Mark Viggiani

Volume 1
Folio of Original Compositions 2009-2012

198720184

651AA Ph. D. – Music

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (by creative work and dissertation)

February 2013

Melbourne Conservatorium of Music

The University of Melbourne
Abstract

This thesis consists of a folio of original music scores composed during the period 2009–2012 and a dissertation of exegesis. Volume 1 comprises the scores – nine works for forces ranging from voice and piano to full orchestra, and including two extended song cycles. Performances of most of these works can be heard on the accompanying CD.

The dissertation in Volume 2 addresses aesthetic and technical intentions and contextualizes the work in terms of both current compositional trends and formative influences. An examination of the approach towards harmony reveals the use of a wide range of idioms from functional harmony to basic serialism. This leads naturally into a discussion of form, rhythm and text, which describes the use of formulae such as golden section proportion and tendencies towards three-part structure. The effect and use of text is also explored.

The compositional techniques posited are then explained in relation to the two works inspired by and based on songs by Blind Willie Johnson. Differences in approach are highlighted in the comparative analysis which follows. Lastly, analysis of the cycle Visionary Songs offers insights into the workings of the compositional process itself.
Declaration

This is to certify that

i. These musical scores comprise only my original work towards the Ph.D. except where indicated in the Preface,

ii. due acknowledgement has been made in the text to all other material used,

iii. the scores constitute between 90 and 120 minutes of music as approved by the RHD Committee.

Signed Mark Viggiani
Preface

All of the works in this folio were composed during the period of candidature. *One Last Tango* was composed during participation in the 2010 Orchestra Victoria Composers’ School. Whilst all of the folio works are original compositions, *Visionary Songs* includes an arrangement of Hildegard of Bingen’s *O Virtus Sapientiae*, and material from the song *John the Revelator* by Blind Willie Johnson is used in my work of the same name.

Editorial assistance was provided by my composition supervisor Dr. Elliott Gyger.
Acknowledgements

Firstly I would like to thank the following performers and organisations for their support in programming and performing my music - conductor Stephen Stanke and the Defence Force School of Music for taking Dark was the night so seriously; guitarists Antony Field, Dan McKay and Daniel Nestico for their recording of Prism and Tricks of Light; and Richard Mills and members of Orchestra Victoria for their sage advice on all matters orchestral and a brilliant performance of One Last Tango, which was allowed much more rehearsal time than it deserved (thanks also partly to Calvin Bowman).

Thanks also to the Belgian 2011 Ars Musica Festival, in particular Jean-Paul Dessy and Pierre Bodson from the Mons Kinky Pinky Orchestra for a thrilling performance of John the Revelator. Thanks also for the financial assistance from the music dept. at the Con which enabled me to be present for the performance. Closer to home, I would like to thank Alex Pozniak and Ensemble Chronology Arts for workshopping an early version of Trio; and Laila Engle, Blair Harris and Leigh Harrold from Syzygy for further workshopping and performance of this work at the Kingston Arts Centre. Other performers who have offered advice and rehearsal opportunities are Ken Murray and VCA brass under Charles MacInnes.

For opening my mind to new technologies and alternative rationales of composition I thank Mark Buys at AISOI. On this account I would also like to thank UTAS for providing convenient and private accommodation in Hobart, and filmmaker Jared Abdul-Rahman for the use of his raw materials and helpful advice. Thanks also to the team at 3MBS and especially Stephanie Rocke for recording time and exposure; also Terry McDermott for his patience and generosity in producing this recording. Acknowledgement also to Anni Heino at Resonate for the opportunity to review concerts and hear some amazing music.

In the preparation of the music I would like to thank Dr. Elliott Gyger for his unerring ear and ultra-refined aesthetic over the past few years. In relation to academic matters I offer sincere gratitude to Dr. Stuart Greenbaum for taking over the dissertation very late in the proceedings – his clear thinking, rigour and attention to detail have been crucial. To both of the above, gratitude also for teaching work during this period, and also to the providers of my Australian Postgraduate Award, without which this enterprise would not have been possible. Also thanks to Peter Tregear for his useful early contribution to what became Chapter Three, to Dr. Neil Levy for his grammatical and structural suggestions and to John Griffith and Richard Divall for providing valuable experience in music typesetting at Lyrebird Press.

I would like to thank the Italian tutors at CIS - Maria Masini, Lucia Oteri, and Barbara Vincenzi for their patience in attempting to help me improve in what should be my fluent second language; and especially...
Elisabetta Lamanna for her generosity in helping with Italian translation. Thanks also to Linda Massola for providing both the poetry and a large store of family history.

Finally, I would like to thank my immediate family Louise (it’s your turn now), Ella and Dominique for encouraging and supporting me through what has been too long and wearisome a process. There’s a chance the lawn will be mown slightly more often from now on.
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   Syzygy ensemble
   Recorded live 21 August 2011, Kingston Arts Centre, Moorabbin
Mark Viggiani

Dark was the night,
Cold was the ground

(2009)

Eb clarinet, 2 Bb clarinets, bass clarinet,
2 flugelhorns, euphonium, tuba
& 4 percussion
Composed for the Australian Defence Force School of Music, 2009.

