night  
Drop one by one into stillness.  
The last player-piano is closed.  
The last victrola ceases with the  
"Jazz Boy Blues."  
The last crying baby sleeps  
And the night becomes  
Still as a whispering heartbeat.  
I toss  
Without rest in the darkness,  
Weary as the tired night,  
My soul  
Empty as the silence,  
Empty with a vague,  
Aching emptiness,  
Desiring,  
Needing someone,  
Something.

I toss without rest  
In the darkness  
Until the new dawn,  
Wan and pale,  
Descends like a white mist  
Into the court-yard.

All poems by Langston Hughes