First performance: 6 November 2009. Watsonia

Duration. 9’40”

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2009
Composer’s note

*Dark was the night, Cold was the ground* was composed for an ensemble at the Australian Defence Force School of Music in response to a 1927 instrumental blues recording by singer/guitarist Blind Willie Johnson. I have derived musical materials from some of the distinctive ideas played by Johnson on this recording. The various solos in the work (bass clarinet, Eb clarinet and flugelhorn) are offered in the spirit of jazz improvisations; phrasing and dynamics are to be taken as a rough guide, as suggestions. It is hoped that performers will feel comfortable in bringing a personal interpretation to these sections.
Performance notes

1. Glissandi throughout are intended to emphasize ‘blue’ notes, as in the jazz and blues traditions. They should last for the full duration of the note.

2. Accidentals are register-specific, and affect notes of the given pitch for the duration of the bar.

3. Trills are as indicated in the score.

4. As the set of woodblocks is only used by one percussionist at a time, if positioned thoughtfully it can be shared between the players 2, 3, and 4.
Instrumentation

E♭ clarinet
2 B♭ clarinets
bass clarinet

2 flugelhorns
euphonium (written at sounding pitch, bass clef)
tuba

4 percussion:

1. bass drum, guiro, 2 suspended cymbals, pair of crash cymbals, triangle
2. 5 woodblocks, kick-bass drum, snare drum, tam tam, suspended cymbal, guiro
3. vibraphone, 5 woodblocks, 3 toms
4. glockenspiel, 5 woodblocks, tambourine, triangle

Transposing Score
Key to percussion symbols

- **Bass drum**
- **Guiro**
- **Suspended cymbals**
- **Crash cymbals**
- **Triangle**

*Scrape - small, large*

- **Woodblocks (low to high)**
- **Kick-bass drum**
- **Snare drum**
- **Tam tam**
- **Suspended cymbal**
- **Guiro**

*Scrape*

- **Vibraphone**
- **3 tom-toms**
- **Woodblocks (low to high)**

*Vibraphone - 3 tom-toms - Woodblocks (low to high)*

- **Glockenspiel**
- **Woodblocks (low to high)**
- **Tambourine**
- **Triangle**

*Glockenspiel - Woodblocks (low to high) - Tambourine - Triangle*

*Shake*
Dark was the night, Cold was the ground

\[q = 48\]

Mark Viggiani

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)

Clarinet in E\(\flat\)

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Clarinet 1 in B\(\flat\)

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Clarinet 2 in B\(\flat\)

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Bass Clarinet in B\(\flat\)

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Flugelhorn 1

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Flugelhorn 2

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Euphonium

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Tuba

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\)\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{3}{4}\)

Percussion 1

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\) suspended cymbals medium mallets

Percussion 2

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\) ppp p

Percussion 3

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\) pp 3

Percussion 4

\(\frac{4}{4}\)\(\frac{5}{4}\) pp

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Prism and Tricks of Light

(2009 – 10)

Two pieces for guitar trio
As recorded by guitarists Dan McKay, Antony Field and Daniel Nistico.

17 August 2010, 3MBS Studios, Abbotsford

Duration ca. 14’ in total

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2010
Composer’s note

I draw much of my inspiration from the natural world. Whilst composing these pieces, I realized that the processes I was using mimicked various ways in which light behaves. Thus, the first piece *Prism* develops the same basic set of musical ideas in three different ways, as if viewed from different angles. Despite its carefully organized structure the second piece *Tricks of Light* moves unpredictably, attempting to fool the mind into hearing things which are not there.

Though the two pieces can each be performed individually, they share common pitch, intervallic and motivic material and should be presented together as a pair. In this instance, the order is at the discretion of the performers.
Performance notes

1. Slurs over multiple notes mean that the pitches should be allowed to sound legatissimo for as long as practical beyond their written value.

2. Slurs connecting two notes are to be interpreted as left hand articulation.

3. Harmonics are shown at sounding pitch and natural unless otherwise defined. String and fret are usually given as suggestions.

4. Accidentals are register-specific, and apply to notes of the given pitch within the bar.

5. Fingerings given are suggestions only, but often point to a particular string.

6. Grace notes are to be played before the beat.

7. In *Prism*, it is recommended that players employ a more veiled and less nail-dominated tone, achieved through greater use of flesh, especially in accompanimental arpeggio patterns and *bisb.* sections, and at low dynamic levels.

8. The *bisb.* effect is achieved by using the flesh of the fingertips to create a sort and nebulous texture in which individual attacks are almost inaudible.

9. In *Tricks of Light*, players should feel free to accentuate the falling minor thirds by bending the string slightly to sharpen the pitch.

10. The repeated chord semiquaver patterns do not need to be absolutely precise regarding balance of strings. The technique used is inspired by funk guitar strumming patterns. Rhythm is the most important aspect here.

11. It is important to realize the glissandi correctly. If two pitches joined by a gliss. are also connected by a slur, the second note should sound as a result of the gliss., and not be articulated with the right hand.
Two pieces for guitar trio

1. Prism 61
2. Tricks of Light 67
Two Pieces for Guitar Trio

1. Prism

Mark Viggiani

\[ J = 80 \text{ Sombre yet expectantly}\]
warmly, molto espress.
Mark Viggiani, March 2009 Melbourne
2. Tricks of Light

\[ \text{\textcopyright Copyright M. Viggiani 2009 - 10} \]
poco rit.

Meno mosso

Mark Viggiani, March 2009 Melbourne
Mark Viggiani

One Last Tango

(2010)

For orchestra
Composed for Orchestra Victoria (Symphony Australia) in fulfillment of participation in the 2010 Orchestra Victoria Composer’s School.

First performance:
Orchestra Victoria conducted by Richard Mills,
Iwaki Auditorium, ABC Centre Southbank, Melbourne,
7 July 2010.

Duration 8’00”

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2010
Composer’s note

This work is dedicated to my grandmother Antonietta Massola. I wanted to write music that she would enjoy; this is definitely a piece about raging against the dying of the light.
Instrumentation

piccolo
2 flutes
2 oboes
cor anglais
2 B♭ clarinets
bass clarinet
2 bassoons
contrabassoon

4 horns in F
3 trumpets in C
2 trombones
bass trombone
tuba

timpani
percussion 1 – bongo, suspended cymbal, wind chimes, triangle, pair of crash cymbals
percussion 2 - vibraphone, tam tam

celesta
harp

violins 1
violins 2
violas
violoncellos
contrabasses

Score in C
Più mosso \( \frac{4}{4} = 96 \)

Ob. 1 & 2

C. A.

Bsn. 1 & 2

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Timp.

Perc. 1

Perc. 2

Hp.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

\( \text{Più mosso } \frac{4}{4} = 96 \)
Ob. 1 & 2

C. A.

Cl. 1 & 2

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1 & 2

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

C Tpt. 1

C Tpt. 2

C Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1 & 2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Hp.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
C

Picc.
Fl. 1 & 2
Ob. 1 & 2
C. A.
Cl. 1 & 2
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1 & 2
Cbsn.
Hn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
C Tpt. 1
C Tpt. 2
C Tpt. 3
Tbn. 1 & 2
B. Tbn.
Tba.
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Mark Viggiani

John the Revelator

(2010)

baritone and chamber orchestra
Commissioned by the Ars Musica International Contemporary Music Festival
for the Mons Kinky Pinky Orchestra.
First performance: 16 March 2011. Théâtre Royale, Mons (Belgium)

Duration 5'30"

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2010
Composer's note

This work is based on the 1930 recording by Blind Willie Johnson of *John the Revelator*. I have retained most of his version of the text, and the melody from the repeated chorus. I have used these materials to generate tonal structures and the basic form of the piece.

The work explores call and response structures and models of dominance and submission.
Who's that writin'? John the Revelator!
(Hey), book of the seven seals

What's John writin'? That's the revelation!
(Hey), book of the seven seals

Now who art worthy, Crucified and Holy
Bound up for some, Son of our God
Daughter of Zion, Judah the Lion
He redeemeth and He bought us with His blood

John the Revelator, great advocator
Gets 'em on the battle of Zion
Lord, tellin' the story, risin' in glory
Cried, "Lord, don't you love?"

Well, Moses to Moses, watching the flock
Saw the bush, well, he had to stop
God told Moses, "Pull off your shoes,
Out of the flock, well, you I choose"
Performance note

Drum Kit

Sticks should be used throughout. High hat is closed unless followed by a tie or L.V.

![Drum Kit Diagram]

It is possible for the drummer to be given some freedom to elaborate tastefully on the intentionally sparse given part.

Electric Guitar

A clean amplified sound is required, in addition to a wah-wah pedal. The player may also find a volume pedal useful in maintaining a sensitive dynamic in relation to the ensemble.

![Electric Guitar Diagram]
Instrumentation

baritone

clarinet in B♭
alto sax in E♭
horn in F
trombone

electric guitar (wah-wah pedal)
piano
marimba
drum kit

2 violins
viola
cello
contrabass

Transposing score
Who's that writin'?

John
What's John wri-tin'?
That's the Re-ve-la-tion
who art worthy? - Cruc - ci -
some Son of our God?
Daughter of Zion
He re-deemeth and He bought us with His blood. Tell me who’s that a-writin’?
Who's that?
Who's that?
Who's that?
Who's that?
Who's that?
John the Revelator great advocate gets 'em on the battle of Zion, Lord, tellin' the
Meno mosso \( \frac{3}{4} = 108 \)

```
Cl
118

Alt. Sax

Hn

Tbn

E. Gtr

Pno

Mar.

Dr.

Bar.

don’t you love?  Lord  Lord  Lord  Lord?

Tell me who’s that a-writin’?

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla

Vc

Cb
```
Who's that a writing?
Who's that a - wri - tin'?

Hey!

Who's that a - wri - tin'?

Hey!
Book of the seven seals, tell me who?

Tempo primo $\frac{3}{4}$

Tempo primo $\frac{4}{4}$

Book of the seven seals, tell me who?
Well, p

pp

p

p

pizz.

p
Mo-ses to Mo-ses watching the flock,
saw the bush and had to stop. God told Moses - -
"Pull off your shoes, out of the flock, well, you I choose."
Mark Viggiani

Trio

(2010)

for flute, piano and cello
Originally composed for members of the Chronology Ensemble.

First performance: Syzygy ensemble
21 August 2011. Kingston Arts Centre, Melbourne

Duration ca. 10'30

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2011
Composer’s note

This work evolved from a brief sketch workshopped at the University of Melbourne by members of ensemble Chronology in late 2010. The pitch material was developed from harmonics produced on the flute, and the piece explores the interface between subtle extended technique and musical idea.
Guide to Notation

Flute

overblow to sound harmonics mostly of the time.

fingering shown above will produce multiphonic bordered by these pitches.

predominantly air

hum or sing the small notes whilst playing the larger note

percussive sound, with vocal syllable shown

Piano

cluster on black keys with right forearm in general pitch area

whilst playing note with right hand dampen the string inside the piano with left hand

cluster on white keys with left forearm harplike glissando inside piano showing general register range

Cello

snap pizz. left hand pizz arco below the bridge
Trio
for flute, piano and cello

Mark Viggiani

\[ \text{\(\frac{\text{Trio}}{120}\)} \]

Flute

unevenly as fast as possible, with occasional \(^\text{\(\frac{\text{A}}{\text{rests}}\)}\)

Piano

Violoncello

Inside piano with fingertip

Inside piano with fingernail

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1. T
poco rit.

2. T

3. T

inside piano
with fingertip

sul pont.

Poco a poco
\[ \text{\( \frac{\text{}}{\text{}} \) } = 64 \text{ playfully} \]
precipitato

\( \dot{\mu} = 64 \) (calmo)
ppp

mp

misterioso

pizz.
Mark Viggiani

The actual petals of a flower

(2009)

For choir
S.S.A.T.B.
Duration ca. 6’

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2009
Composer’s note

This motet is a setting of writings by the eighteenth century Swedish naturalist Carl Linnaeus, in juxtaposition with excerpts from the Song of Solomon. These texts reflect the inspiration I receive from the miraculous which is to be found in the natural world.

All accidentals affect the given note for the duration of the bar.
The actual petals of a flower contribute nothing to generation, serving only as the bridal bed which the great Creator has so gloriously prepared, adorned with such precious bedcurtains, and perfumed with so many sweet scents in order that the bridegroom and bride may therein celebrate their nuptials with greater solemnity. When the bed has thus been made ready, then is the time for the bridegroom to embrace his beloved bride and surrender himself to her...

Praeludia Sponsaliarum Planturum 1729, Linnaeus

ego flos campi et lilium convallium.
sicut lilium inter spinas sic amica mea inter filias.

Song of Solomon, 2:1 & 2

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

ficus protulit grossos suos vineae florent dederunt odorem
surge amica mea speciosa mea et veni.
surge aquilo et veni auster perfla hortum meum et fluant aromata illius.

Song of Solomon, 4:13 & 16

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
The actual petals of a flower

Linnaeus/Song of Songs

Mark Viggiani

\[ \text{Soprano} \]

\[ \text{Alto} \]

\[ \text{Tenor} \]

\[ \text{Bass} \]

\[ J = 72 \]

\[ e - go \quad flos\ldots \quad \text{cam-pi} \quad \text{et li-} \]

\[ e - go \quad flos \quad \text{cam-pi} \quad \text{et li-} \]

\[ \text{S.} \quad \text{S.} \quad \text{A.} \quad \text{T.} \quad \text{B.} \]

\[ \text{li-um} \quad \text{con-val-li-um} \]

\[ \text{li-um} \quad \text{con-val-li-um} \]

© Copyright M. Viggiani 2009
The actual petals

The actual petals

The actual petals of a

The actual petals
a-dorned with such precious bed curtains and perfum'd with so many sweet scents

Più mosso ($d = 72$)

a-dorned with precious curtains

precious bed curtains and perfum'd with so many sweet scents

precious bed curtains

with so many sweet scents

Ficus

Ficus
in order that the bride-groom and bride may there in

pro tutilit grossos suos vi ne-

pro tutilit grossos suos vi ne-

celebrate nuptials with greater solemnity

celebrate their nuptials with solemnity

cresc.
ae flo rent de de runt o do rem

cresc.
ae flo rent de-de runt o do rem sur ge
et veni auster per fla hor tem me um et flu ant

et veni auster per fla hor tem flu ant

a - ro - ma - ta il - li - us

a - ro - ma - ta il - li - us

cresc. - a - a - a - ro - ma - ta il - li - us

pp ve -
Tempo primo (\( \dot{\,J} = 72 \) )

When the bed has thus been made rea-dy__

When the bed thus been made rea-dy__ time for the bride - groom__

When the bed thus been made rea-dy__
brace 'lov'd bride

his be-loved his be-lov'd bride to her

and sur-ren-der him-self

his be-loved bride sur-ren-der

his be-loved bride sur-ren-der.

to her

to her

to her
Mark Viggiani February 2009
Mark Viggiani

Visionary Songs

(2011)

soprano and piano
Duration ca. 15’

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2010
The texts used in this cycle of five songs for soprano and piano explore and contrast different modes of wisdom. All musical material is derived from motifs used by Hildegard of Bingen in her chant *O virtus Sapientiae*. An arrangement of this chant serves as the first song, a paean to wisdom in its heavenly aspect. This is followed by a setting of text by the Swedish naturalist Carl Linnaeus which describes the incredible process of plant reproduction. The third song is a setting of a poem by Hardy, which marvels at the way that characteristics are passed on through subsequent generations – a form of received wisdom. A selection of William Blake’s *Proverbs of Hell* provide satirical, yet still mystical practical advice, and the cycle concludes with words of Charles Darwin, from the most developed current account of life on this planet – the theory of evolution.
1. O Virtus Sapientiae

O virtus Sapientiae, quae circuiens circuisti comprehending omnia in una via, quae habet vitam, tres alas habens, quarum una in altum volat, et altera de terra sudat, et tertia undique volat. Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet, O sapientia.

(O strength of Wisdom, who, circling, encircling, enclosing all in one lifegiving path, three wings you have: one soars to the heights, one distills its essence upon the earth, and the third is everywhere. Praise to you, as is fitting, O Wisdom.)

Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

2. The actual petals of a flower

The actual petals of a flower contribute nothing to generation, serving only as the bridal bed which the great Creator has so gloriously prepared, adorned with such precious bedcurtains, and perfumed with so many sweet scents in order that the bridegroom and bride may therein celebrate their nuptials with greater solemnity.

When the bed has thus been made ready, then is the time for the bridegroom to embrace his beloved bride and surrender himself to her…

Carl Linnaeus, *Praeludia Sponsaliarum Plantarum*, 1729
3. Heredity

I am the family face:
Flesh perishes, I live on,
Projecting trait and trace
Through time to times anon,
And leaping from place to place
Over oblivion.

The years-heired feature that can
In curve and voice and eye
Despise the human span
Of durance - that is I;
The eternal thing in man,
That heeds no call to die.

Thomas Hardy, 1840-1928

4. No bird soars too high

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.
When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius: lift up thy head!
To create a little flower is the labour of ages.
One thought fills immensity.
Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.
What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

William Blake, selections from Proverbs of Hell,
from the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, 1790
5. There is grandeur in this view of Life

There is grandeur in this view of Life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms, or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*, 1859
1. O Virtus Sapientiae  (Hildegard von Bingen)  179
2. The actual petals of a flower  (Carl Linnaeus)  182
3. Heredity  (Thomas Hardy)  188
4. No bird soars too high  (William Blake)  193
5. There is grandeur in this view of Life  (Charles Darwin)  202
1. O Virtus Sapientiae

Hildegard

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Mark Viggiani (Hildegard)

\[ \text{\textcopyright M. Viggiani 2011} \]
tres a - las ha - bens, qua - rum u - na in al - tum vo - lat,

et al - te-ra de - ter ra su - dat, et ter - ti-a un-di - que vo -

Laus ti-bi sit, si - cut te de - cet,
2. The actual petals of a flower

Linnaeus

\[ \text{Soprano} \]

\[ \text{Piano} \]

The actual petals of a flower contribute nothing to gene-

* Where possible, catch low bass notes with sost ped.
ration, serving only as the
bridal bed which the great Creator has so gloriously prepared,
adorned with such precious bed curtains

and perfumed with so many sweet scents in order that the bride and groom and
bride may there in - ce - le - brate their nup - tials with grea - ter so - lem-ni-ty

sost.

sost.
When the bed has thus been made ready then is the time for the bridegroom to embrace his beloved bride and surrender himself to her...
molto rall.
3. Heredity

Thomas Hardy

\( \text{\textit{I am the family face:}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Flesh perishes, I live on,}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Projecting trait and}} \)

Mark Viggiani
trace Through times to times anon, And leaping from

place to place over oblivion.
-ture that can in curve of voice and eye De-

spise the hu-man span of du-rance that is I:

The e-ter

The e-ter
That

nal thing in man.

heeds no call to die.
4. No bird soars too high

William Blake

\( \dot{\text{j}} = 60 \)

Soprano

\[ \text{pp} \]

Piano

\[ \text{mf} \]

No bird soars too high.

Mark Viggiani
if he soars, with his own wings.

When thou
Seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius:

Lift up thy head!
To create a little flower is the labour of ages.
One thought fills immensity
Truth can never be told.

as to be understood and
not be believ'd

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{f} \]
What is now proved was once only ima-

gin'd.
5. There is grandeur in this view of Life

Charles Darwin

\[ \text{\( \downarrow = 52 \) Solemnly} \]

There is grandeur in this view of Life, with its several powers.

Having been originally breathed into a few forms, or into one;

and that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the
fixed laws of gravity

From so simple a beginning

endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been
and are being

Maestoso

una corda

Mark Viggiani August 2011 Melbourne
Mark Viggiani

Vorrei...

(2012)

for tenor, soprano,

B♭ clarinet, B♭ trumpet,

guitar, percussion,

violin, viola, cello and doublebass
Dedicated to the memory of Antonietta Massola.

Duration ca. 35’ in total

Mark Viggiani, Melbourne, 2012
The poems on which this cycle is based were composed by my maternal great-grandfather Ginese Triaca in northern Italy around 1902. They were selected from a hand-written notebook entitled *Raccolta Di Poesie e Racconti Scritti nel tempo del mio Servizio militare*. The poems are dedicated to his young fiancée Italia.
I. Vorrei…

Con te vorrei…
Parlare d’amore nell’ora in cui il sole,
Declina all’orizzonte e da ogni pianta
Fale un odore di gigli e di viole
E su tra I rame l’usignolo canta.

Ricordi

Che dolci sere, che momenti belli
Quando tutto per campi e calmo e cheto
Quando l’ultimo grido degli’uccelli
Finita, e a me ti stringo lieto.

Ma come sono ancor piu vaghi e belli
Quei tramonti di sol quando in segreto
Ebbri si bacia, in bocca, e sui capelli
La di letto del cor… Momento lieto!

E tu lo sai che mi comprendevi o cara
Quanto son dolci i baci e le caresse
La fra i limoni e nell’ombra di sereta.

E lo sa questo cuor che ti prepara
Affeti nuovi far novelle ebrezze
Questo cuore d’amante e di poeta.

I. I would like…

I want to speak with you of love as the sun sets into the horizon and from every flower comes a smell like lilies and violets, and overhead the nightingale sings.

Memories

What sweet evenings, what beautiful moments when all of the fields are calm and silent, when the bird’s last song has ended, and I hold you.

But how are even more vague and beautiful those sunsets when we are alone in secret, happily drunk with kissing, on the mouth, and hair in the bed of the heart … happy times!

And know it that you understand me, darling
How sweet the kisses and caresses there among the lemons and the fading light.

And know it that this heart which prepares for you new affections and new intoxications, this is the heart of a lover and a poet.
II. Gelosia di Fiori

Sai che m’odiano i fior del tuo giardino?
Me n’avvidi una volta a le parole
D’ira che mi diceva un biancospino,
Mentre, tutte piangevano le viole.

“Ma che feci?” chiedevo: e un gelsomino
Mi singhiozzò: “Cruel, toglici il sole,
Ma rendici il fulgor di quel visino
Che ci rubasti tu con le tue fole.

Rendeci lei che piu come una volta,
Non torna lieta a prodigarcuare
Ma questa cura or a te solo ha volta.

Dopo che ti conobbe del suo cuore;
Lei fatto re con quelle tue parole
Ma lo devi saper l’odia ogni fiore!”

III. Belle Manine

Belle manine bianche affusolate,
Che sui ginocchi languide giacete,
Fatte di gigli e perle mi sembrate,
Tanto gentile nel candor voi siete.

Morbide come piume vellutate,
Ogni bellezza al paragon vincete
Quando su le ginocchia abbandonate,
In mezzo a bianchi fior in confondete.

II. Jealousy of the Flowers

Do you know that the flowers in your garden
hate me? I noticed one time some angry words
that a hawthorn said to me, while all the violets
cried.

“What did I do?” I asked, and a jasmine burst
into tears. “Cruel one, take away the sun, but
return to us the splendour of that little face,
which you have stolen with your foolishness.

Return her to us as before, she does not gladly
return to lavish care upon us, but this care is
now given only to you.

After this you knew of her heart; you made
yourself king with your words but you must know
that all of the flowers hate you.”

III. Beautiful Little Hands

Beautiful little hands, white and tapering which
rest languidly and frozen on your knees, They
seem to me like lillies and pearls, you are very
kind and gentle.

Soft as a velvet feather, you win every
comparison of beauty when they abandon your
knees and are confused amidst white flowers.
Chi vi può dire mai, chi vi puo' dire
Che desideri in core mi destate,
Belle manine morbide e procaci?...

Vorreì di anelli splendidi coprire
Le dita vostre e su le immacolato
Palme stampare, ai mille a mille, i baci!...

IV. Carina!...

Sei carina e vezzosa:
Hai negl’occhi le stelle,
E’ il color di rosa,
Su le tue guancie belle.

Davanti ai tuoi ginocchi
Come un fanciullo, assiso,
Guardandoti negl’occhi,
Io Sogno in paradiso.

Sui miei capelli ondi
Le tue manine posa,
E tra le palme ascondi
La fronte mia pensosa!

Nell’estasi sublime,
Ti cantero l’amore,
Nelle piu belle rime
Che mi verran dal cuore.

E se (il dolce tema!)
Un bacio mi darai,
Lo scrivero un poema
Che non mozza giammai.

Who, but who can tell you, that you awaken
desire in my heart, beautiful little soft and
provocative hands?

I would like to cover your fingers with splendid
rings and on your immaculate palms stamp
thousands and thousands of kisses.

IV. Sweetheart!

You are pretty and charming: There are stars in
your eyes and the color of roses is in your
beautiful cheeks.

Seated at your knee, as a child, I look into your
eyes I dream of paradise.

Your hands rest on my wavy hair, and between
your palms my worries disappear.

In sublime extasy, I will sing to you of love, of
the most beautiful rhymes that come from my
heart.

And if (oh sweet idea!) you give me a kiss I will
write a poem that will never end.
V. Mattinata

All'orizzonte il sol ridente appare
E in alto assorge lieto e maestoso:
Al creator la terra il cielo e il mare
Mandano un inno fulgido, festoso.
Dicono i fior, che stan fra i verdi mai,
E i misti olezzi effondono d'intorno:
O padre sol e passeggiando vai
Per le vie del ciel durante il giorno,
Entra giulivo nella camerella
A ridestare la mia Italia bella.
Baciala in fronte, falla risvegliare,
Che giunta e l'ora di gioire e amare.

L'aura dice: Buoni di! Ti sei levata,
E d'al balcon t'affacci tutta lieta,
Come una bianca visione di fata,
Come un soave sogno di poeta.
Dice il mio cuor ch'e un bel giardin d'amore
In me germoglia il fior dei sentimenti
Dei tuoi begl'occhi al mistico splendore.
Dicon la terra e il ciel coi lo concerti
Che ogni tuo modo e pien di dolce incanto
Tu sei tanto soave e bella tanto,
Che dove posi il piede spunta un fiore
E dove il guardo volgi spira amore....

V. In the Morning

The sun, smiling, appears on the horizon and slowly and majestically rises up high: the earth the sky and the sea send a splendid festive hymn to the creator. They say that the flowers never stay among the grasses and the fragrant mists infused around them. Oh father sun, who walks the streets of the sky during the day, enter joyfully the little bedroom and re-awaken my beautiful Italia. Kiss her on the forehead and wake her up because the hour of love and joy has arrived.

The breeze says: Good morning! You have arisen, and appeared in happiness on the balcony, like a white vision of a fairy, like a sweet dream of a poet. My heart tells me that this is a beautiful garden of love: in me germinates the flowers of feelings for your beautiful eyes of mystical splendour. The earth and the sky together say that you are sweet and very beautiful and all your movements are full of sweet enchantment, that where you place your foot a flower sprouts and where you cast your gaze love breathes...
VI. Sei Libera!

supposto che mi avesse.. lasciato

Eh, non tremore piu, che l'ho distratto,
lo spettro del passato?
Le lettere, i capelli, i fiori, tutto,
a le fiamme ho gettato.

Sei libera: del sogno reo la traccia
ho fatto disparire:
mostrare puoi superba ancor la faccia,
e non impallidire.

Che frati, che pensieri, che concetti,
che soavi armonie,
perdute in quei minuscoli foglietti!
Che splendide bugie!...

Sei libera: Serena puoi tuandare
ai dolci incantamenti
E ancora tu la croce spergiurare
l'amore che non senti...

Non piu nel folleggiare dei baci e amplessi
 ti piangera improviso
Io spasimo di gaudi a me concessi
 e il mio beffardo riso.

Sei libera: Distratto fa una vampata
la perfida menzogna:
in mi pugno di cenere lo mutata
l'antica tua menzogna.

VI. You are free!

Suppose you had left me...

Well, no more trembling, haven’t I destroyed the
spectre of the past? The letters, the hair, the
flowers, everything, I have thrown them into the
flames.

You are free: I have made the traces of the
dream disappear. I was shown your face even
more superb, and it doesn't fade.

What phrases, what thoughts, what concepts,
what sweet harmonies, lost in those tiny pages!
What splendid lies!...

You are free! Serenely you can go on to sweet
enchantments and still swear falsely on a
crucifix that you do not feel love...

No more in the folly of kisses and passionate
embraces, will you cry unexpectedly. I spasm
with the joys granted to me and I smile
mockingly.

You are free: I have destroyed with a blaze the
heinous lie: Your old lies are changed to a
handful of ashes.
VII. Ricordi?...

Era d'estate nel meriggio stanco
Tra'l biancore dei fiori e nell' ardore,
Di quella calma, ti tenevo al fianco
Appoggiata al mio braccio e il tuo languore,
Mi faceva morir tu lo sapevi,
Io ti chiedevo un bacio e tu rideri...

Mi saliva a le nasi il dolce odore,
Dei tuoi capelli, e l'alito gentile
De la tua bocca da regina, il cuore,
Mi faceva balzar, divenni vile,
Ti pregai in ginocchio, ti adorai...
Tu non volesti... e i baci ti subai

Sui fiori bianchi e sopra i tuoi capelli
Volaron le farfalle; mi dicesti
In mezzo ai baci: come sono belli
I fiori e le farfalle. Sorridesti...
In mezzo ai fiori bianchi di quel prato
Tenera Italia quanto l'ho baciato...

Adesso dove sei? Ricordi ancora
Le carezze frementi che mendaci
Chiamavi sorridendo? T'addolora
Il ricordo gentile di quei baci?
Io colgo spesso il mio pensiero in fallo
Sopra un mazzetto che non e piu quello...

VII. Do you remember?

It was summer, in the tired afternoon amongst the whiteness of the flowers and our ardour, in this calm, I held you by my side resting against my arm in your languidness. I couldn’t resist and you knew it. I asked you for a kiss and you laughed...

The sweet smell of your hair came to my nose, and the gentle breath from your queenly mouth made my heart jump. I lost courage and begged you on my knees, I adored you... You didn't want to ... and I stole your kisses.

Butterflies flew among the white flowers and in your hair; you told me in the middle of kisses: how beautiful are the flowers and butterflies...
You smiled... Amid the white flowers of that meadow tender Italia, how I kissed you...

Where are you now? Do you still remember the trembling caresses that I begged you with a smile? Is the gentle memory of those kisses painful to remember? I often catch myself thinking of that small lost bunch of flowers...

Texts by Ginese Triaca, 1902, Verona.

Translated by Mark Viggiani and Linda Massola, with special thanks to Elisabetta Lamanna
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Instrumentation

soprano

tenor

clarinet in B♭

trumpet in B♭

percussion (one player):

vibraphone, 5 temple blocks, triangle, snare drum, crotales, suspended cymbal, finger cymbals, tambourine. Will also need double bass bow.

classical guitar

violin

viola

cello

contrabass

Score in C
Vorrei…

I. Vorrei… / Ricordi

II. Gelosia di Fiori

III. Belle Manine

IV. Carina!..

V. Mattinata

VI. Sei Libera!...

VII. Ricordi?...
I. Vorrei... - Ricordi

Ginuse Triaca

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(Vorrei...)
Cl. 21

Vib.

Gtr.

S. -mf

T. -mf

e da o - gni piau - ta fa - le un o - do - re di gi - gli e di vo - le.

Cl. 25

Vib.  pp

Gtr.  pp

S.  

T.  
Cl.  \( \text{Cl.} \)  
\[ \begin{array}{c} \text{Vib.} \\
\text{Gr.} \\
\text{S.} \\
\text{T.} \end{array} \]

bird-like

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

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Che dolce ser, che momento
be lli quan-do tu-tto per cam-pi e cal-mo e che to quan-do ful-ti-mo.
quando in segreto ebbe si baci, in bocca e su i capelli la di letto del cor.

Momento
sour dol-ci e fa-ci e le ca-re-se la fra i li-mo-ni e nell’om-bra di se-ra-ta.

Eplo (con aspettazione)

E lo sa ques-to cuo_ che ti pre-pa-ra af-fet-ti nuo-vi far no-vel le e-brez-se ques-to
cuore d'umanità e di poetà.
II. Gelosia di Fiori

Ginese Triaca

Clarinet in Bb

Trumpet in Bb

Temple Blocks

Guitar

Soprano

Tenor

Violin

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

\( \mathbf{j} = 120 \)

\* cut off previous chord by placing fingers sharply and percussively on strings.
Cur ma questa cura ora al solo ha volta

Dopo che ti conobbe del suo cuore

Lei fatto
rivivi con quelle tue parole ma devi sapere ogni fine!
III. Belle Manine

Ginese Triaca

Mark Viggiani

\[ \text{\( \cdot \text{ = 148 Teneramente} \)} \]

Clarinet in B\textsubscript{b}

Percussion

Guitar

Soprano

Tenor

Violin

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

To S. D.

Bongos

To S. D.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Quando su ginocchia a bundonate.

In mezzo a bianchi fior in confonde te.

f

mf

mf

mf

To Bongos

fp mp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp

fp
Che vi può dire
Chi vi può dire
Che desideri in c?
IV. Carina

Clarinet, Soprano & Contrabass tacet

Ginese Triaca

Trumpet in B

Percussion

Tenor

Guitar

Violin

Viola

Violoncello

\[ \text{\textbf{\textit{Ginese Triaca Mark Viggiani}}\]
T. sempre rubato

Gtr.

T. mp

Gtr.

T. mf

Gtr.

T. mp

Gtr.

T. subito p

Gtr.

Vla.
15
ma re man-da-no un in no ful gi do festo so
Di-co-no i fior, che stan fra i

16
ver di mai, e i mi-sti o-lez zí ef fon do-no d’in tor no
O pa dre sol te pas-se-gian do
To Finger Cym.

O padre sol te passegiano vai durante il giorno entra giulli-

Vai per le vie del cielo durante il giorno entra giullivo nella ca-

nela.

26

31
Più mosso $\downarrow = 84$

finger cymbals
to vibraphone

Bacia ta in fronte, fal la n-sve-glia re, che

giunta e l-o-ta di gio-ri re e a-ma-re.
L'aura di ce Buoni di! Ti sei levata E dal bal- con l'af-

focciutata, come una bianca visione di fant, come un
cantò che dov'è posa il piede spunta un fior...-

poco rall.

arco con pedale

e dove il guardo volge spirra a mo...
VI. Sei Libera

Ginese Triaca

\( \text{\textit{pizz.}} \) = 80

Clarinet in B\( \text{b} \)

Trumpet in B\( \text{b} \)

Tambourine

Guitar

Soprano

Tenor

Violin

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

\( \text{\textit{pizz.}} \) = 120 come uno stornello

Mark Viggiani

\( \text{} \)
Eh, non tremo re piu, che l'ho dis trato, lo spet tro del pas- 

Le l elo, i ca pel li, i fi ni ri, nato, 

Lo sato?
Senza misura

Vivace $\cdot = 156$
VII. Ricordi?...

Ginese Triaca

Mark Viggiani

\[ \dot{\text{\(=60\)}} \]

Concertino in B minor

Clarinet in Bb

Trumpet in Bb

Vibraphone

Guitar

Soprano Solo

Tenor Solo

Violin

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

\[ \text{E ra d'e sta te nel me rig gio stan co... Tra'l bian co re dei fio ri e nell'ar...} \]

Cl.  p  mp

Vib.  p

T. Solo  (arco)  p

Vln.  pp  mf  p

Vla.  pp

Vc.  pp

Cb.  p
Allegro $= 120$

Di quel la cal ma ti ne vo al fian co a pog gia ta al mi o

Mi fa ce va mo rir tu lo sa pe vi, l o ti che de va un

\[ \text{Cl.} \]

\[ \text{Vib.} \]

\[ \text{Gtr.} \]

\[ \text{T. Solo} \]

boc da re gi na, il cuo re, Mi fa ce va bal zar, di ven ni vi le, Ti pre gai in gi noc chio, 

\[ \text{Vln.} \]

\[ \text{Vla.} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Cb.} \]

A tempo \( \frac{3}{4} = 68 \)

\[ \text{Cl.} \]

\[ \text{Vib.} \]

\[ \text{Gtr.} \]

\[ \text{T. Solo} \]

a do rai... Tu non vo les tis e i ba ci ti ri ba

\[ \text{Vln.} \]

\[ \text{Vla.} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Cb.} \]

change bow discreetly
Cl.  
Tpt.  
Vib.  
Gtr.  

T. Solo

Cor - di an-co - ra Le ca - rez - te tre-men-ti che men - da - ci chiai - ma - vi sor ri - den - do?

Vln.  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Cb.  

Con sord.  

Vln.  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Cb.  

Con sord.  

Cor - di an-co - ra Le ca - rez - te tre-men-ti che men - da - ci chiai - ma - vi sor ri - den - do?

Vln.  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Cb.  

Cor - di an-co - ra Le ca - rez - te tre-men-ti che men - da - ci chiai - ma - vi sor ri - den - do?
so pra un maz zet to che non e piu quel lo... 

sos cym. (soft mallets)

vocalise Aah aah ppp ppp ppp ppp

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VIGGIANI, MARK

Title:
Folio of original compositions 2009 - 2012

Date:
2013

Citation:

Persistent Link:
http://hdl.handle.net/11343/38368

File Description:
Volume 1: Folio of Original Compositions 2009 - 2012

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